

MARVEL COMICS

SEPT. NO. 47

MYSTERY

10¢



**ARE YOU STUMPED FOR INTERESTING THINGS TO WRITE ABOUT?
DO YOUR LETTERS ALL SOUND ALIKE?**



*Here, at last, is a book that
makes it EASY for you to...*

WRITE Interesting, Heart-Warming LETTERS to MEN in the SERVICE

Have you got a relative or a loved friend in the fighting forces? Someone to whom you'd like to write thrilling letters... messages that carry with them a real touch of home and the things he knows and loves? Would you like to make that fighting man feel your warm interest in him—transfer to him the living faith you have in him—give him a deep sense of your loyalty and the hopes you have for him? What could make your soldier or sailor happier than such letters!

Letters can be dull and flat—lifeless... or they can be alive with the real you, they can almost seem to carry you with them! And what a difference it makes to tired, lonely, homesick fighters! How they rejoice when receiving lively, "meaty", inspiring letters! And how "let down" they feel when they get letters that are empty and spiritless! But now you don't have to worry any more about the letters you write! No matter how poor a letter writer you think you are, you can make your letters sparkle with personal-

ity, overflow with interesting ideas and information—if you follow the simple suggestions in a remarkable new book written and published especially for people who want to be helped in writing buoyant, heart-warming letters to soldiers and sailors!

"How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service" does for you exactly what its title promises! It is a specific guide, newly written for the express purpose of helping people who are now writing letters to men they may never have written to before. It's a down-to-earth and up-to-the-minute aid made for this one purpose—to show you how to write the kind of letters that make service men happy! It is based on the special problems of wartime, the difficulties many people have because they are not used to writing many letters, the particular needs of men far away from home. It tells in detail the things the men want to know; it explains the effect that different types of letters have on them; it reveals step by step the secrets and "tricks" of letter-writing that you can now use to add new thrills to your letters.



YOU WILL BE AMAZED AT THE MANY DIFFERENT TYPES OF LETTER-WRITING PROBLEMS THAT THIS BOOK SOLVES!

Perhaps you feel that your particular letter-writing problem is "different." Of course, it is! Everyone's problem is different. But that's exactly why this book can help you—it covers an astounding variety of problems!

Do you find it difficult to express yourself fluently and warmly? The author shows you how easy it is to make your style flow rapidly as if you were actually carrying on a conversation.

Are you at a loss for things to write about? This book explains a simple, enjoyable method for finding real "meaty" news!

Do all your letters sound alike? There are "tricks" of writing that can even make the same thing sound different no matter how many times you write about it!

Have you got some bad news to tell? Naturally you want to soften the blow. The author tells you how to do it!

Would you like to "dress up" your letters? There are dozens of little things you can do to make your letters look a hundred times better—and you will find all these secrets in this book!

THINGS TO DO - THINGS NOT TO DO -

One remarkable section in this book gives you in compact form a list of "do's" and "don'ts"... brief cautions about details in writing to service men that otherwise you might easily overlook. These special cautions alone are well worth the price of the book... they can surely help you improve your very first letter after reading them! You learn in just a few minutes the most important "secrets" of wartime letter-writing... magic advice that may mean added happiness for your soldier or sailor!

SEND NO MONEY

This book is yours on free trial. All you have to do now is mail the coupon. Then when the book arrives, deposit \$1 plus postage charges with the publisher. If your letters don't show an immediate improvement that is worth many times the price, return the book to us and your money will be refunded in full. "How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service" is absolutely guaranteed to bring you the help you need, or else you are not obligated to keep it. Send the coupon today—and let this special wartime letter-writing guide help you bring new cheer and happiness to your service men.

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Please send me for free trial a copy of "How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service," including the Chapter on Handwriting Analysis by Dorothy Sara.
I will pay postage \$1, plus postage charges, with the understanding that if this book doesn't help me write remarkably better letters in five days, I may return it and you will refund my payment.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ If you enclose payment, we will pay postage charges. Same return and refund privileges. Mark box.

EXTRA SPECIAL added FEATURE— The inside story of HANDWRITING ANALYSIS



DOROTHY SARA

One of the most famous handwriting experts in America—Dorothy Sara—reveals the "inside facts" about her amazing ability in a special chapter! Miss Sara's tests of character and emotion analysis have astounded many thousands of people. With truly astonishing accuracy, her method discloses character types, hidden talents, innermost trends of thought or feeling—almost turns the workings of the mind and heart inside out! In this great book, "How to Write Interesting Letters to Your Men in the Service," Miss Sara herself discloses exactly how she analyzes handwriting—shows how you, too, can use her method to analyze the writing of people you know, and would like to know better!

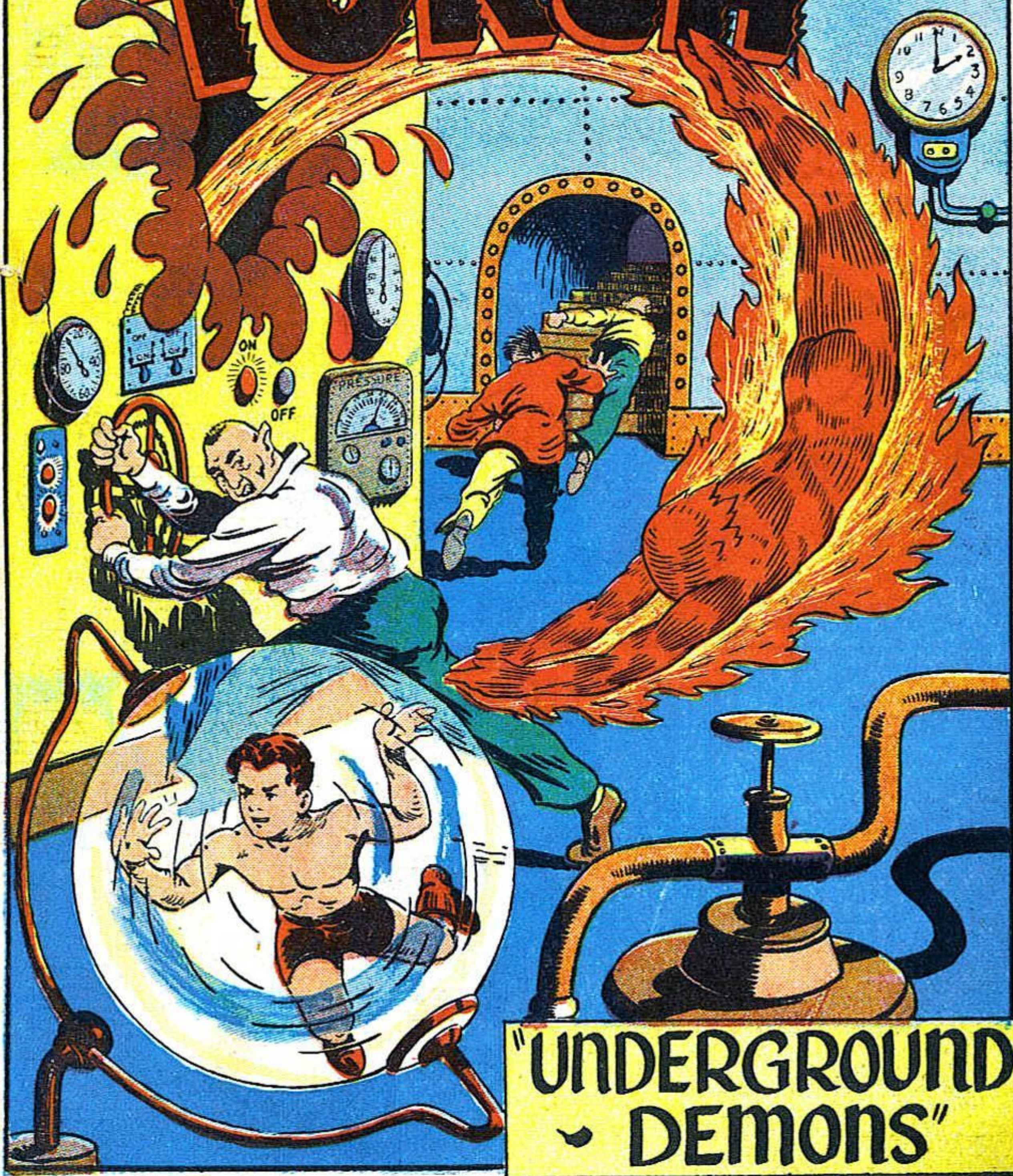
\$1 HOW TO WRITE Interesting LETTERS to your Men in Service

A Practical Guide
every Man and Woman



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HUMAN TORCH



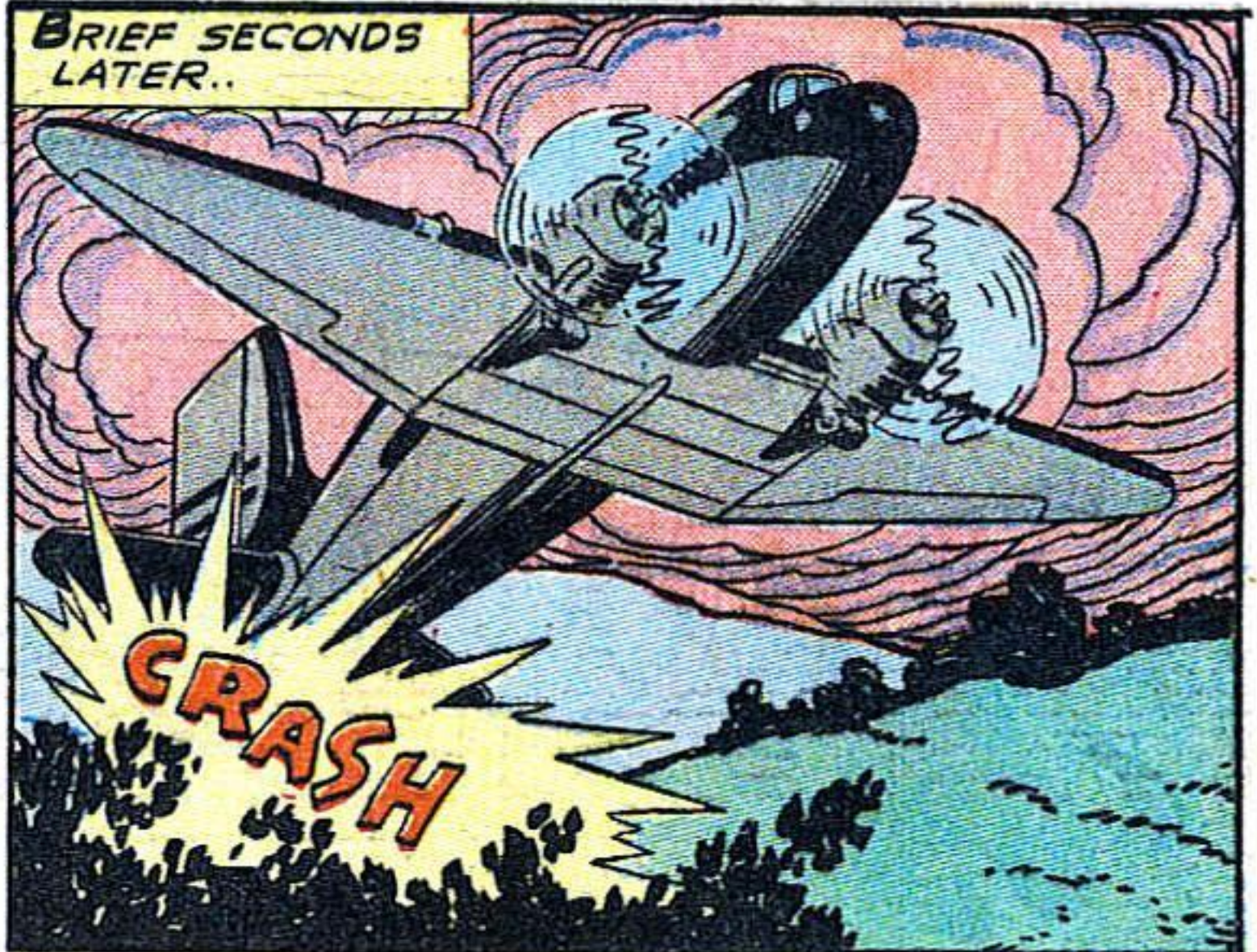
"UNDERGROUND
DEMONS"

AS A BIG TRANS-CONTINENTAL AIRLINER APPROACHES SWEET LAKE CITY...

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO THE PLANE! I CAN'T CONTROL IT!

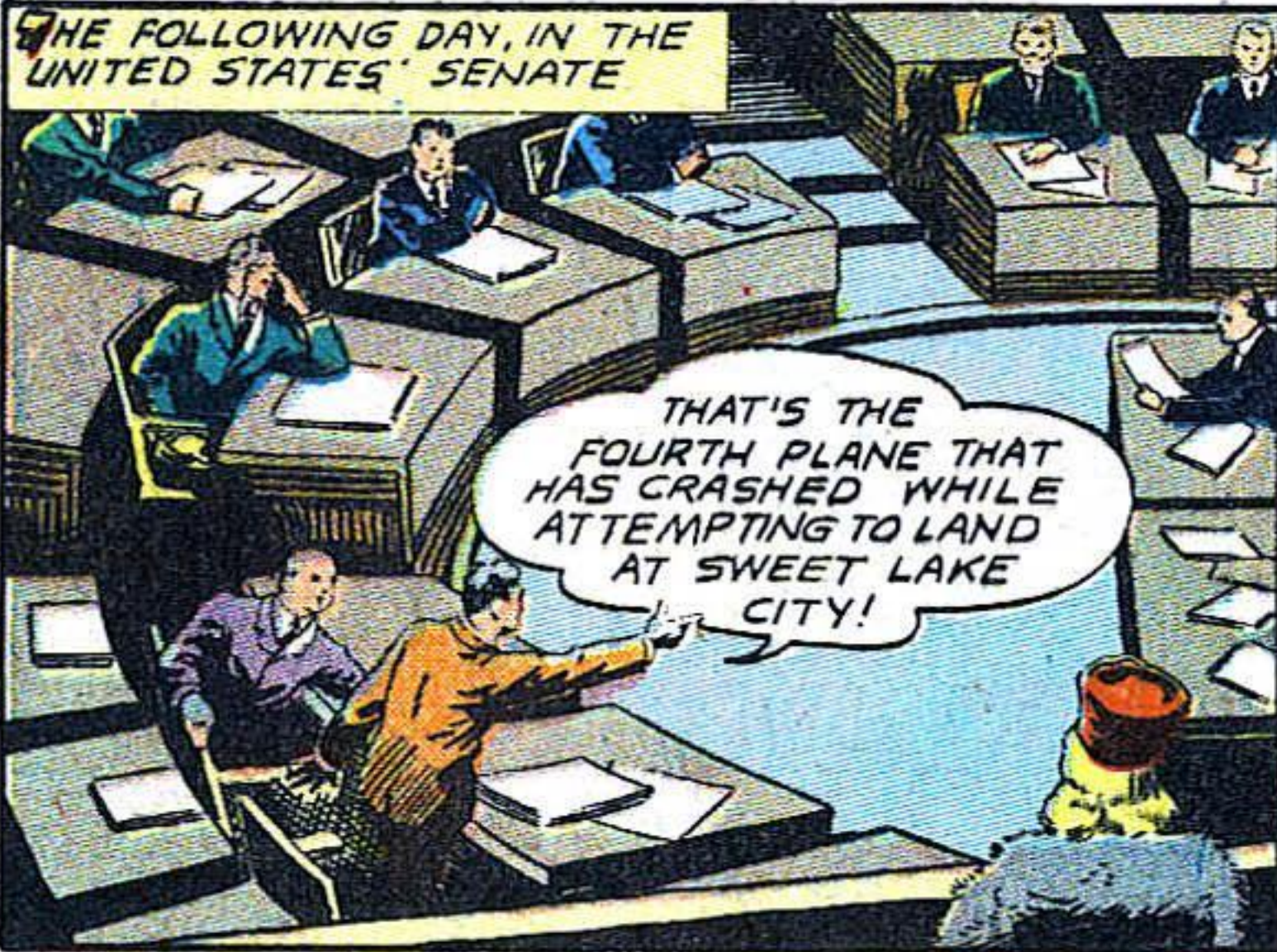


BRIEF SECONDS LATER..



THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN THE UNITED STATES' SENATE

THAT'S THE FOURTH PLANE THAT HAS CRASHED WHILE ATTEMPTING TO LAND AT SWEET LAKE CITY!



THE MATTER IS SO GRAVE, GENTLEMEN, THAT I MOVE A COMMITTEE BE APPOINTED TO INVESTIGATE IMMEDIATELY!



THE NEXT DAY TORCH AND TORO READ OF THE DECISION!

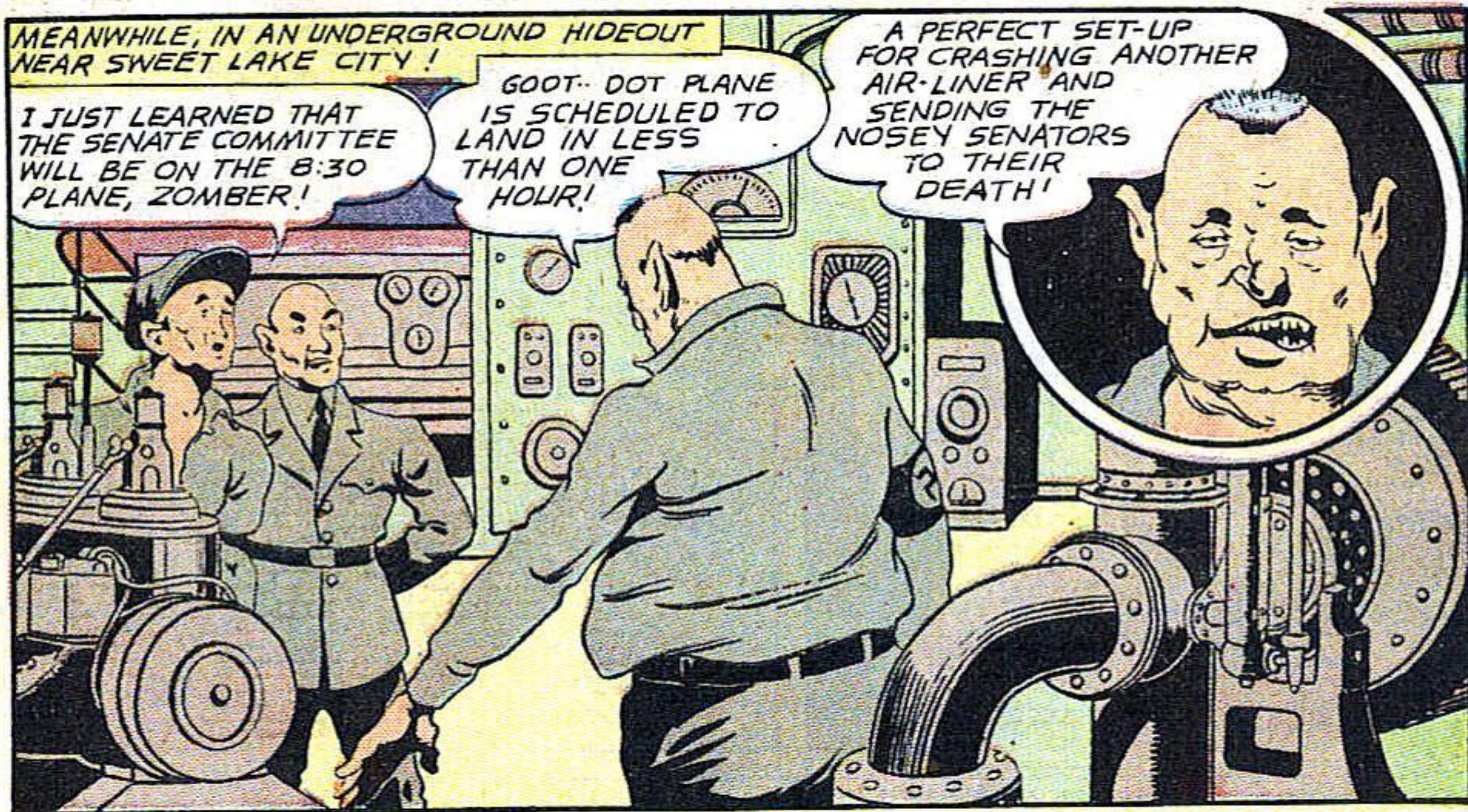
LOOK, TORO!

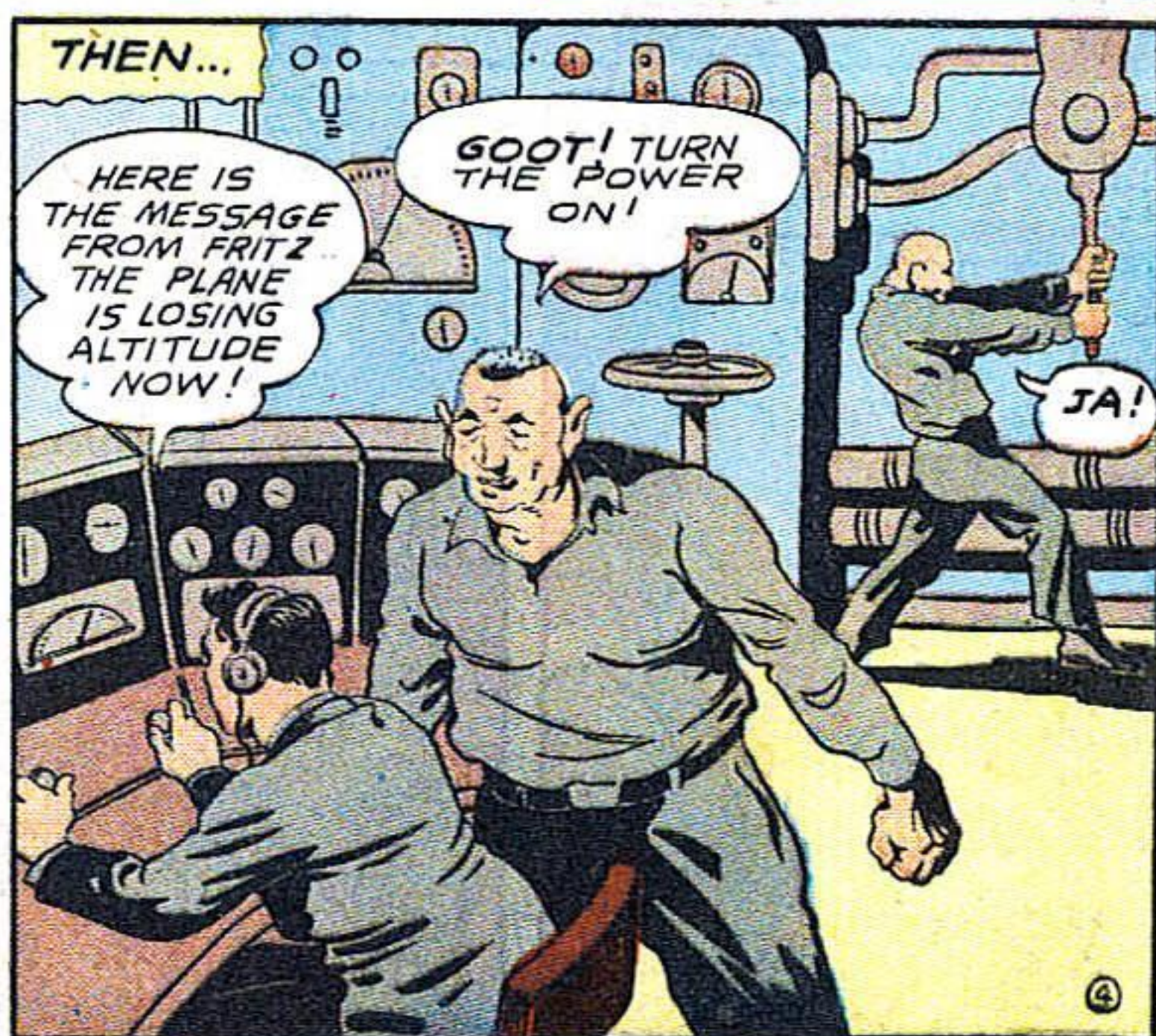
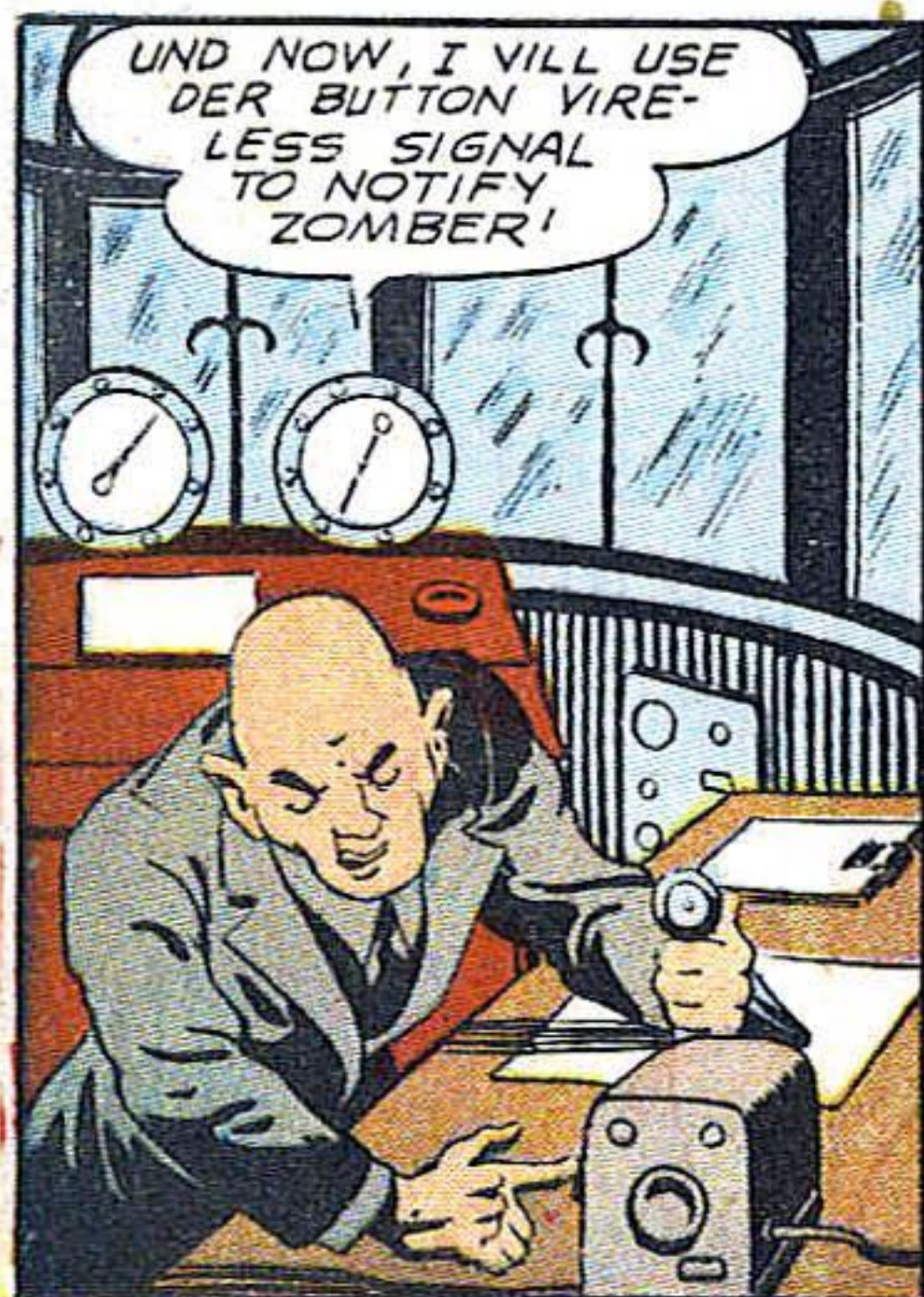
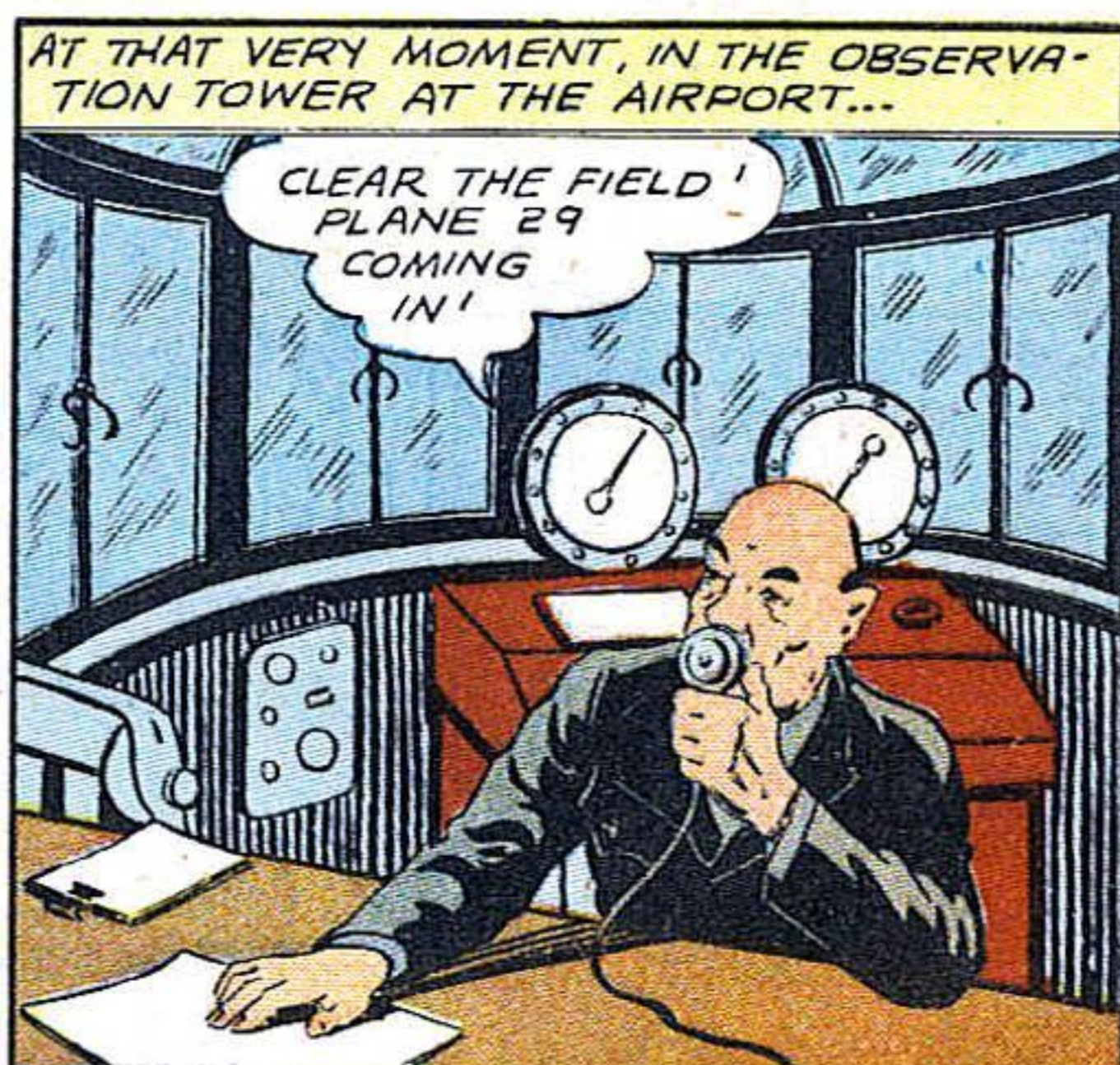
DAILY CH
SENATE APPOINTS
COMMITTEE TO
INVESTIGATE SWEET
LAKE CITY CRASHES

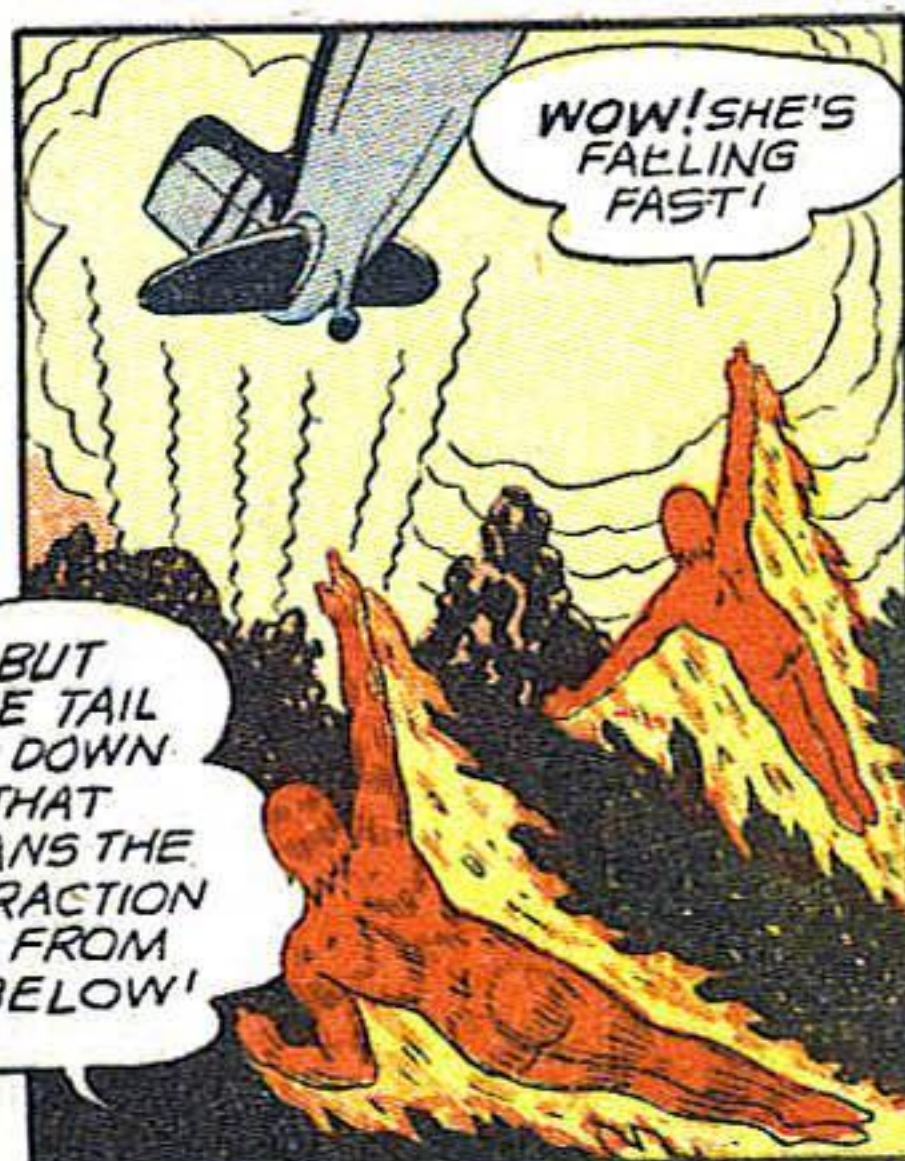
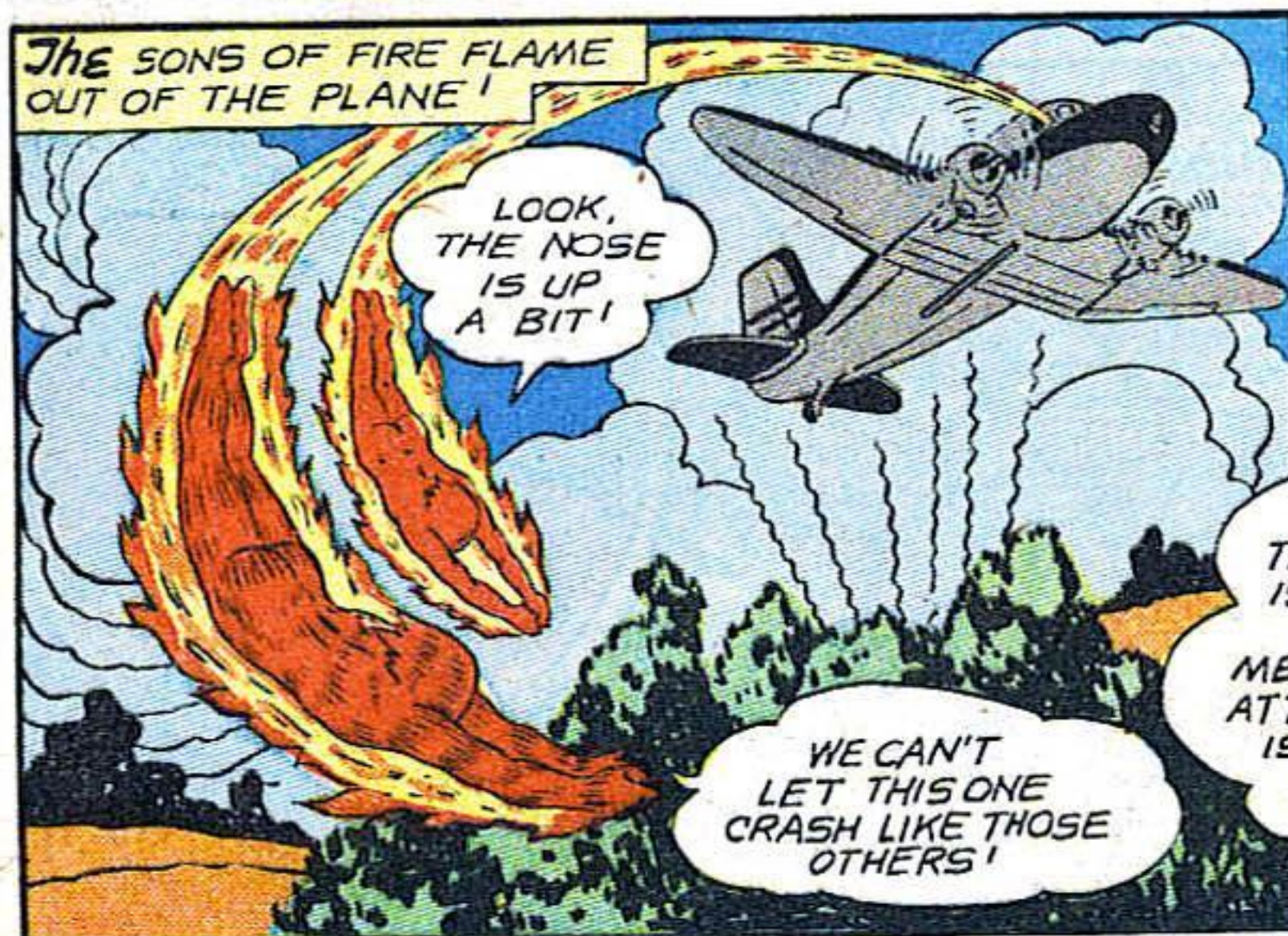
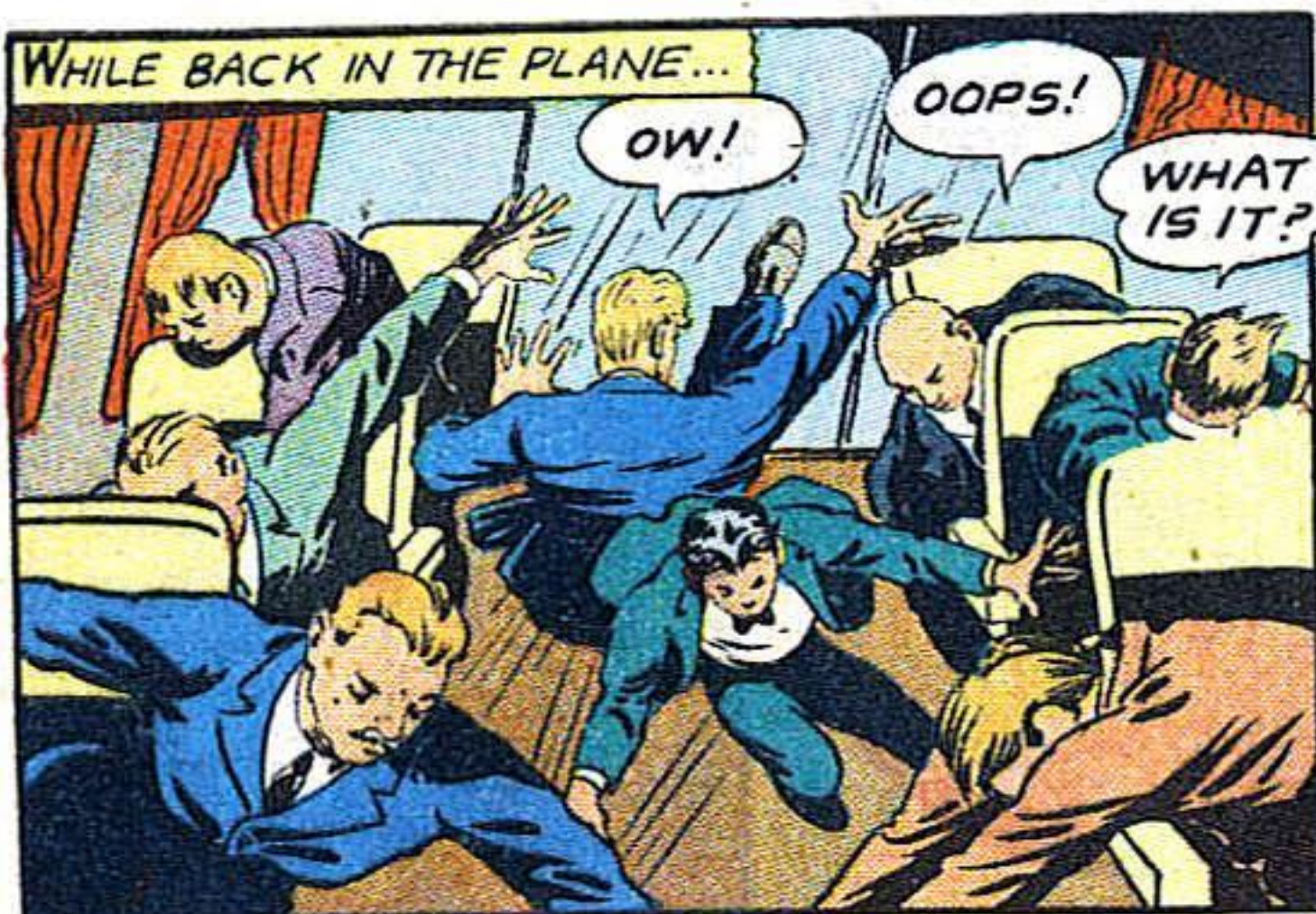


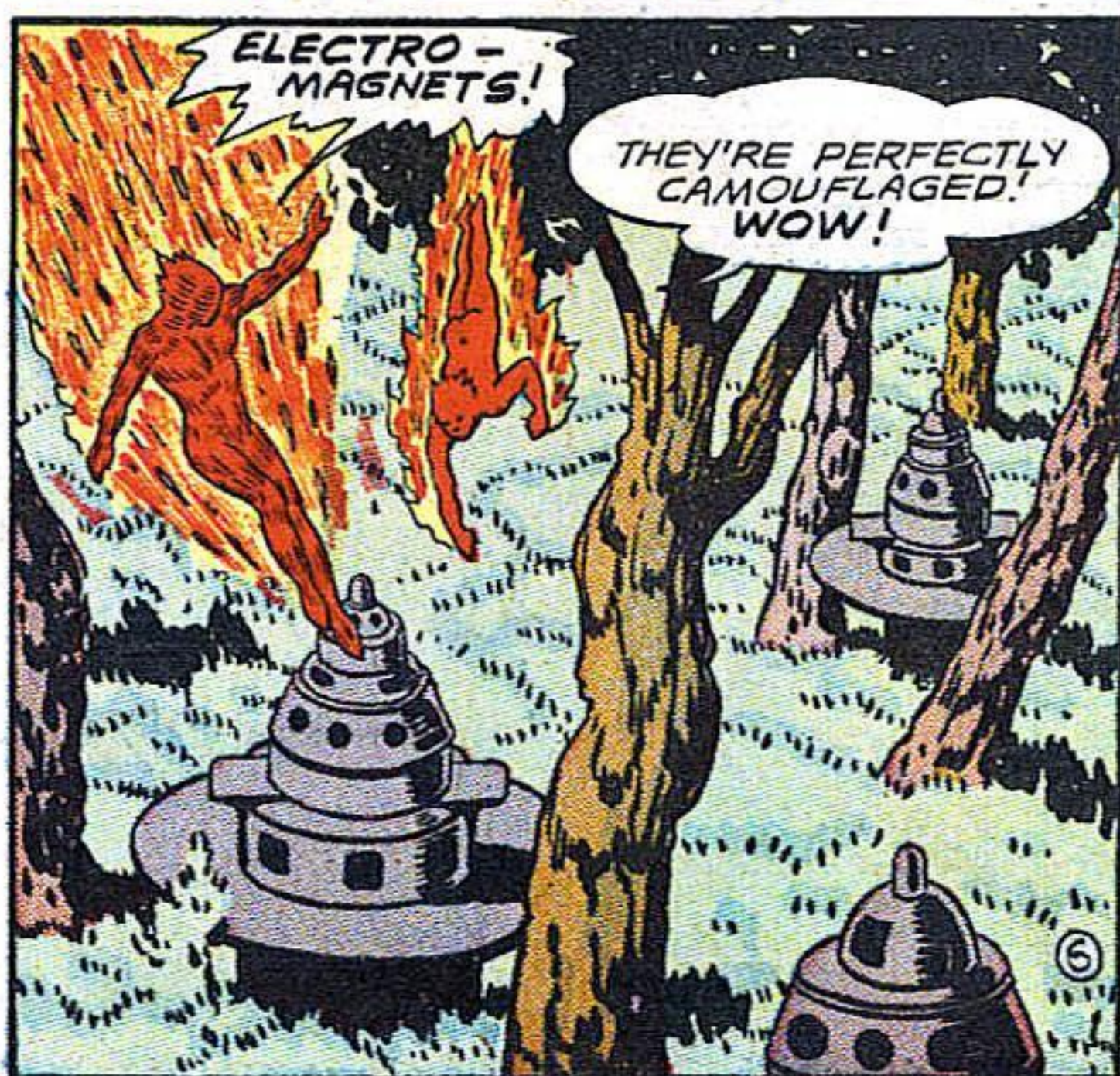
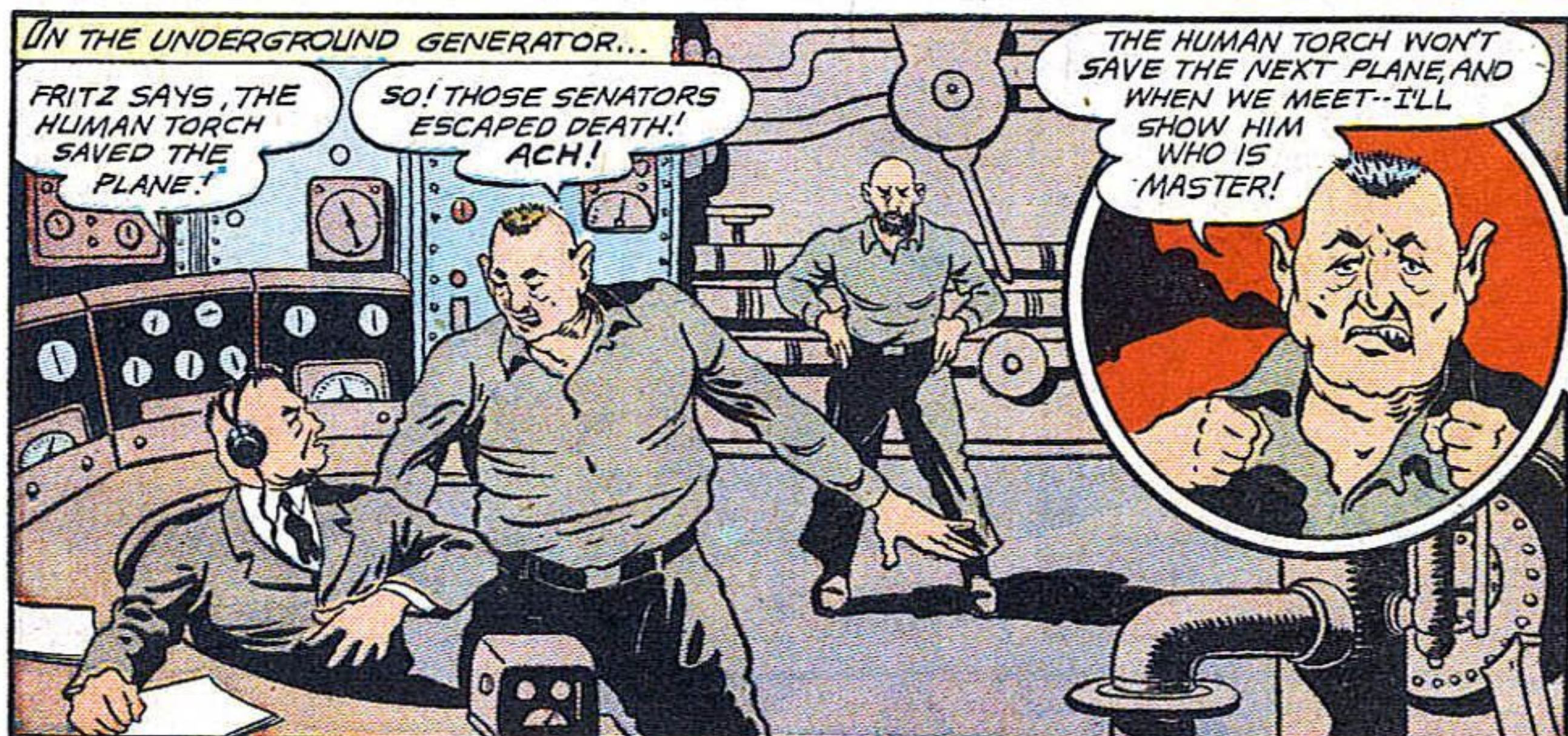
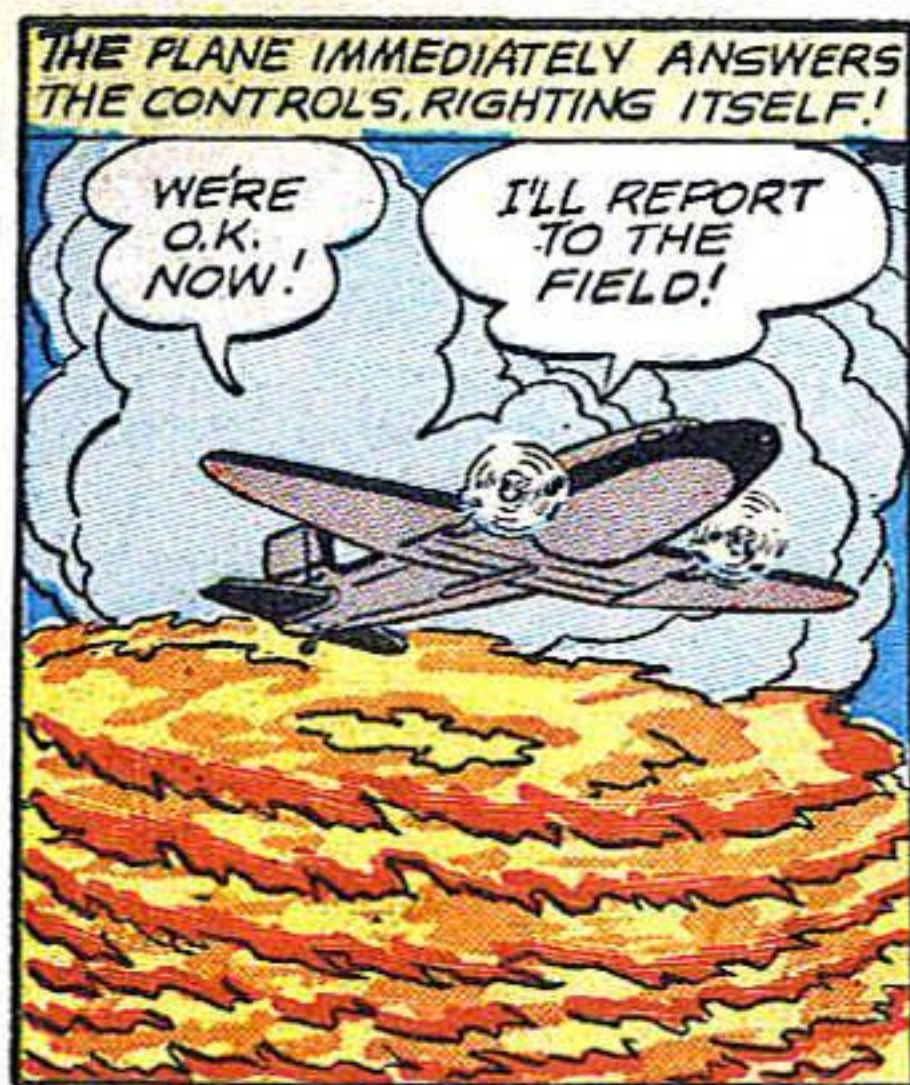
"EYE WITNESSES CLAIM THEY SAW THE TAIL OF THE PLANE WOBBLE PECULIARLY SHORTLY BEFORE IT CRASHED!" THAT'S THE ONLY CLUE, I GUESS, TORO, IF IT IS ONE!

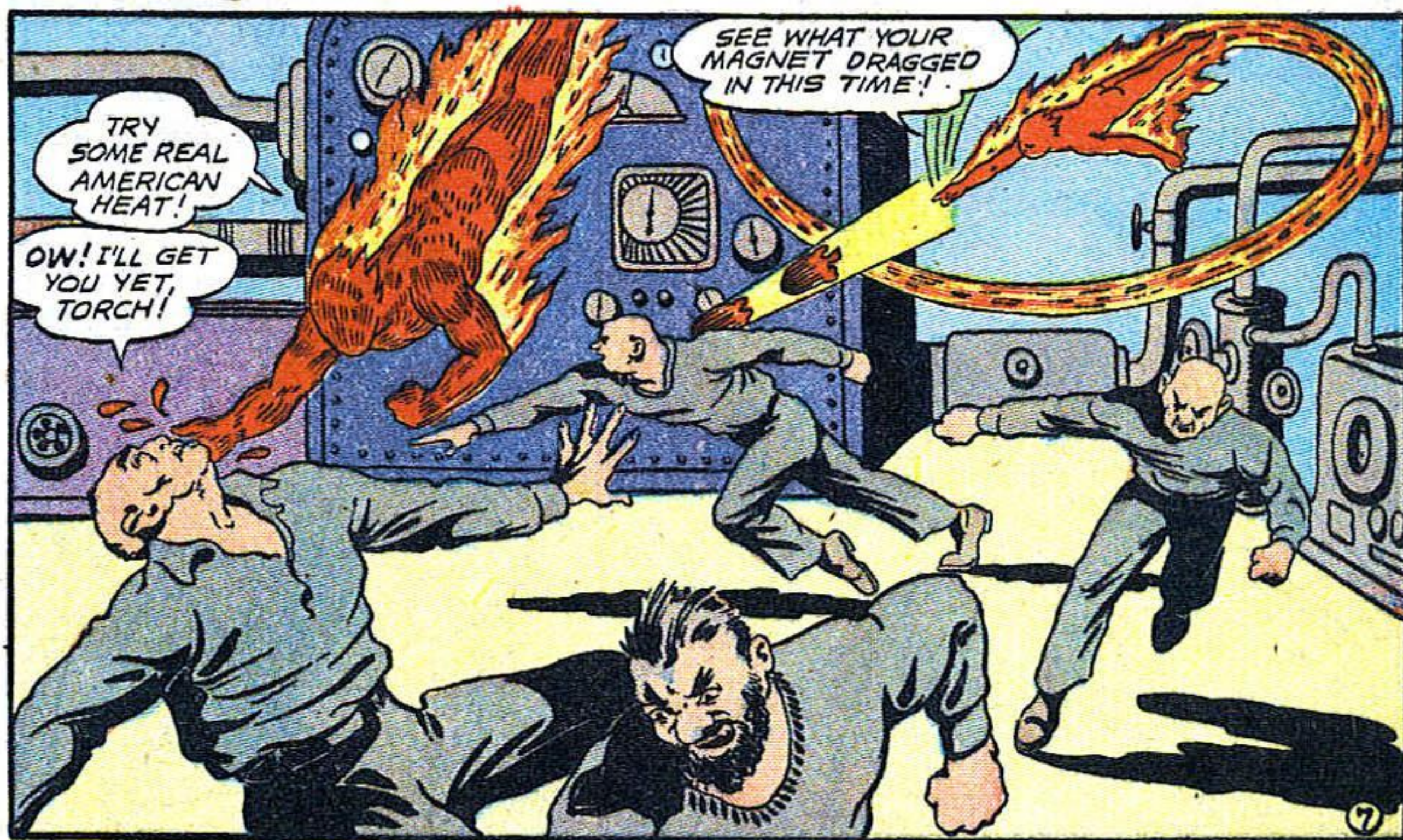
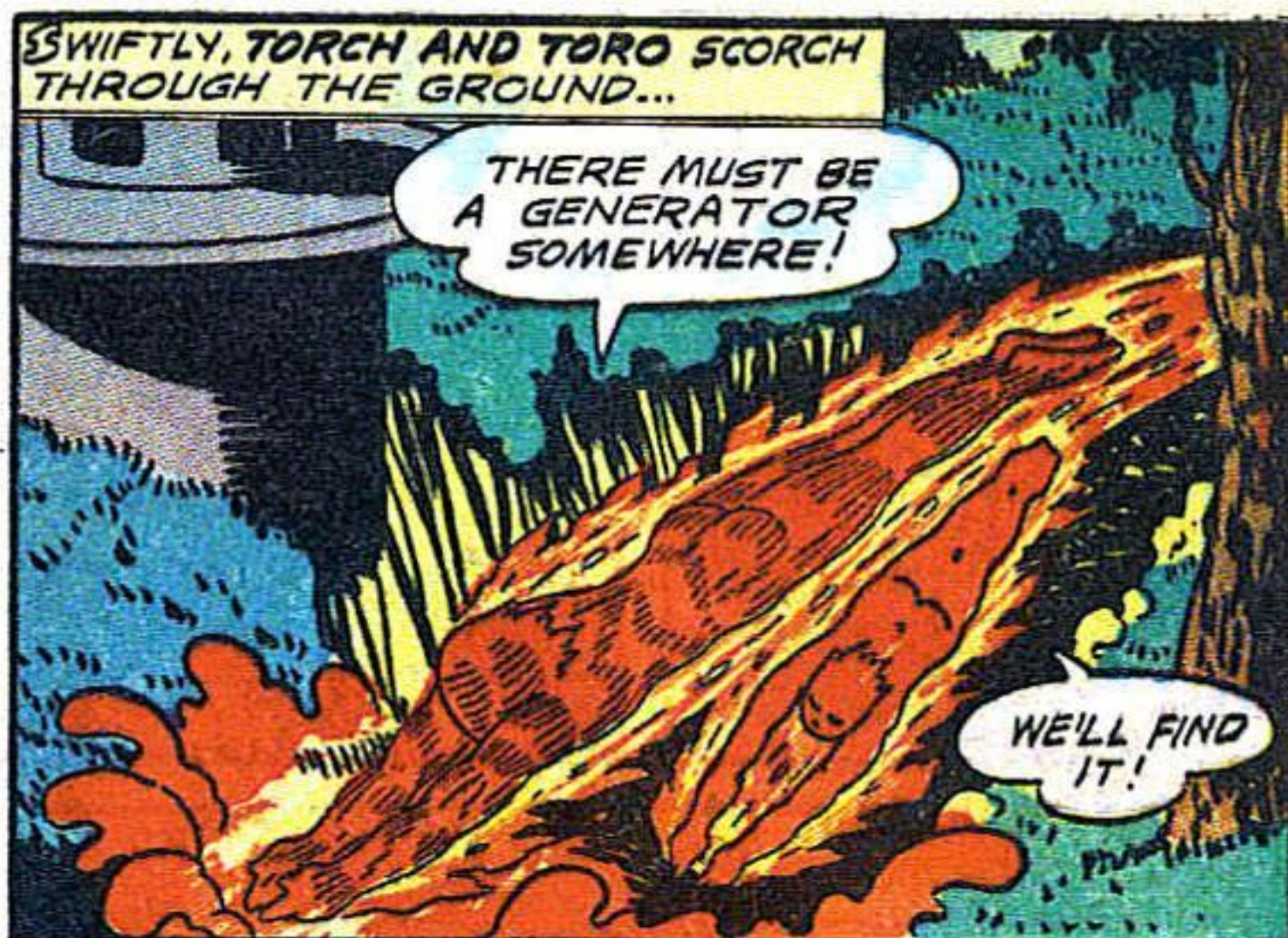


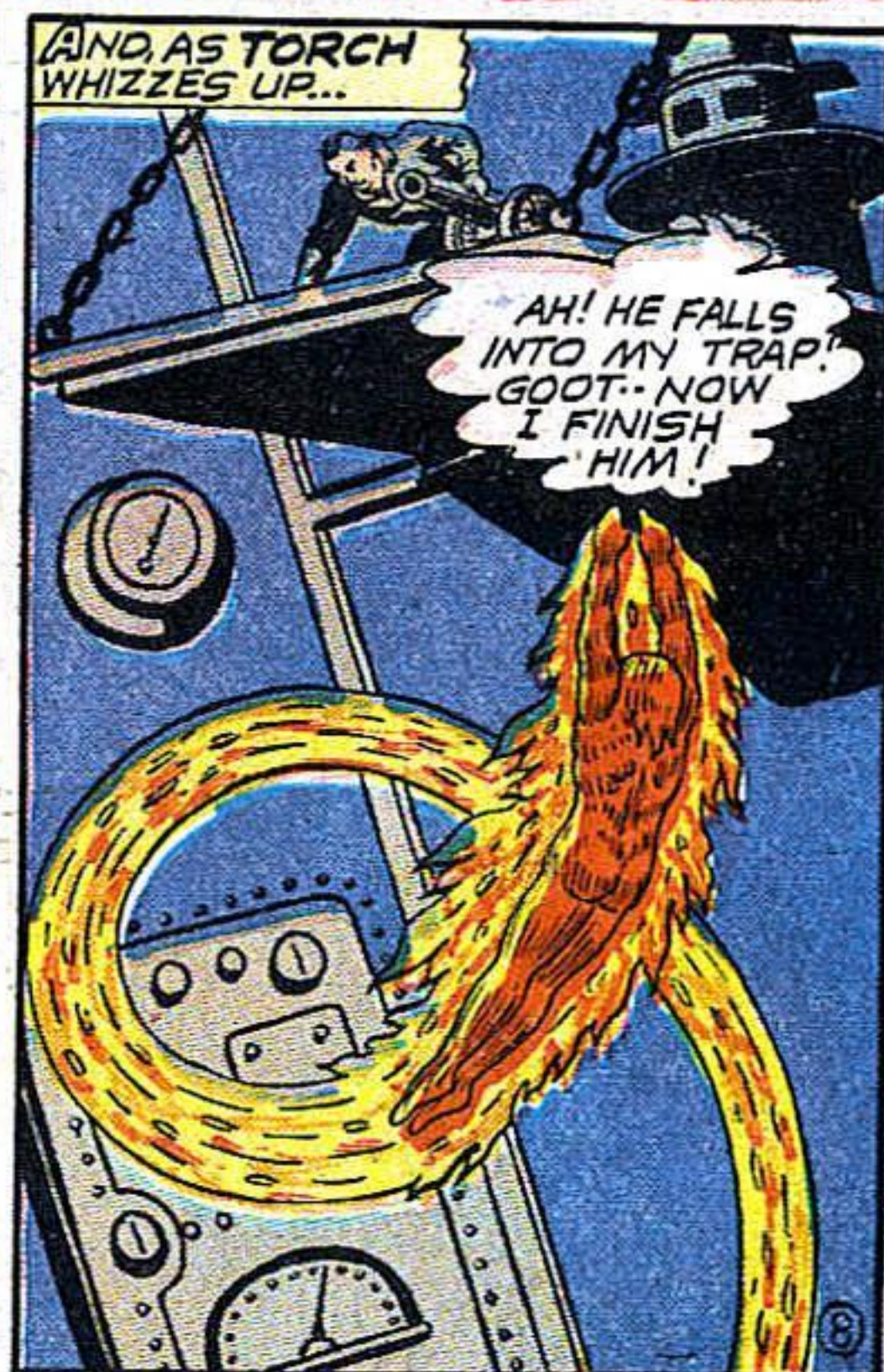
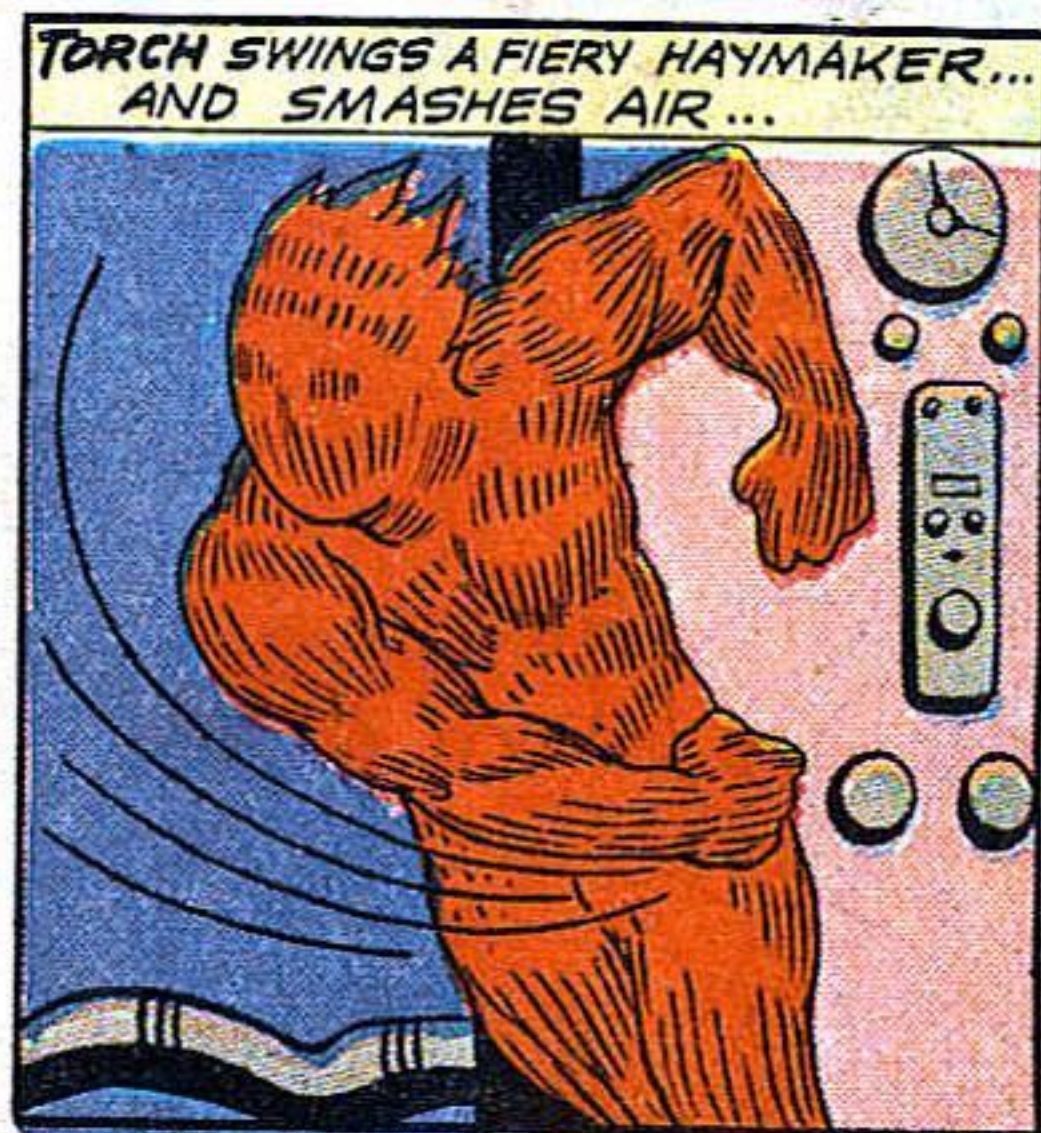
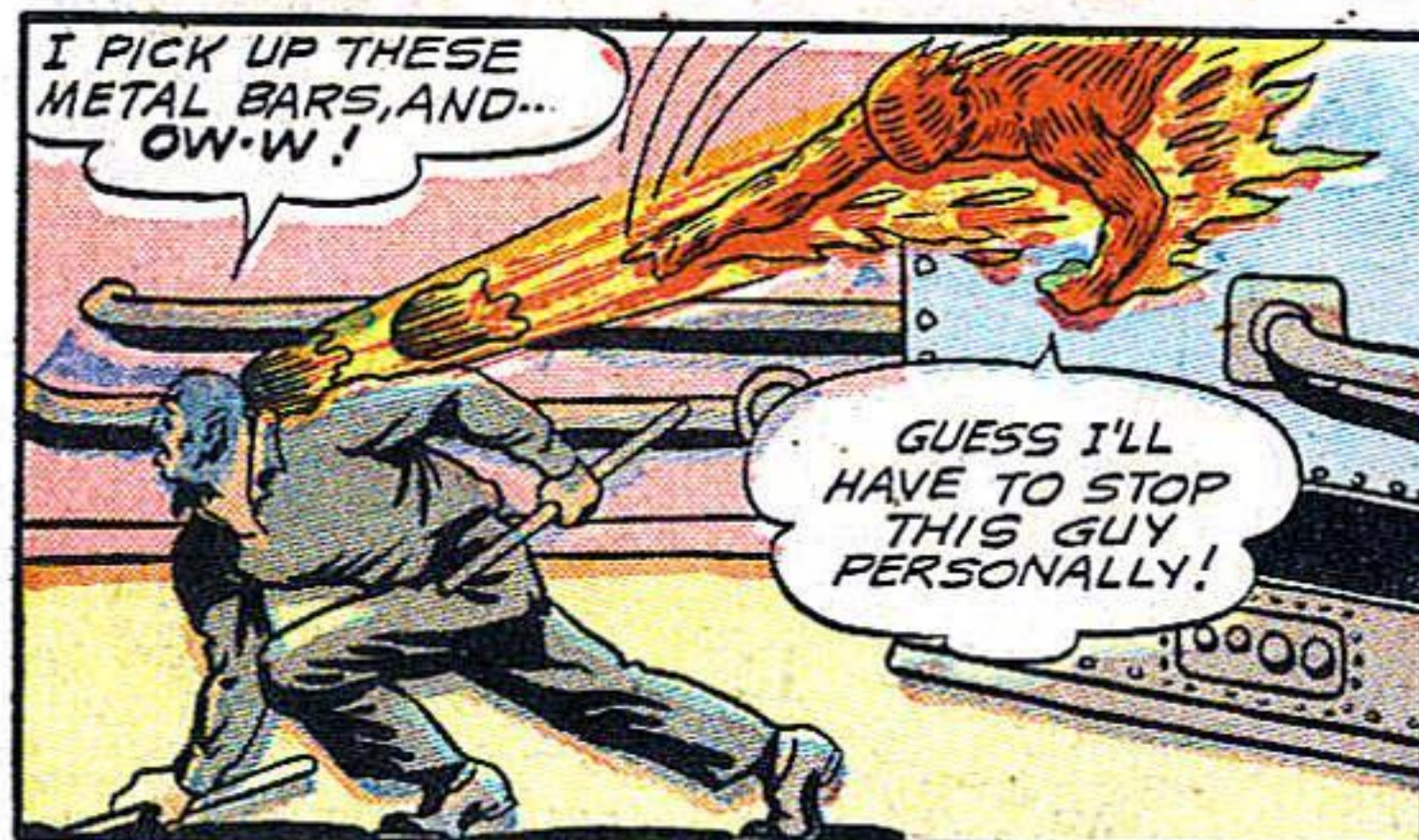


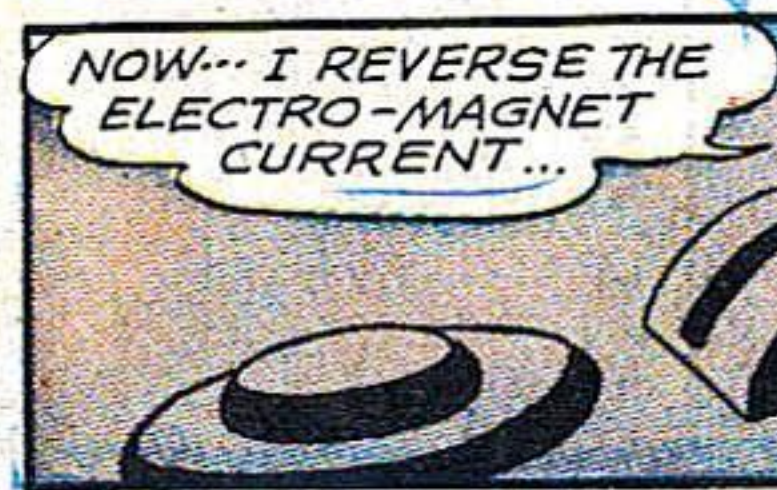
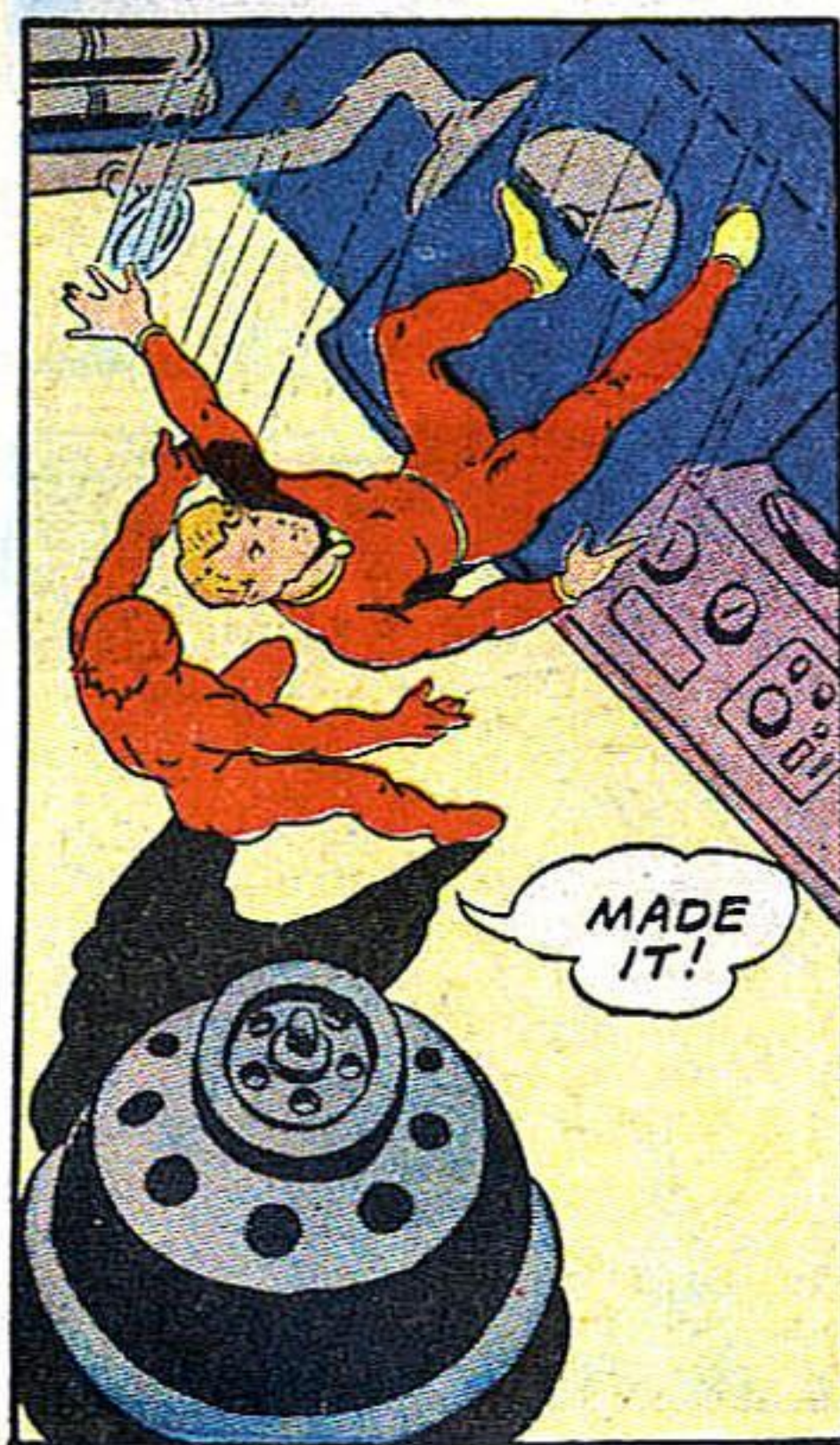
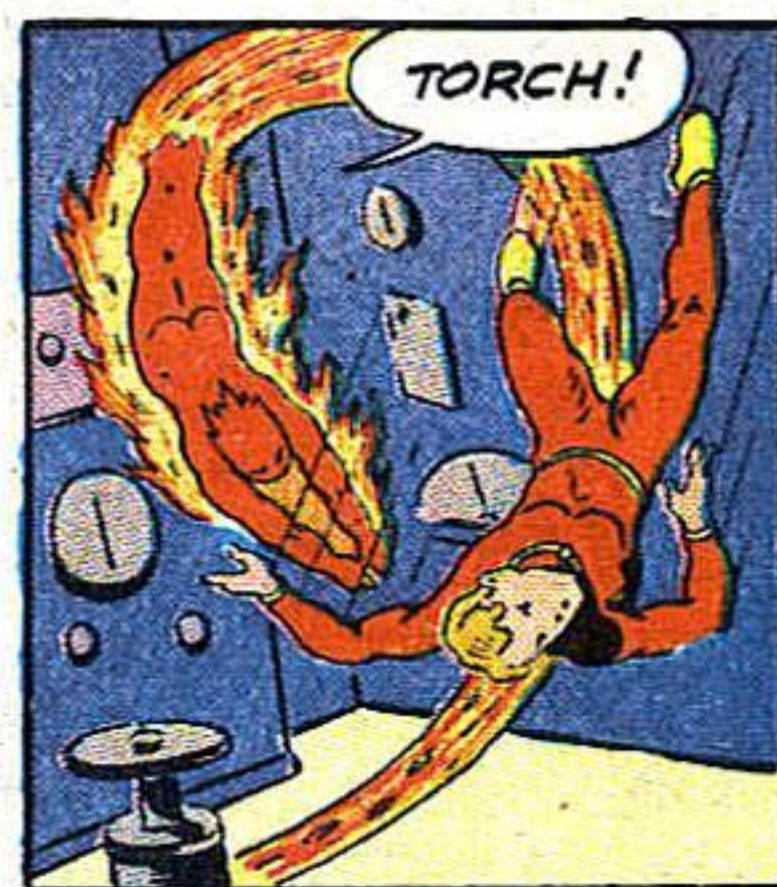
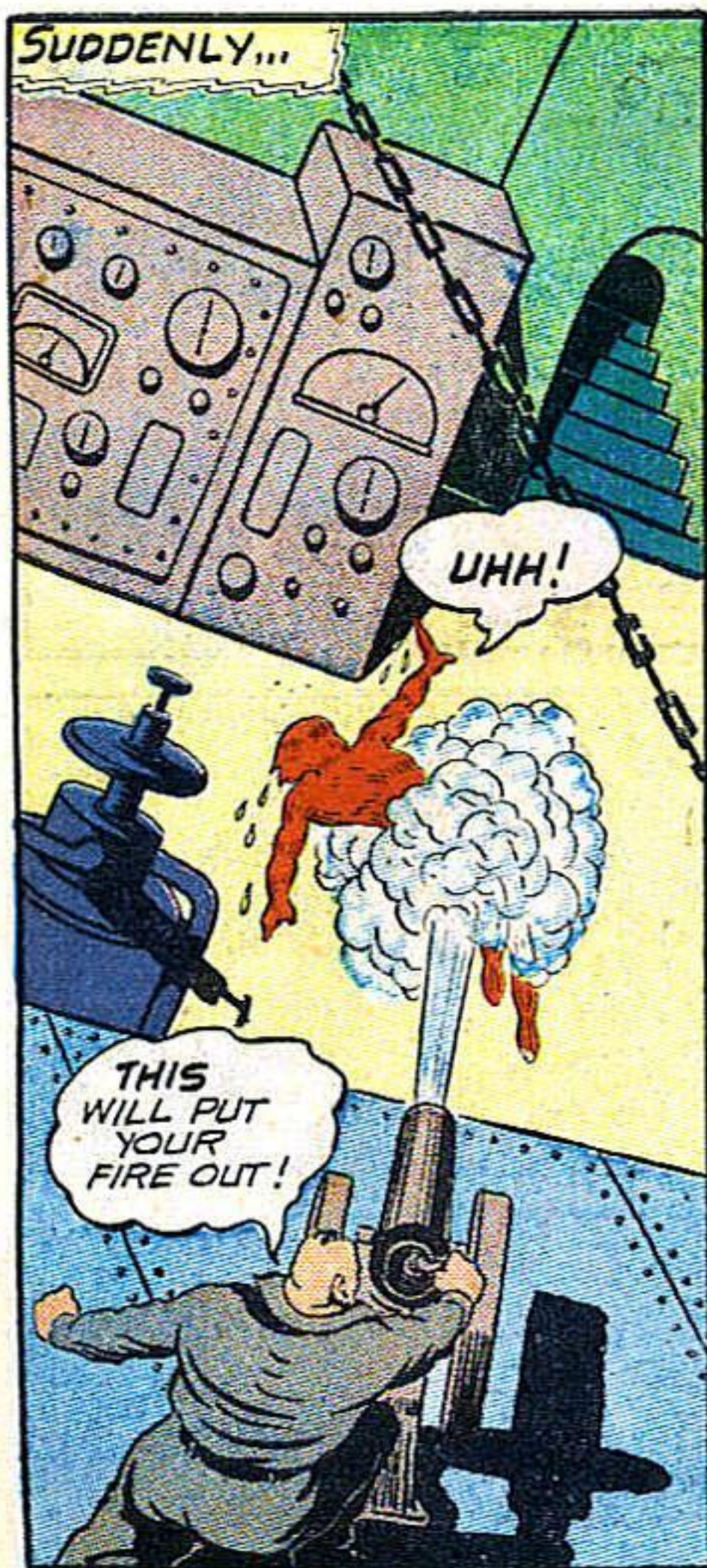


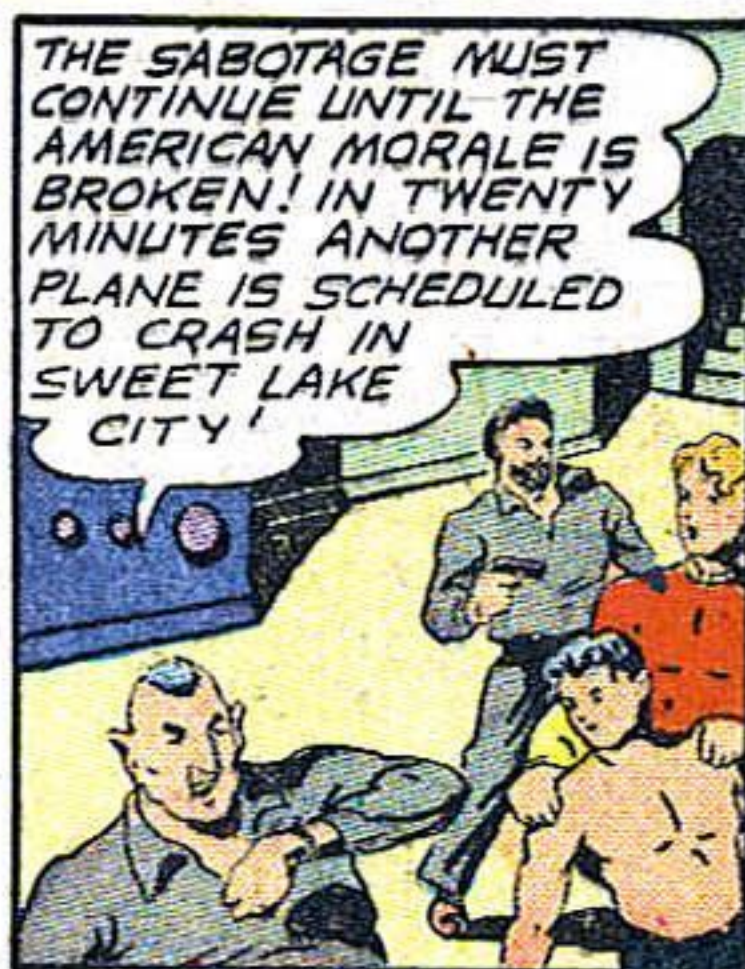
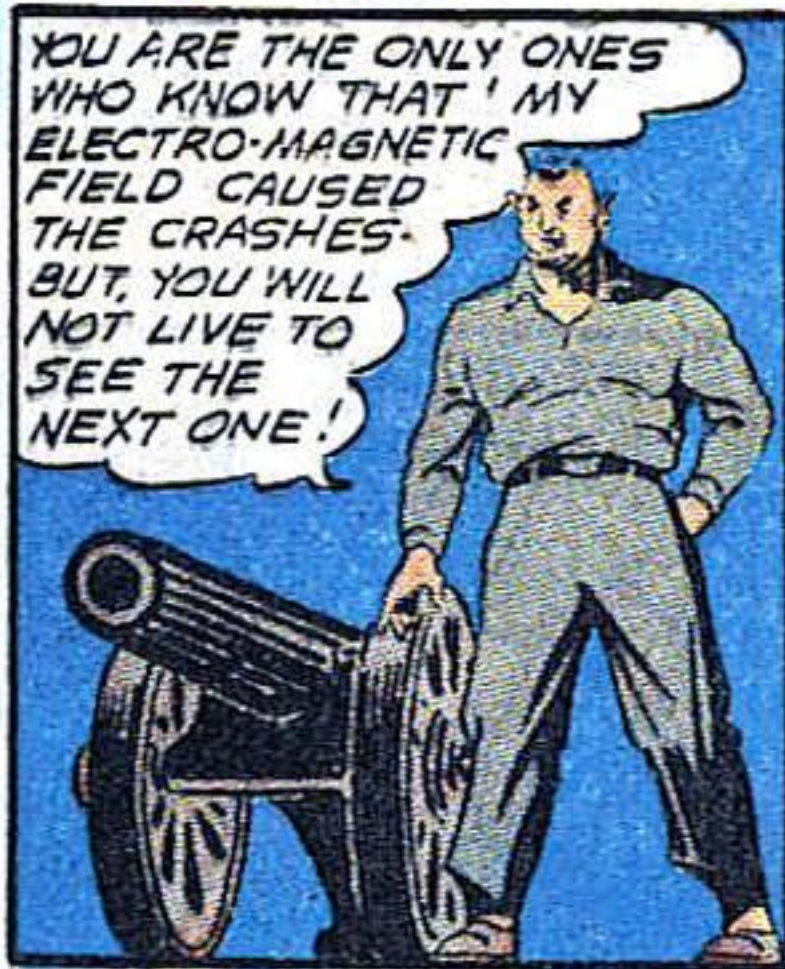
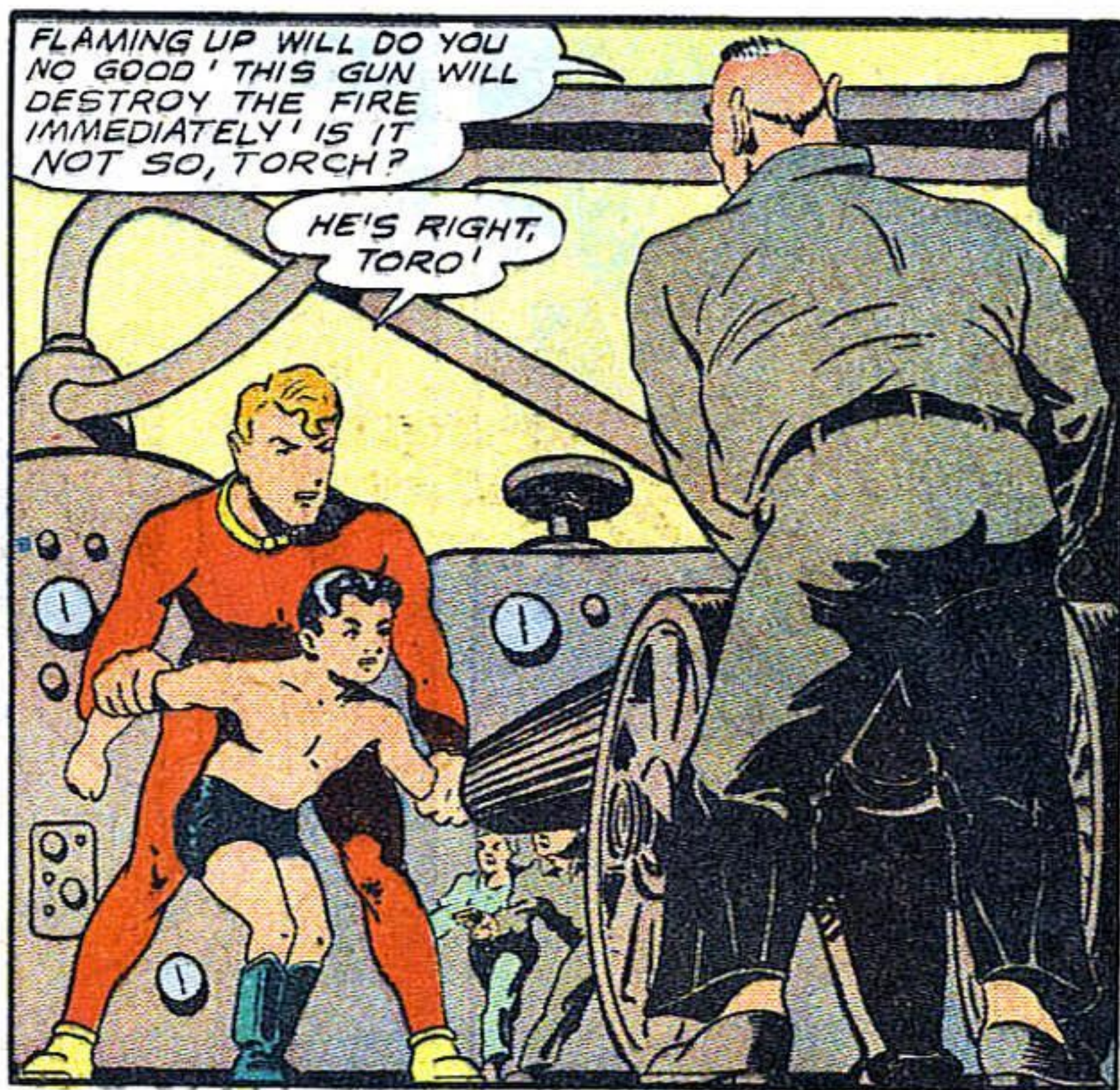








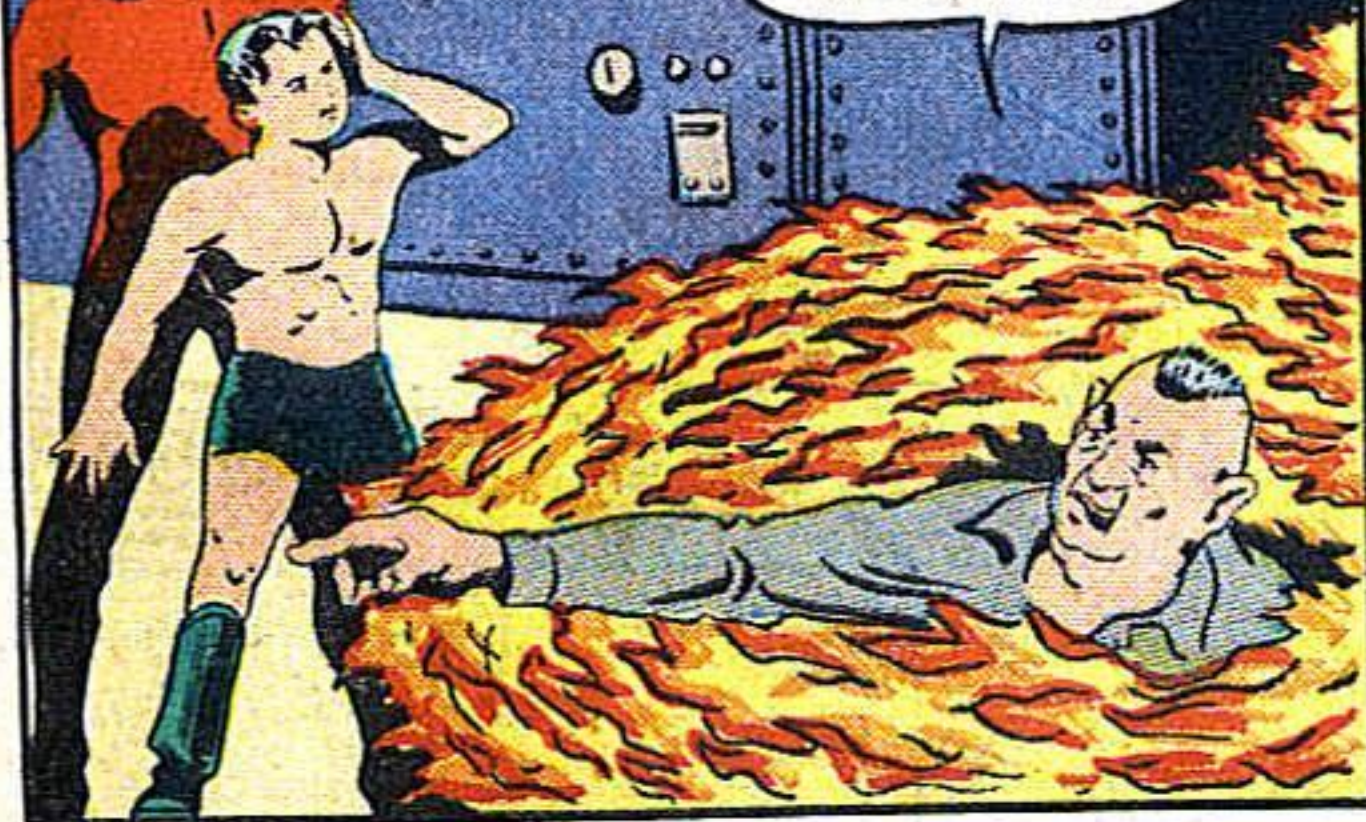




A MINUTE LATER...

TORCH-- I
HEAR A
WIRELESS
SIGNAL!

FOOLS! THE ELECTRO-
MAGNETIC GENERATOR,
IS STILL TURNED ON!
THE PLANE WILL
CRASH BEFORE YOU
CAN FIND HOW
TO TURN THEM
OFF! HA! HA!



THE TWO FLAME MEN RUSH
TO THE RADIO SET...

IT'S A MESSAGE, TORO...
P-L-A-N-E C-O-N-T-A-C-T-E-D W-I-T-H
G-I-V-E L-A-N-D-I-N-G S-I-G-N-A-L
I-N T-H-R-E-E M-I-N-U-T-E-S,
F-R-I-T-Z!



A SPY AT THE AIRPORT'S
CONTROL TOWER IS WORK-
ING WITH THESE NAZIS!
WE'VE GOT TO SAVE
THAT PLANE!



TORCH AND TORO FLAME AND
BURN THROUGH THE STEEL WALLS!

IT'S A RACE
TO THE
AIRPORT,
TORO!



AND...

NOW I GIVE
DER ORDERS
TO BRING DER
AIR LINER
OVER DER
MAGNETIC
FIELD!



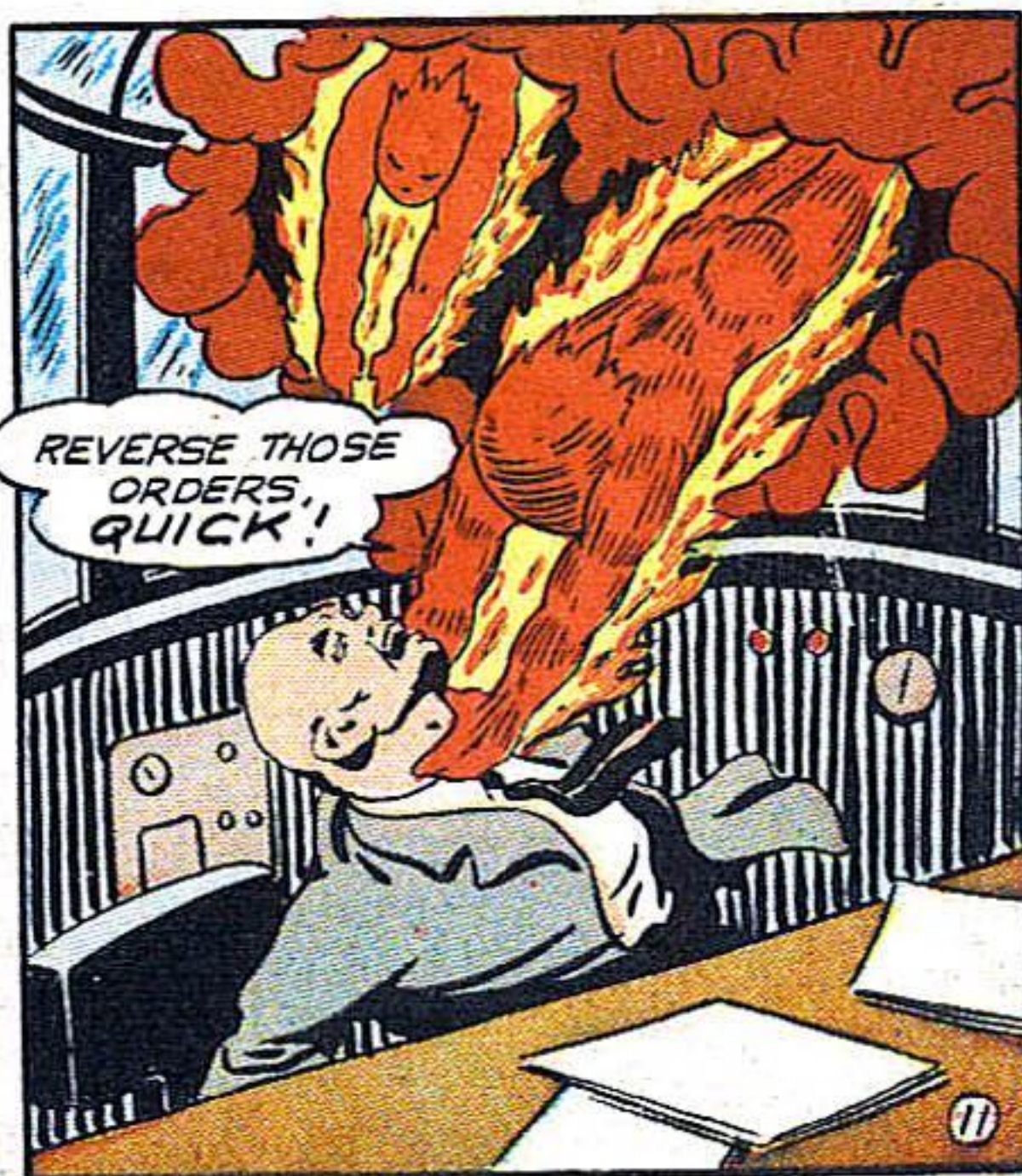
PLANE J-21234! LOSE
ALTITUDE IMMEDIATELY!
PREPARE FOR
LANDING!

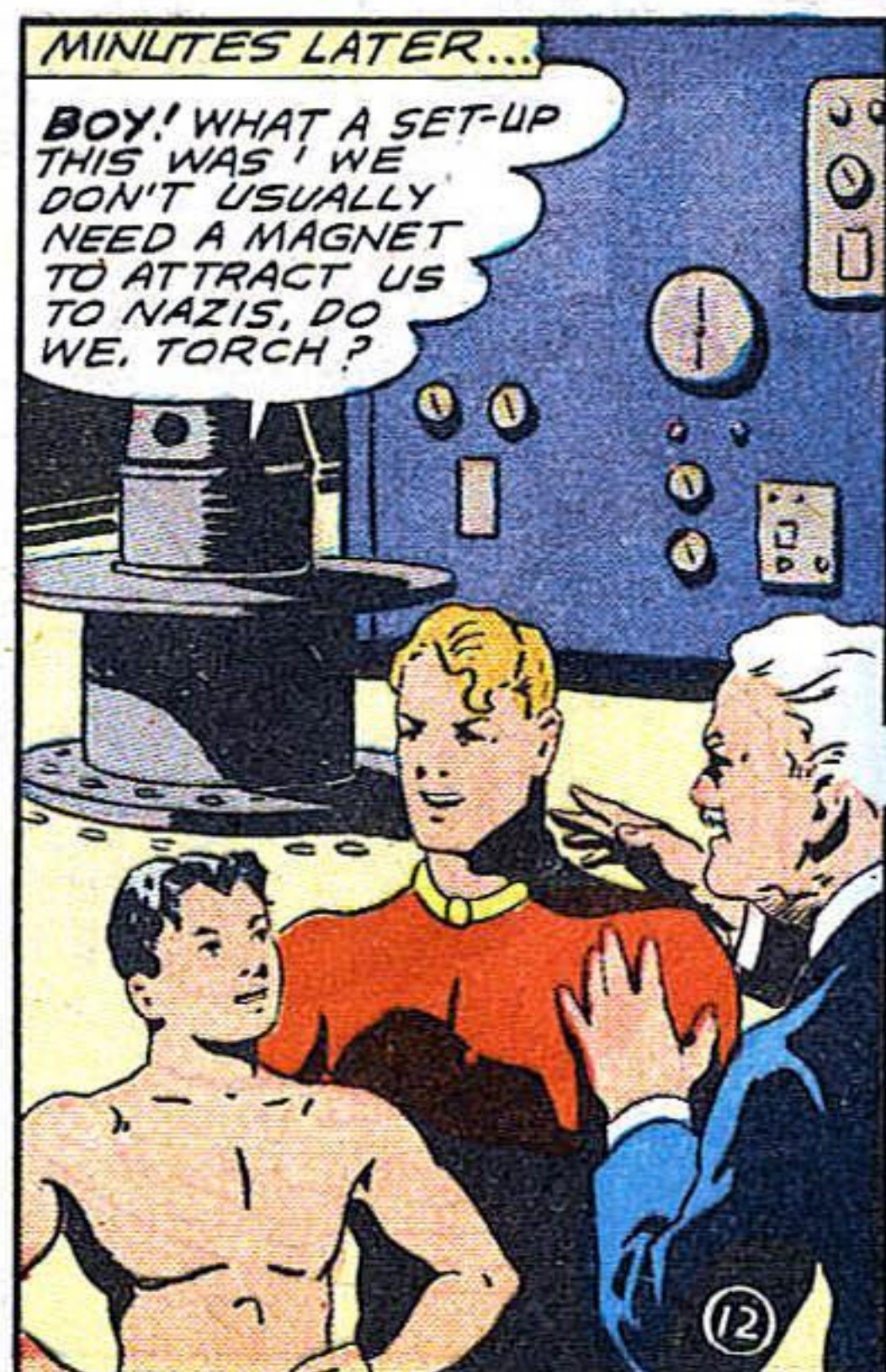
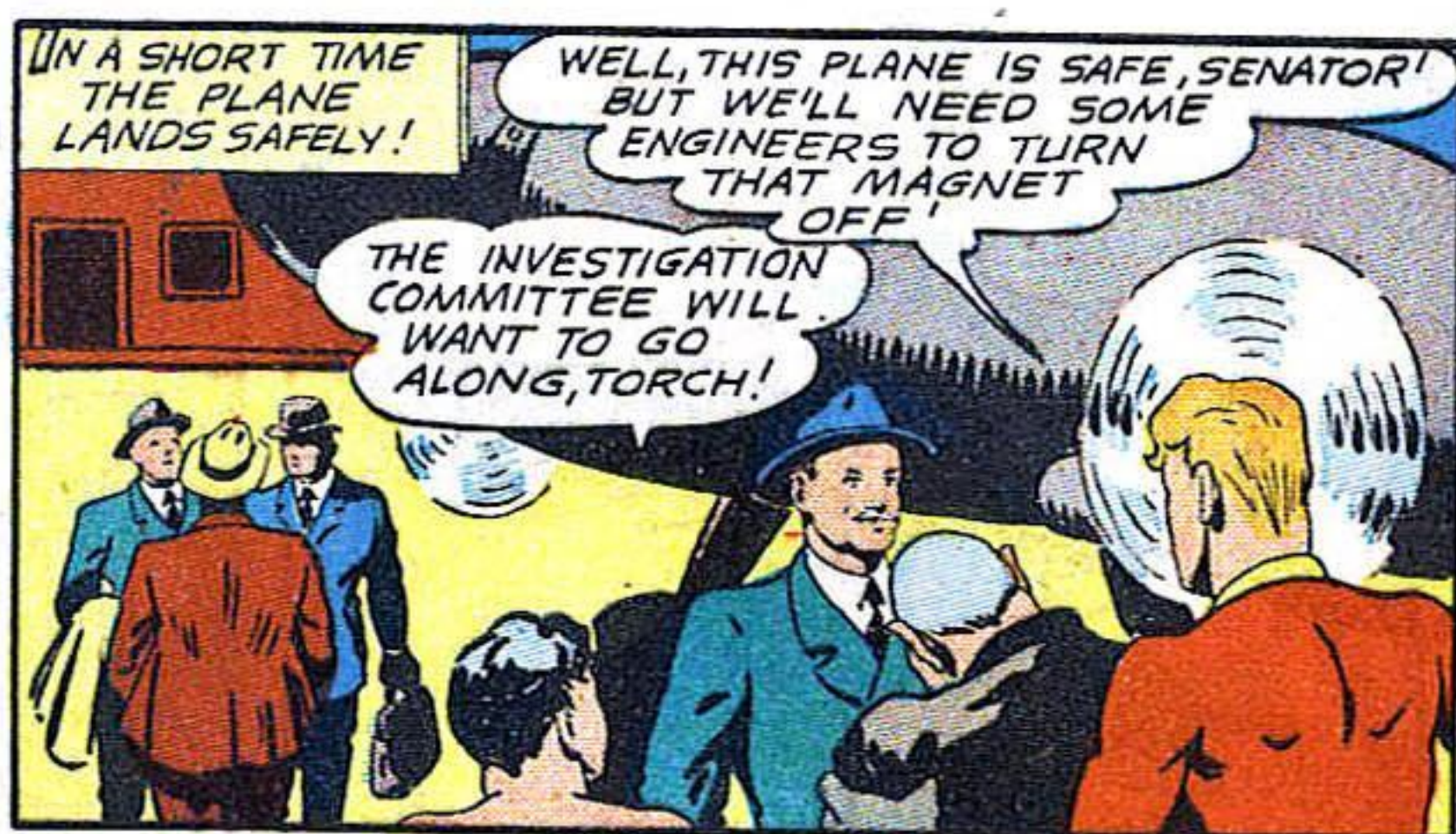
HERE'S THE
TOWER!

SWEET LAKE CITY AIRPORT

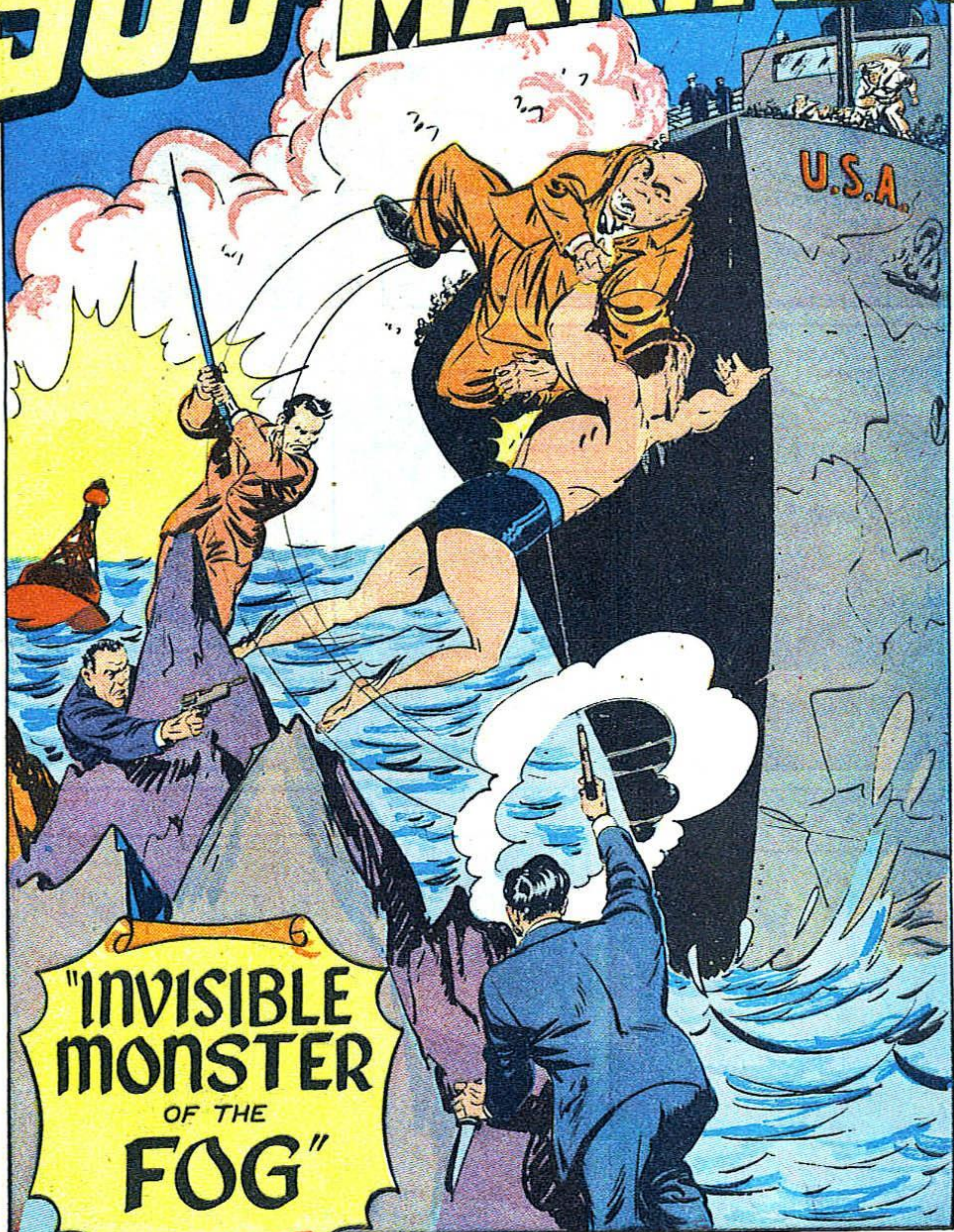


REVERSE THOSE
ORDERS,
QUICK!





SUB-MARINER



"INVISIBLE
MONSTER
OF THE
FOG"

THROUGH THE HEAVY FOG, IN THE SMALL DARK HOURS OF THE MORNING, AN AMERICAN TROOPSHIP THREADS ITS WAY CAREFULLY ALONG THE COAST



ON THE BRIDGE, THE CAPTAIN PEERS INTO THE FOG, LOOKING FOR THE GUIDING LIGHTS MARKING THE REEFS

THIS BLAMED FOG! CAN'T SEE A THING!

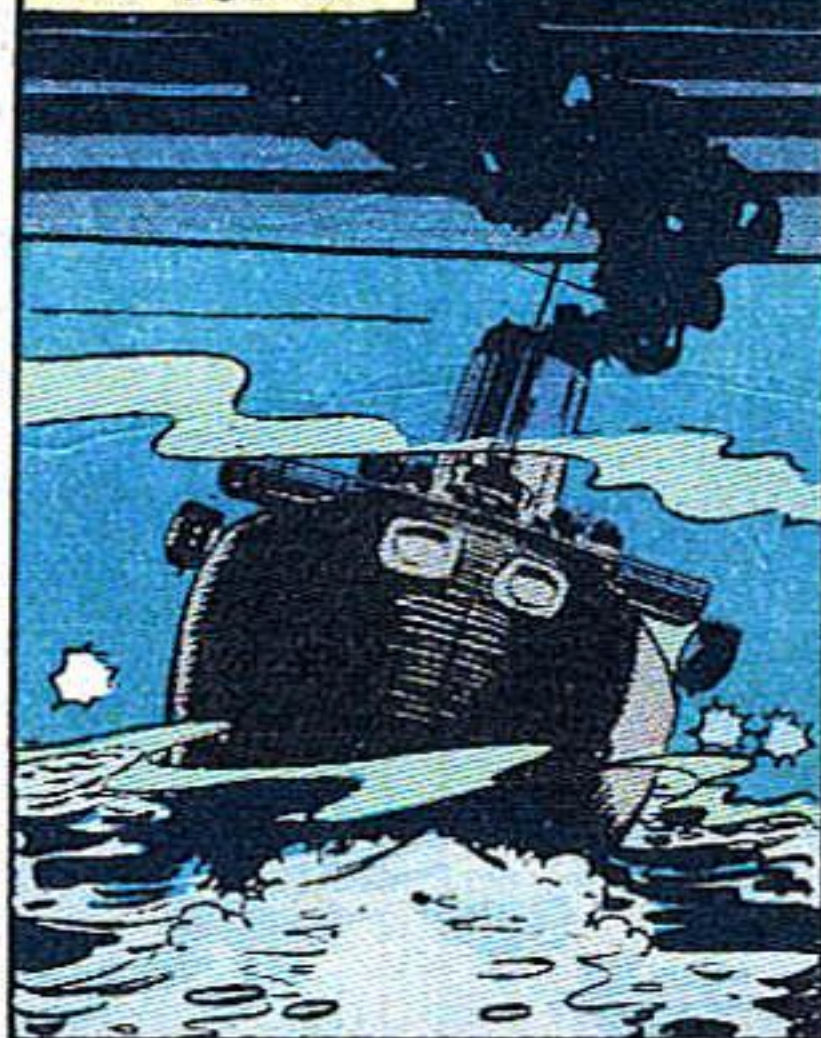
THESE ARE DANGEROUS WATERS. WE'RE NOT FAR OFFSHORE



WAIT - - THERE THEY ARE! TWO WHITE AND A RED!



PINPOINTS OF LIGHT GLEAM FROM THE BUOYS MARKING THE COURSE

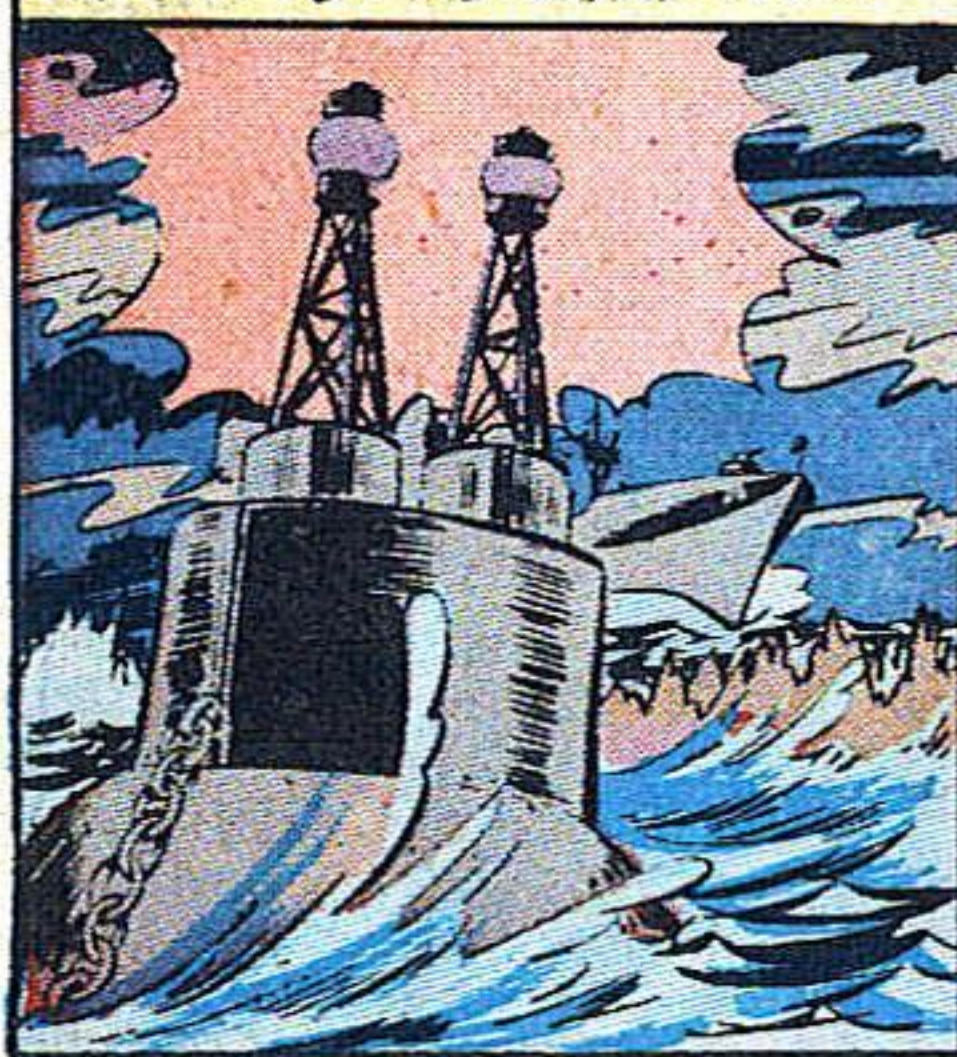


TWO POINTS OFF STARBOARD KEEP WELL TO THE RIGHT OF THAT RED BUOY!

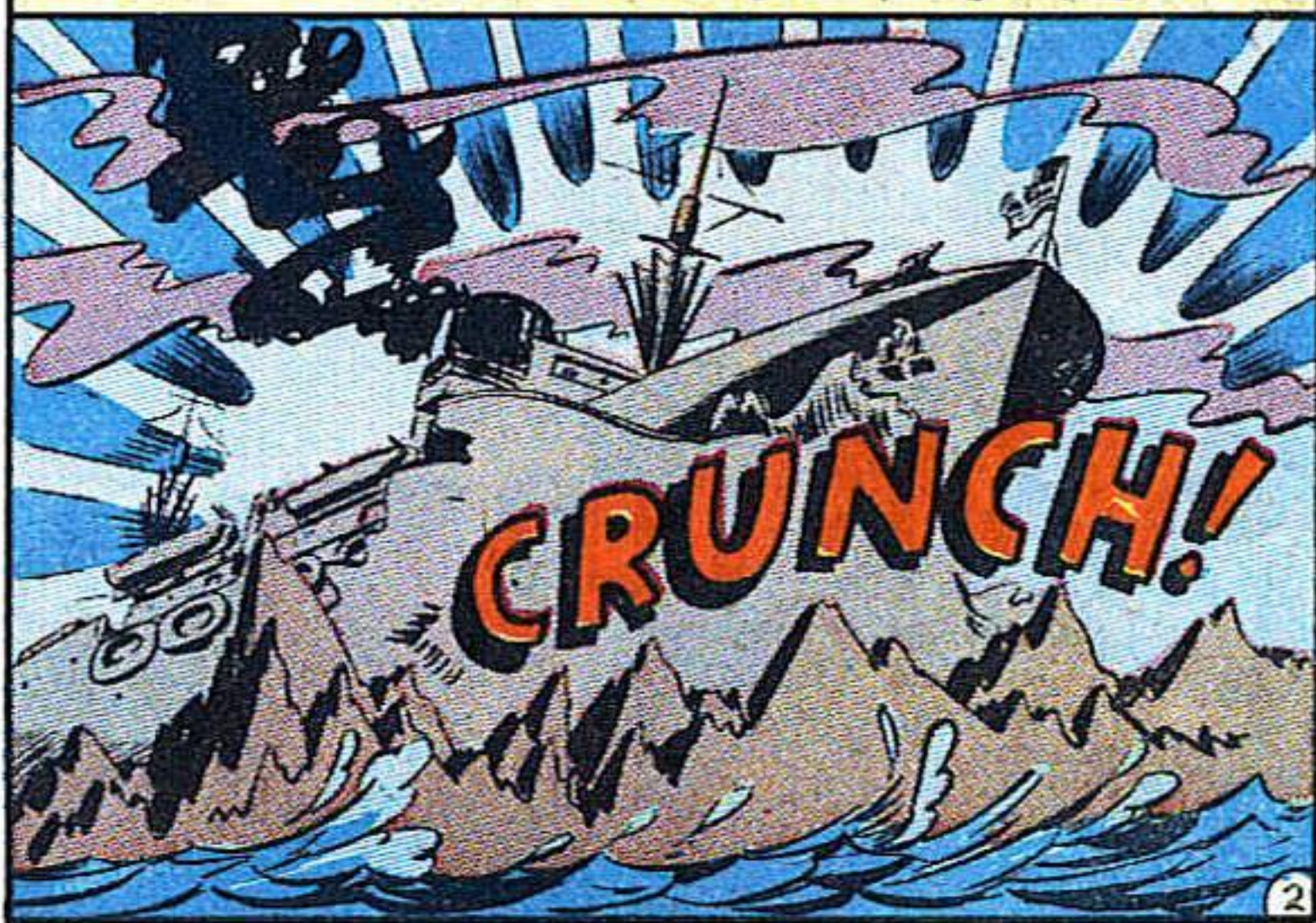
AYE, AYE, SIR TWO POINTS STARBOARD



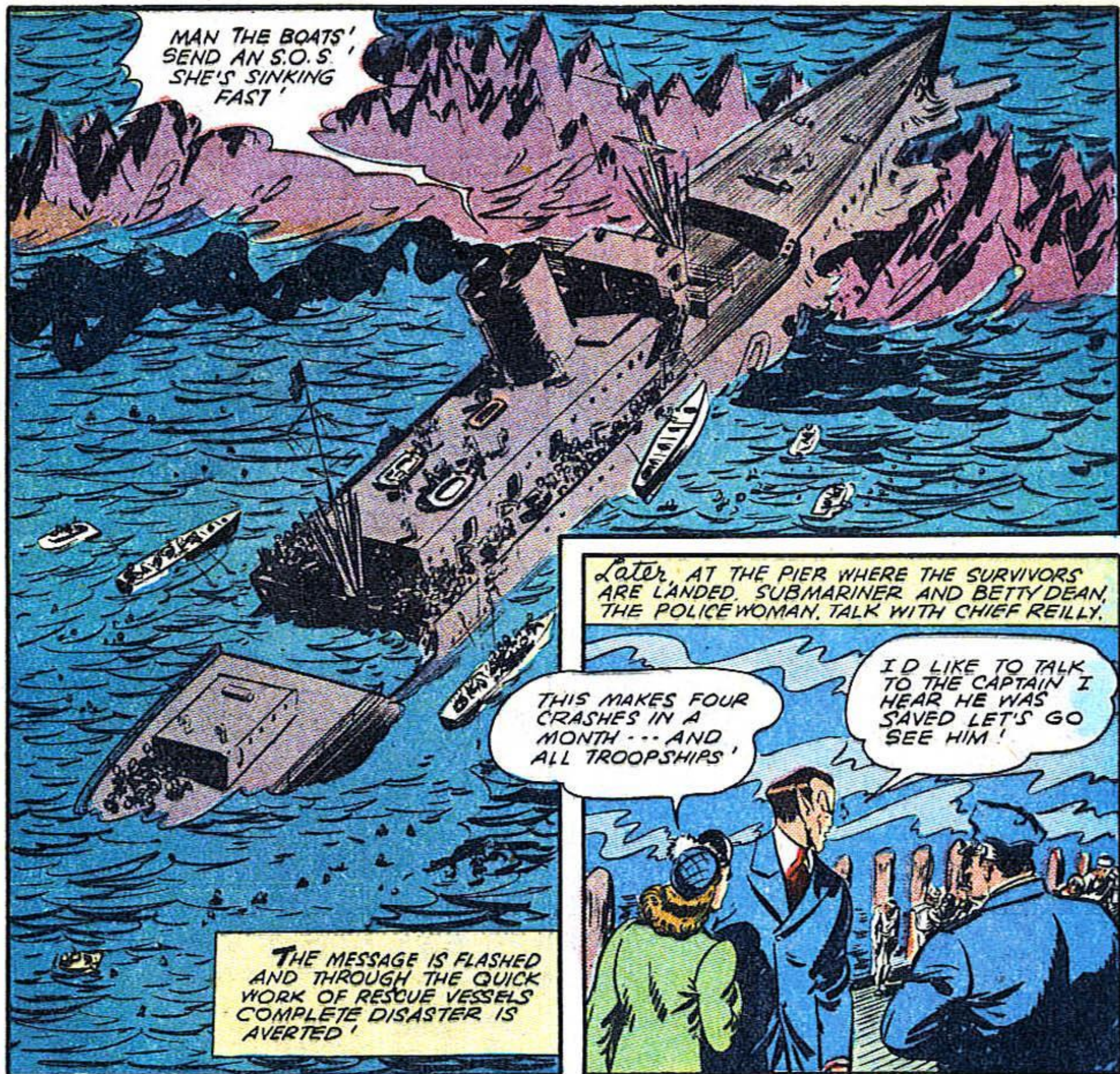
BUT SOMETHING IS WRONG! THE TROOP-LADEN LINER HEADS DIRECTLY FOR THE SHARP REEF!



WITH A RENDING, RIPPING CRASH, THE JAGGED REEF CRUSHES THE LINER'S HULL LIKE AN EGG SHELL!



MAN THE BOATS!
SEND AN S.O.S.
SHE'S SINKING
FAST!



Later, AT THE PIER WHERE THE SURVIVORS
ARE LANDED. SUBMARINER AND BETTY DEAN,
THE POLICEWOMAN, TALK WITH CHIEF REILLY.

THIS MAKES FOUR
CRASHES IN A
MONTH ... AND
ALL TROOPSHIPS!

I'D LIKE TO TALK
TO THE CAPTAIN I
HEAR HE WAS
SAVED LET'S GO
SEE HIM!

THE MESSAGE IS FLASHED
AND THROUGH THE QUICK
WORK OF RESCUE VESSELS
COMPLETE DISASTER IS
AVERTED!



ANY IDEA WHY
YOU RAN ONTO
THE REEF, CAPTAIN?

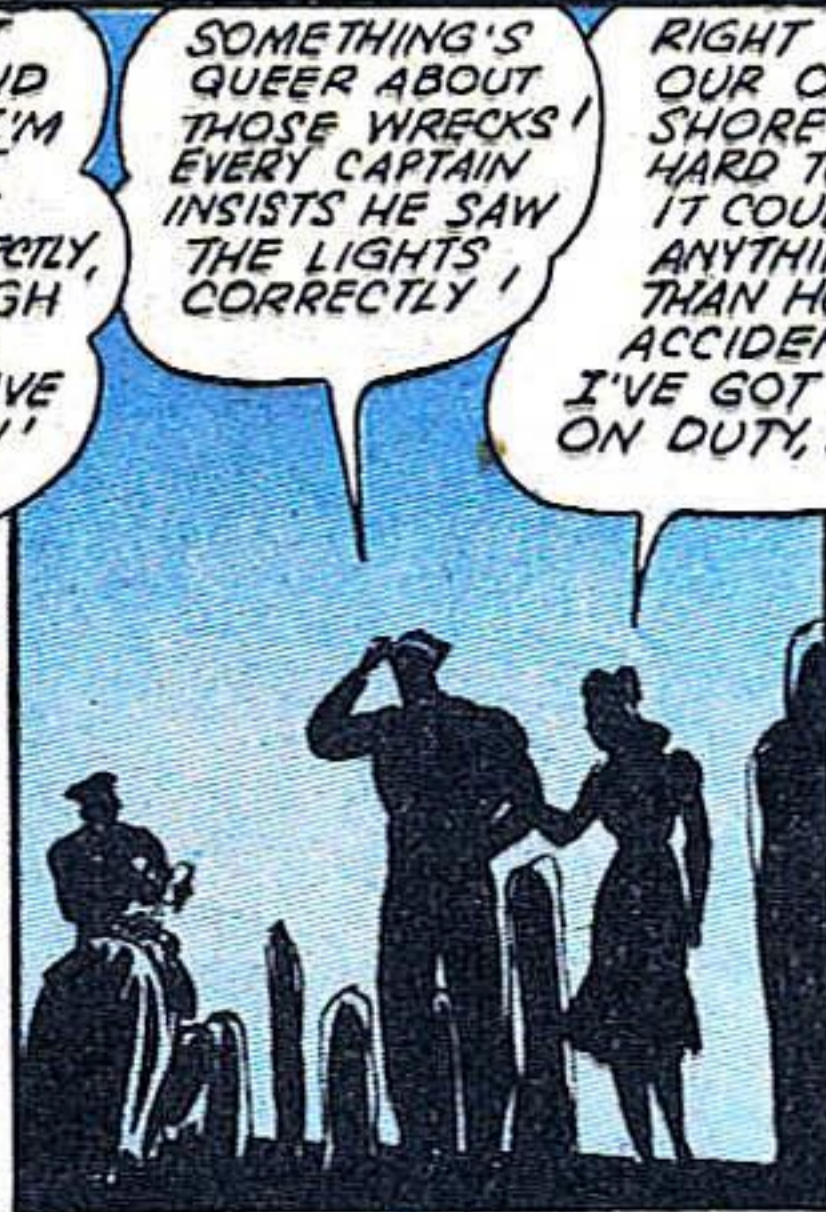
I - I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
IT! I'M -- I'M
POSITIVE I
SAW THOSE
LIGHTS CORRECTLY,
EVEN THROUGH
THE FOG -- I
COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN MISTAKEN!

SOMETHING'S
QUEER ABOUT
THOSE WRECKS!
EVERY CAPTAIN
INSISTS HE SAW
THE LIGHTS
CORRECTLY!

RIGHT OFF
OUR OWN
SHORE? IT'S
HARD TO BELIEVE
IT COULD BE
ANYTHING MORE
THAN HORRIBLE
ACCIDENTS WELL,
I'VE GOT TO GO
ON DUTY, NAMOR.

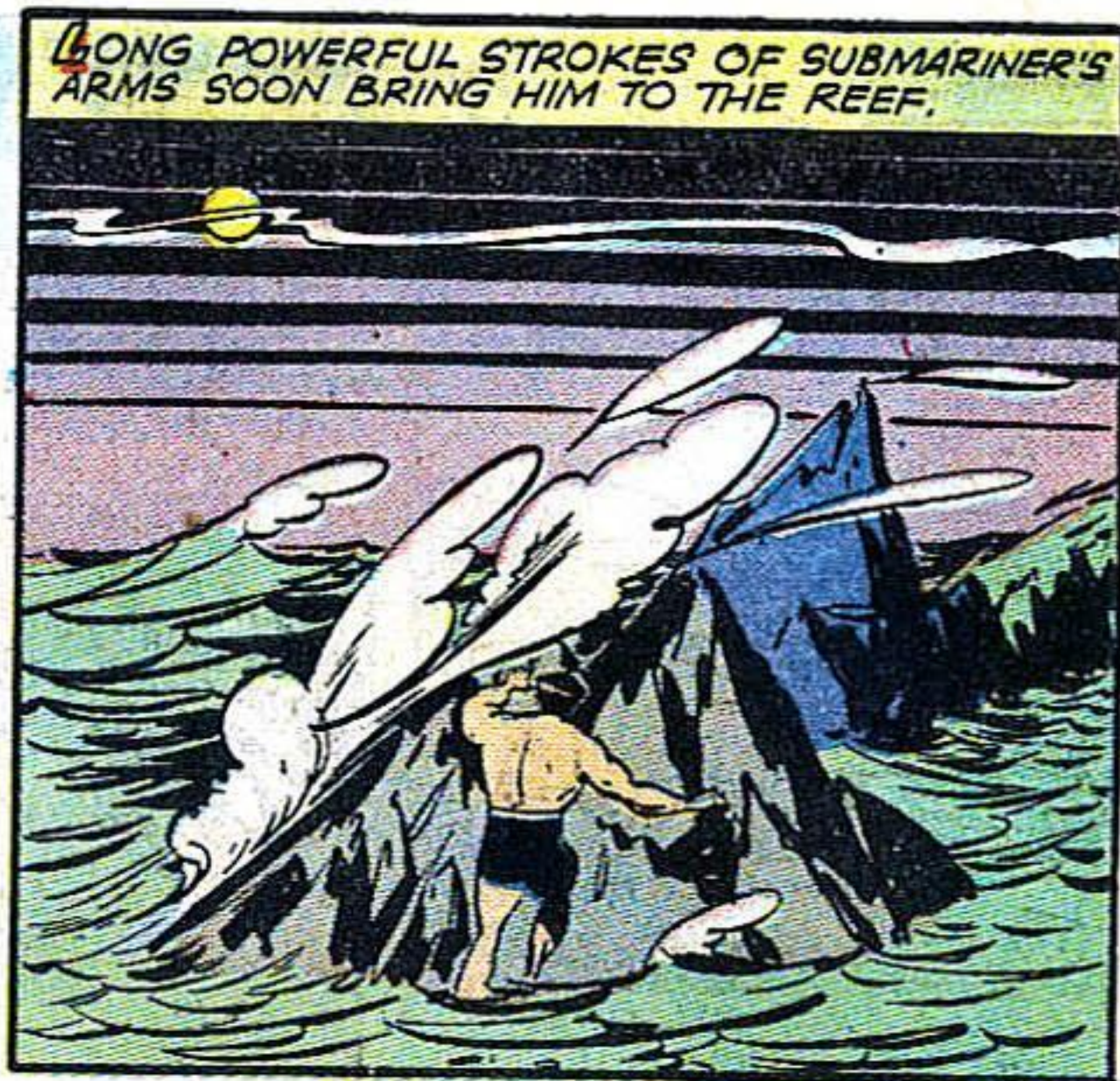
WHEN BETTY LEAVES,
SUBMARINER WANDERS
ALONG THE
WATERFRONT!

THINK I'LL DO
A LITTLE
INVESTIGATING!
IT'S A NICE
NIGHT FOR A
LONG SWIM.





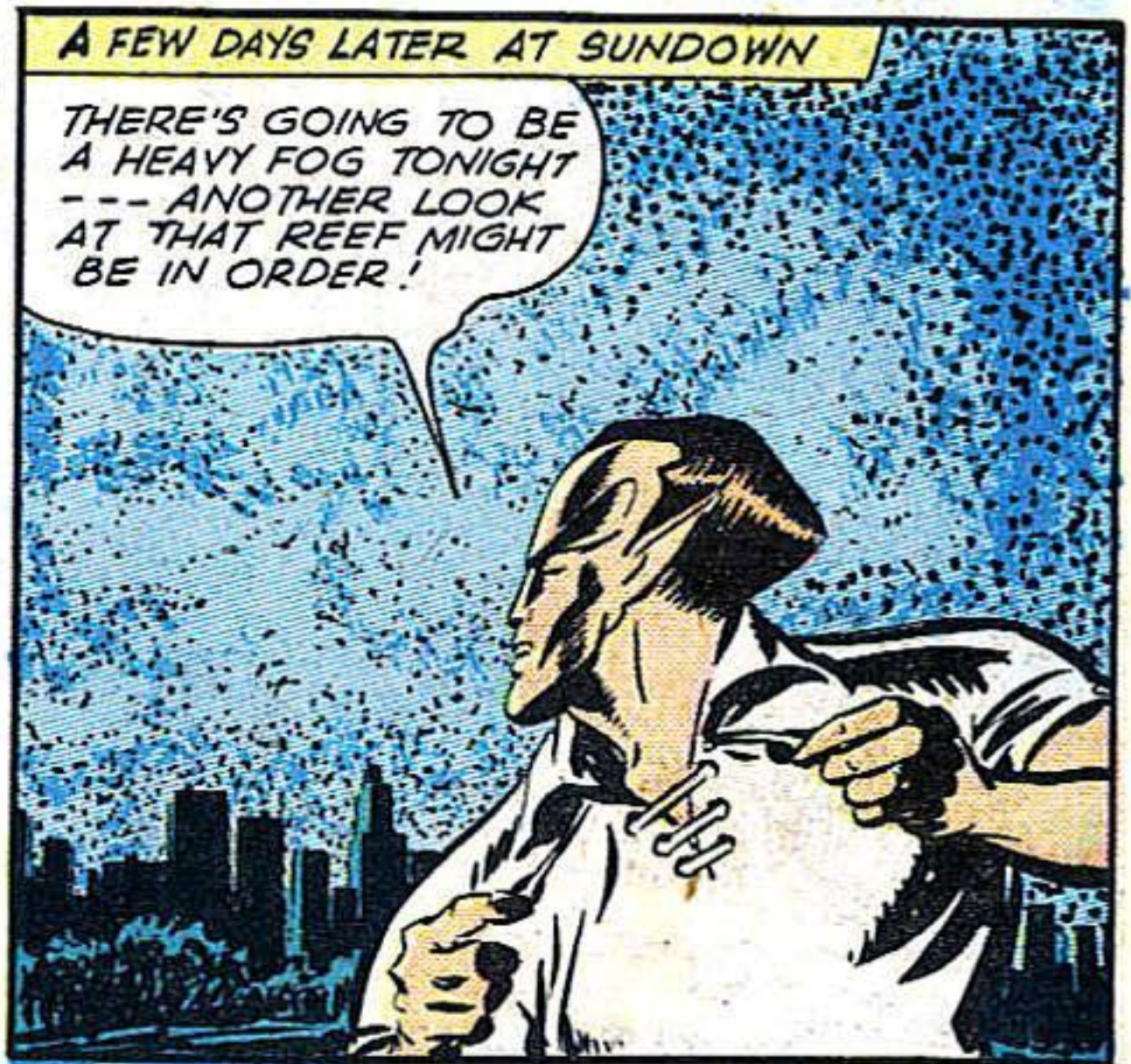
THE FOG HAS LIFTED. I'LL HAVE A GOOD CHANCE TO INSPECT THOSE REEFS CAREFULLY



LONG POWERFUL STROKES OF SUBMARINER'S ARMS SOON BRING HIM TO THE REEF.

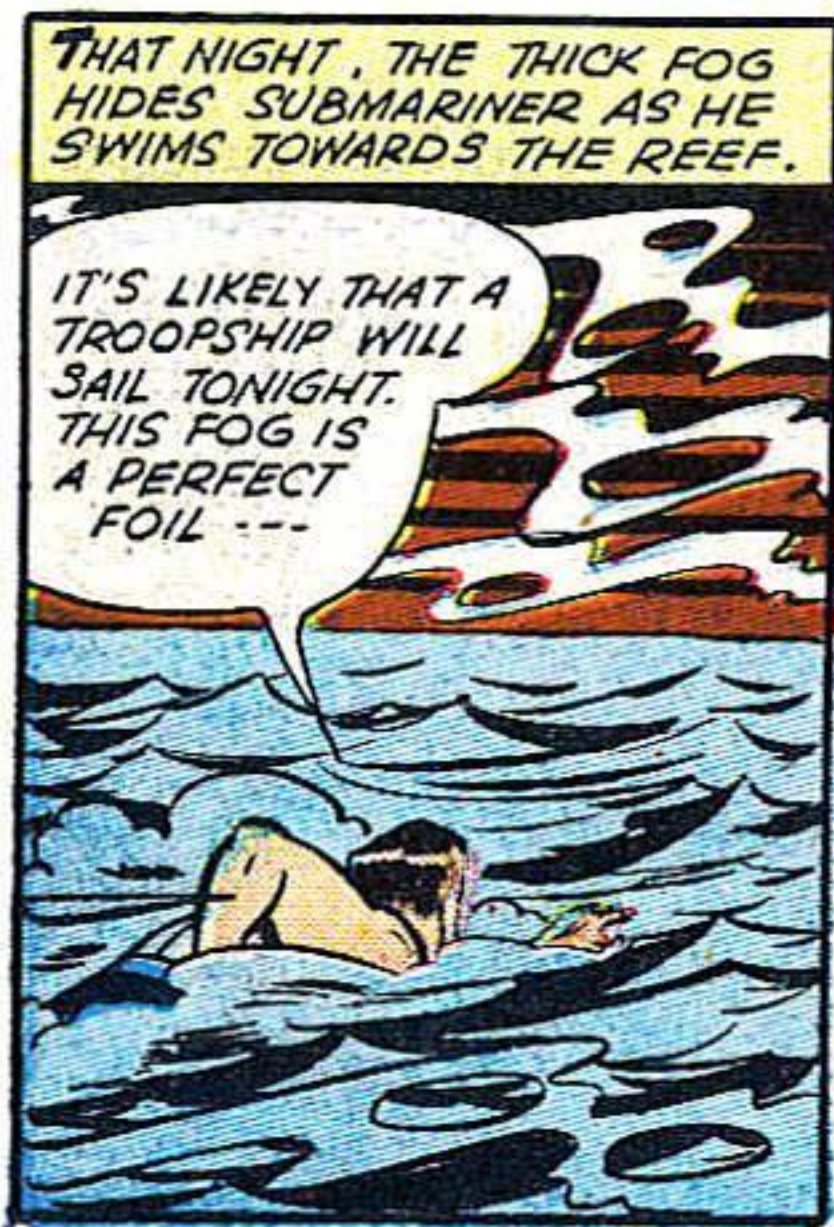


EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER HERE! I MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK, IT'S NEAR DAWN!



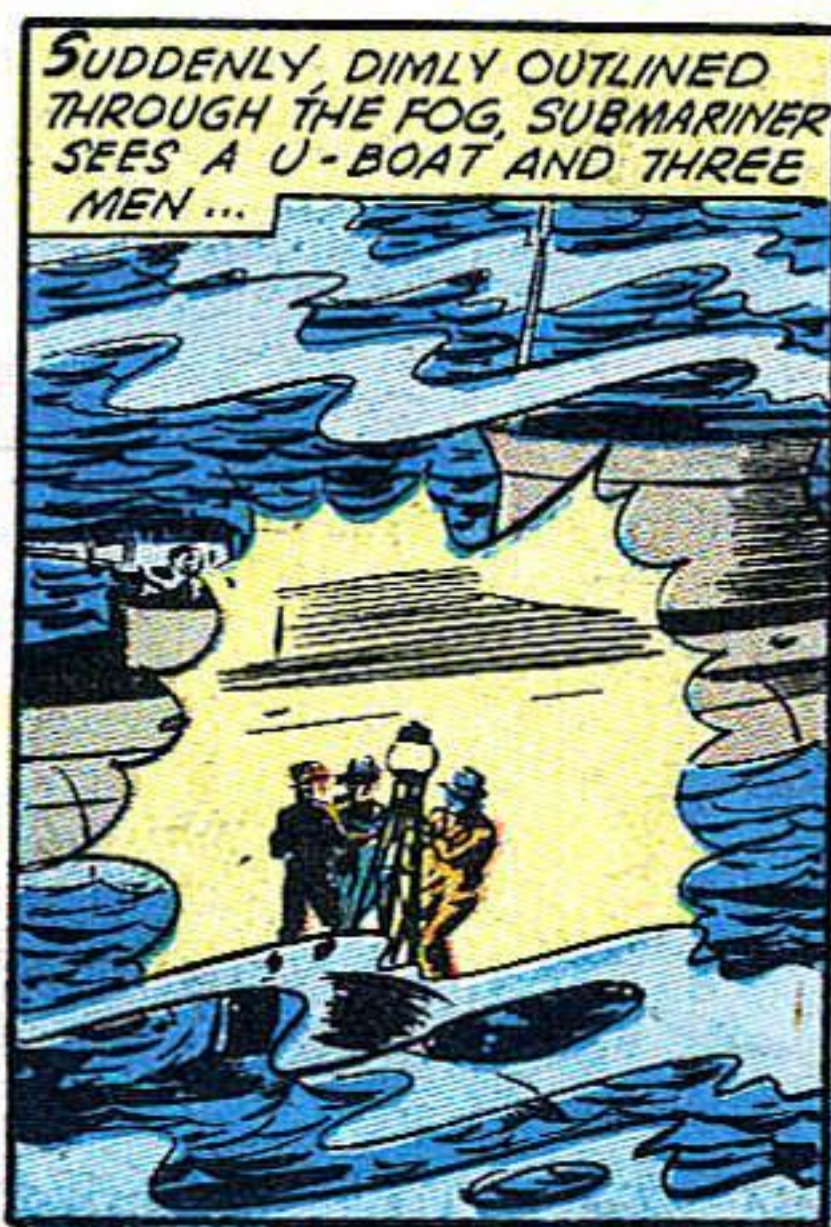
A FEW DAYS LATER AT SUNDOWN

THERE'S GOING TO BE A HEAVY FOG TONIGHT --- ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT REEF MIGHT BE IN ORDER!



THAT NIGHT, THE THICK FOG HIDES SUBMARINER AS HE SWIMS TOWARDS THE REEF.

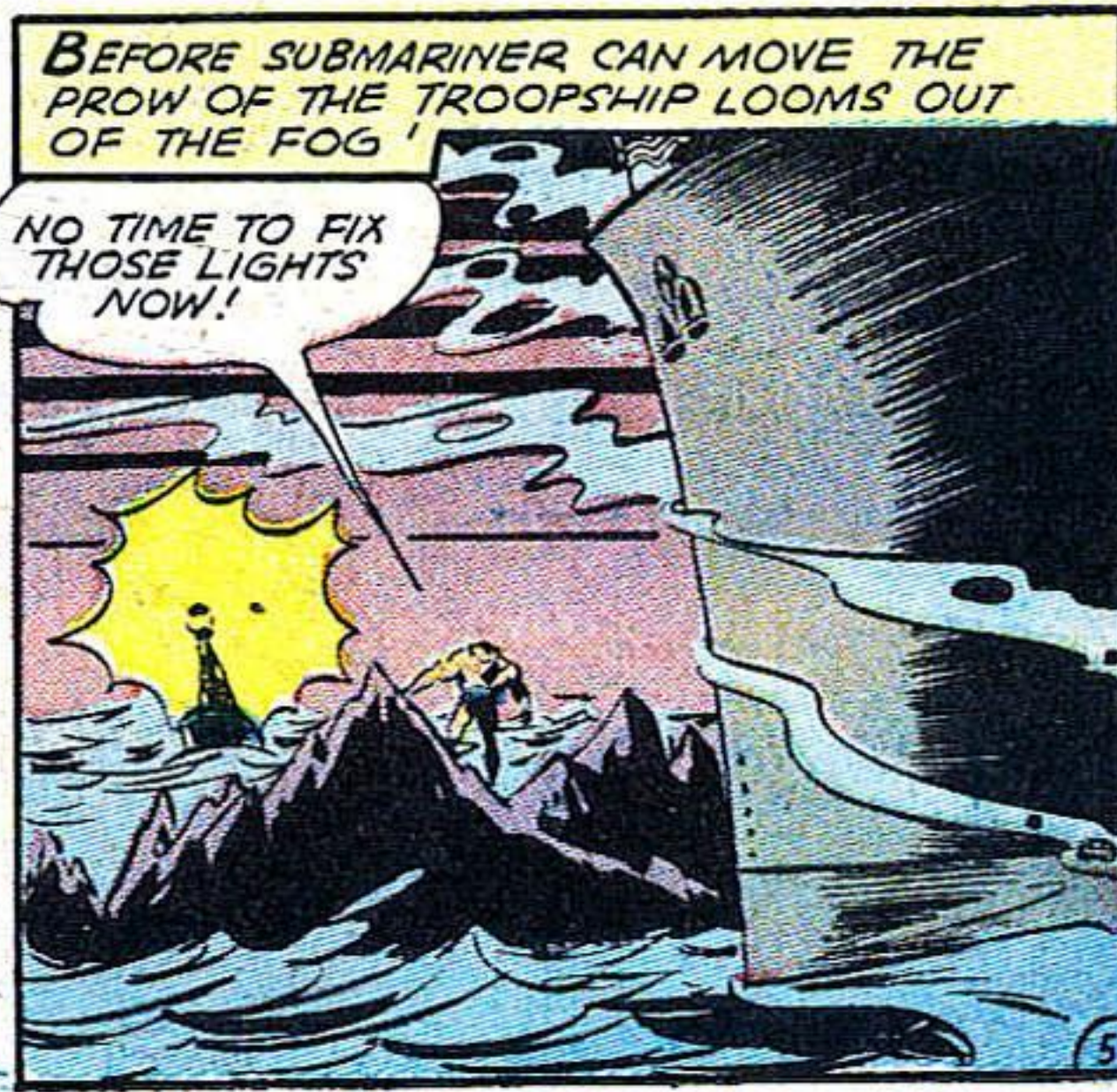
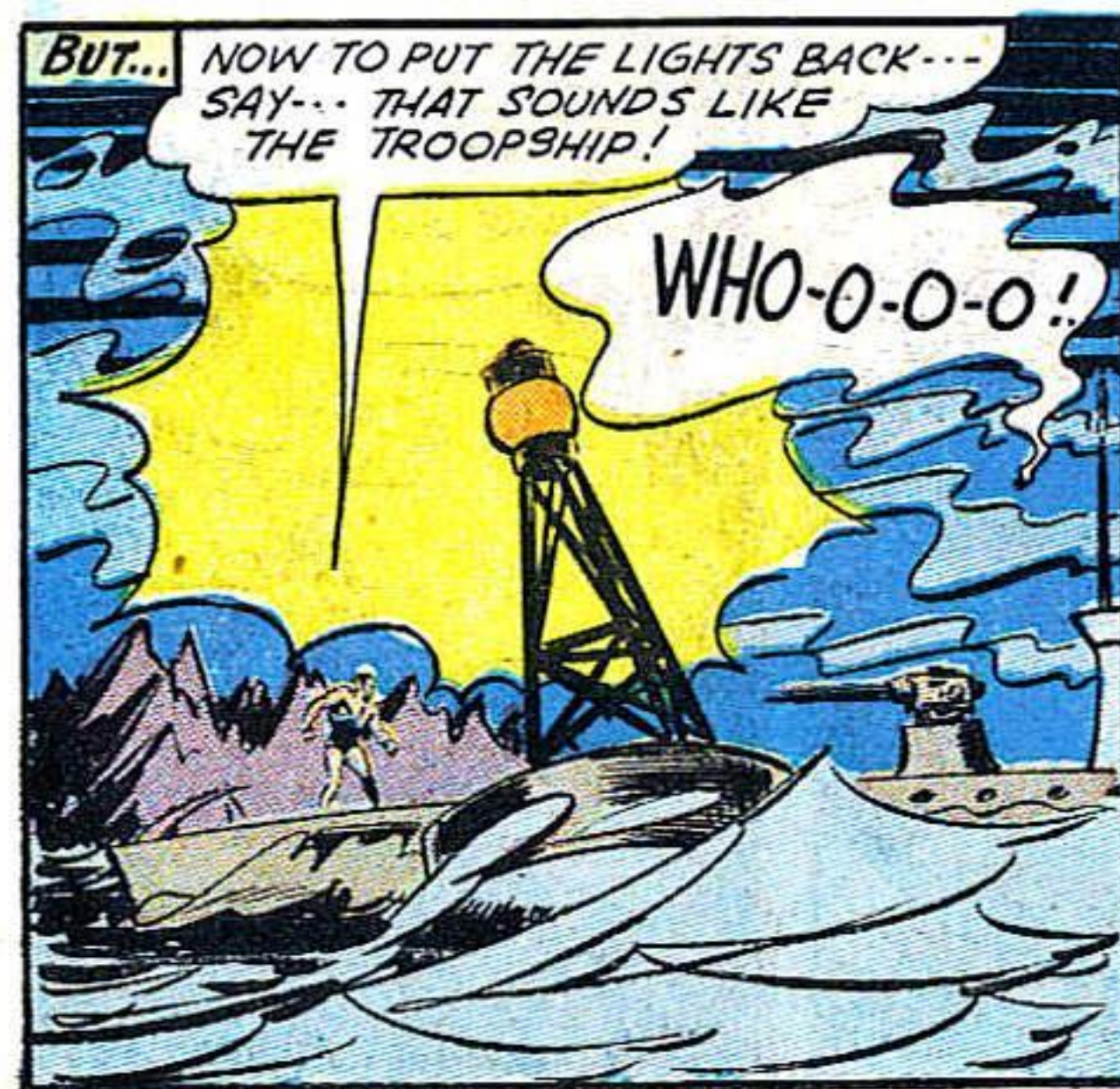
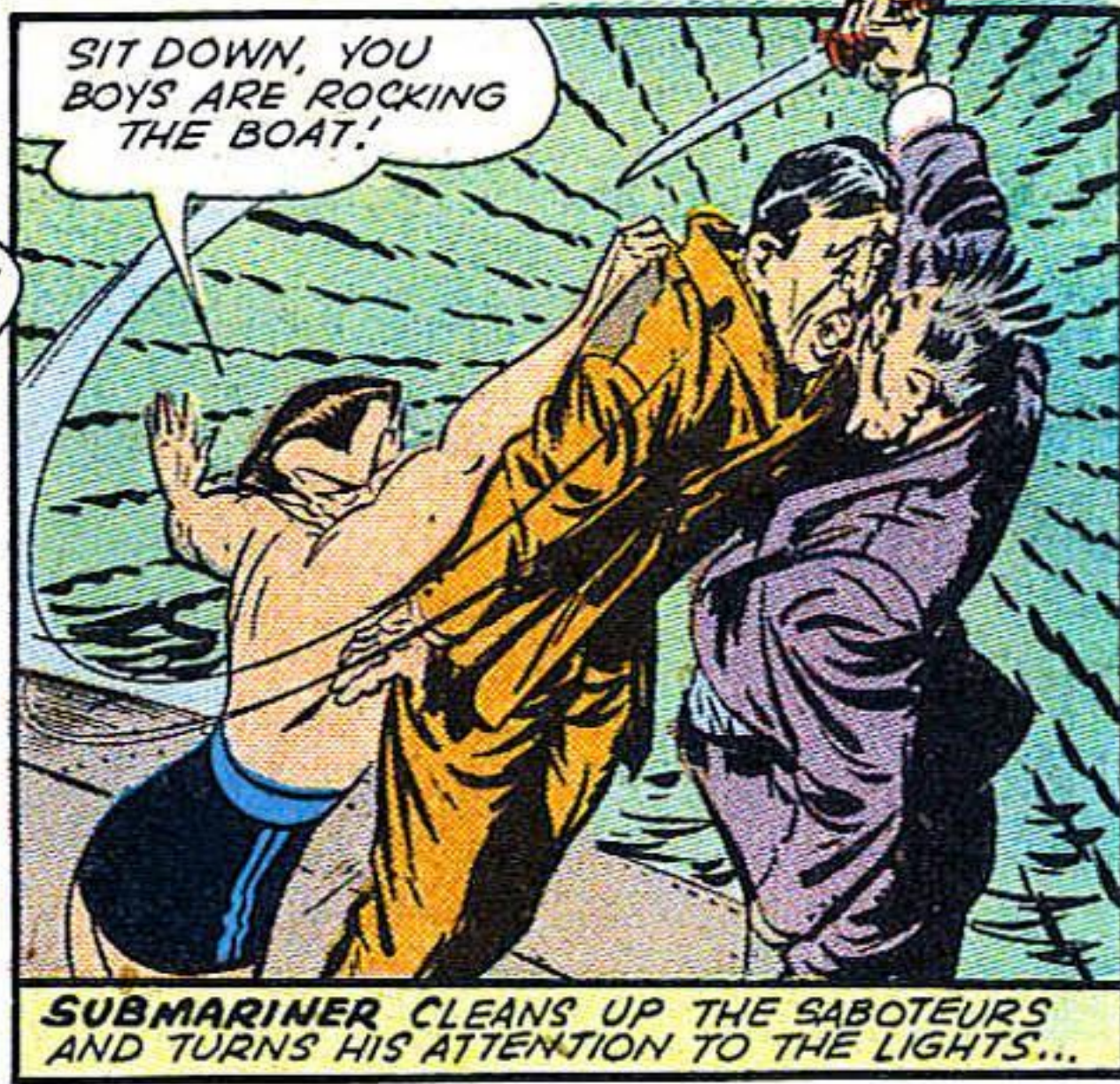
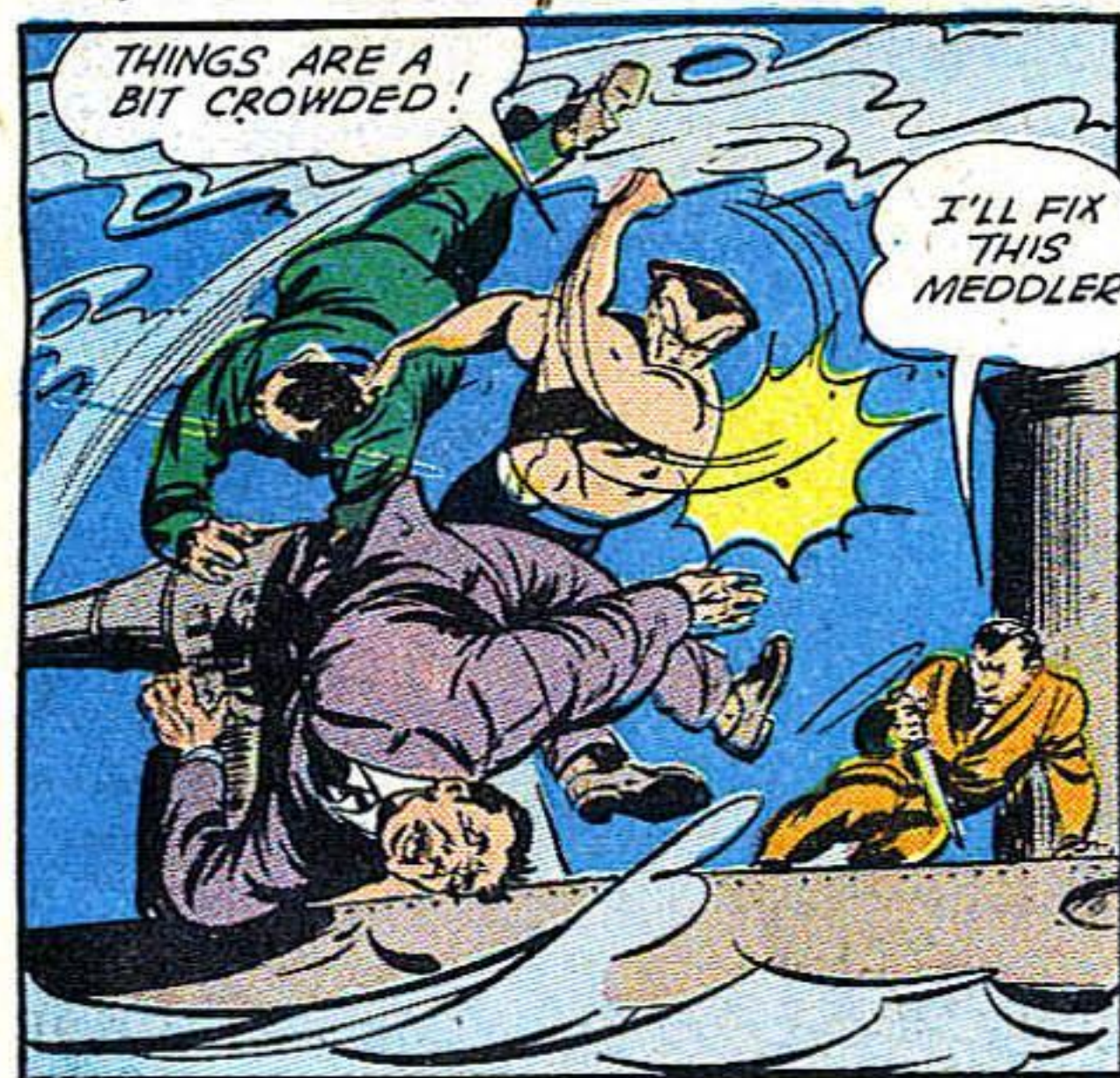
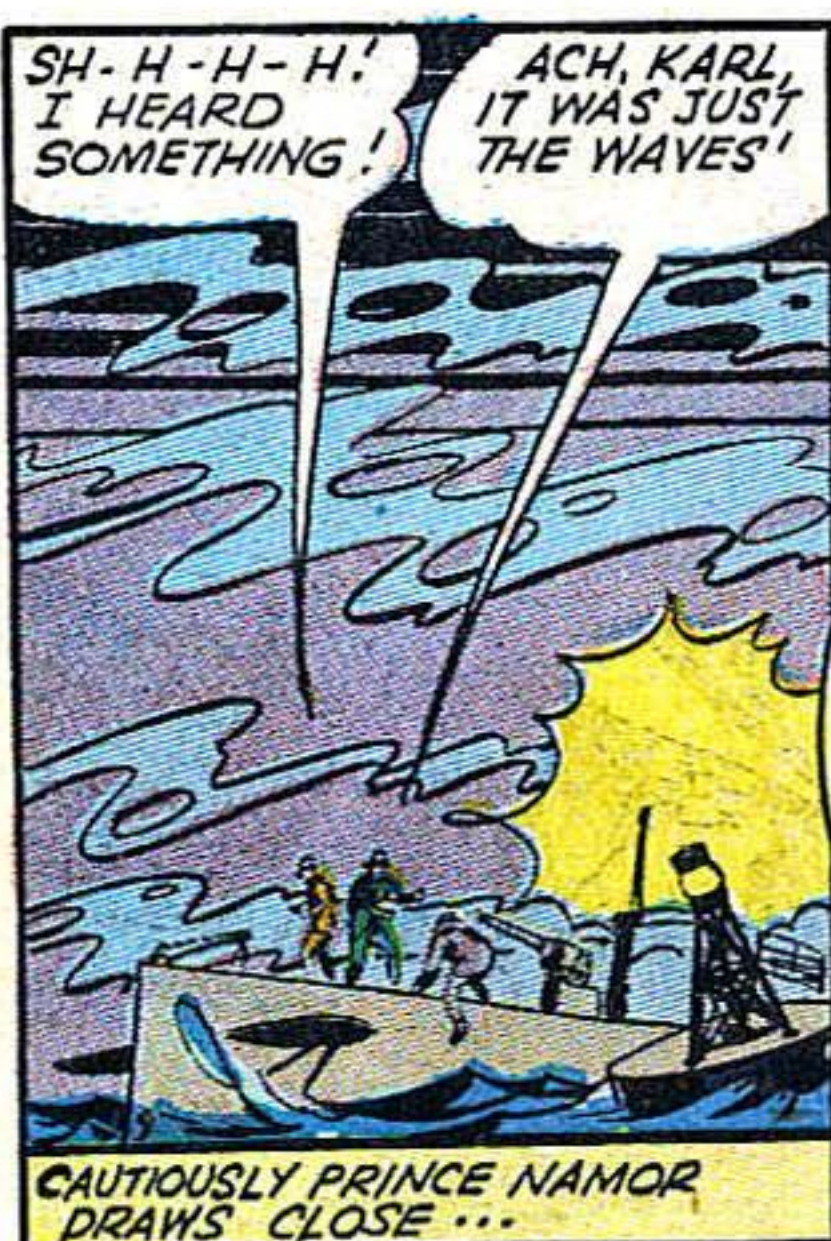
IT'S LIKELY THAT A TROOPSHIP WILL SAIL TONIGHT. THIS FOG IS A PERFECT FOIL ---



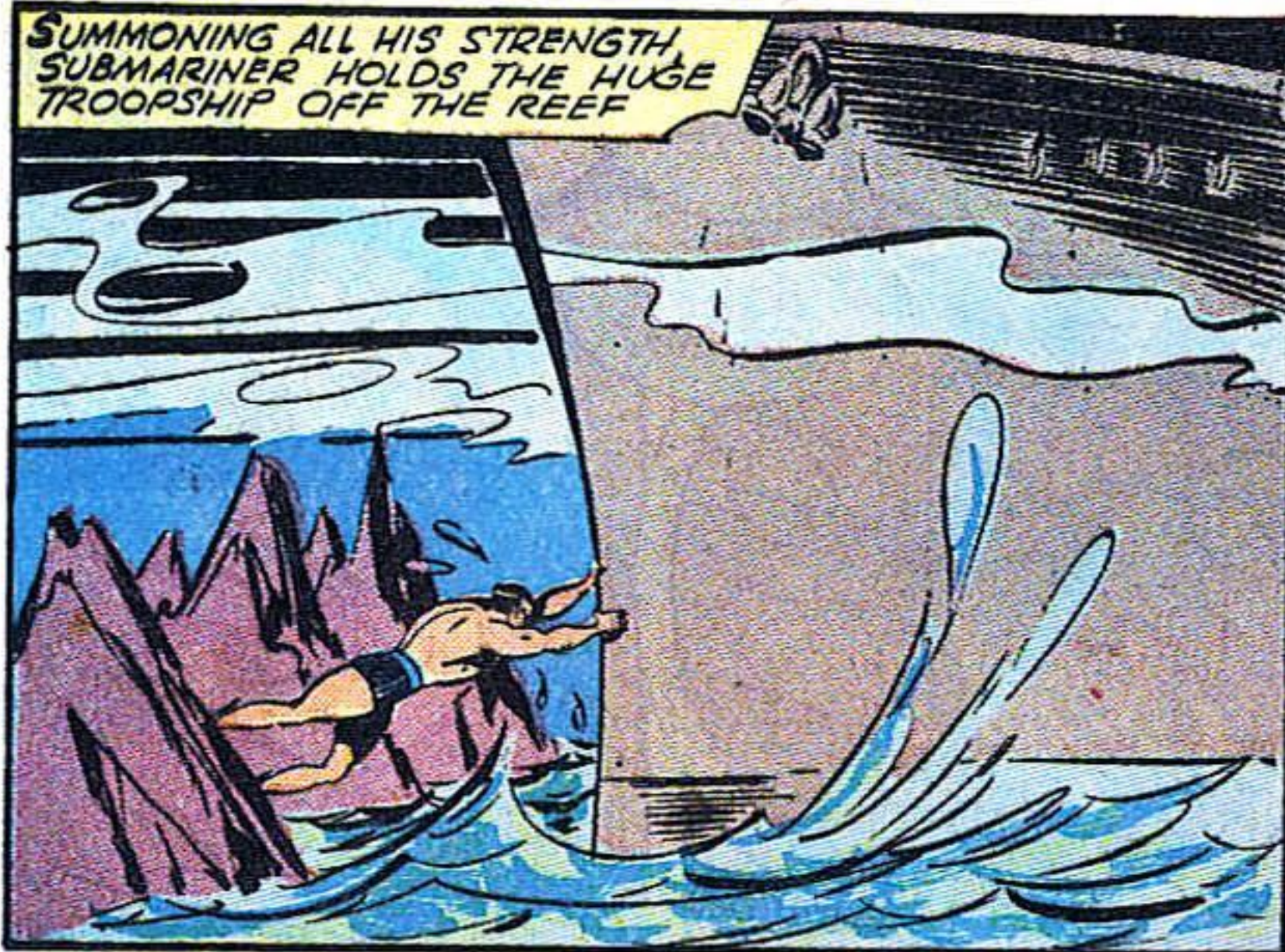
SUDDENLY, DIMLY OUTLINED THROUGH THE FOG, SUBMARINER SEES A U-BOAT AND THREE MEN ...



HURRY UP! GET THESE LIGHTS SWITCHED. THE AMERICAN TROOPSHIP WILL BE ALONG SOON!



SUMMONING ALL HIS STRENGTH, SUBMARINER HOLDS THE HUGE TROOPSHIP OFF THE REEF



ABOARD THE VESSEL

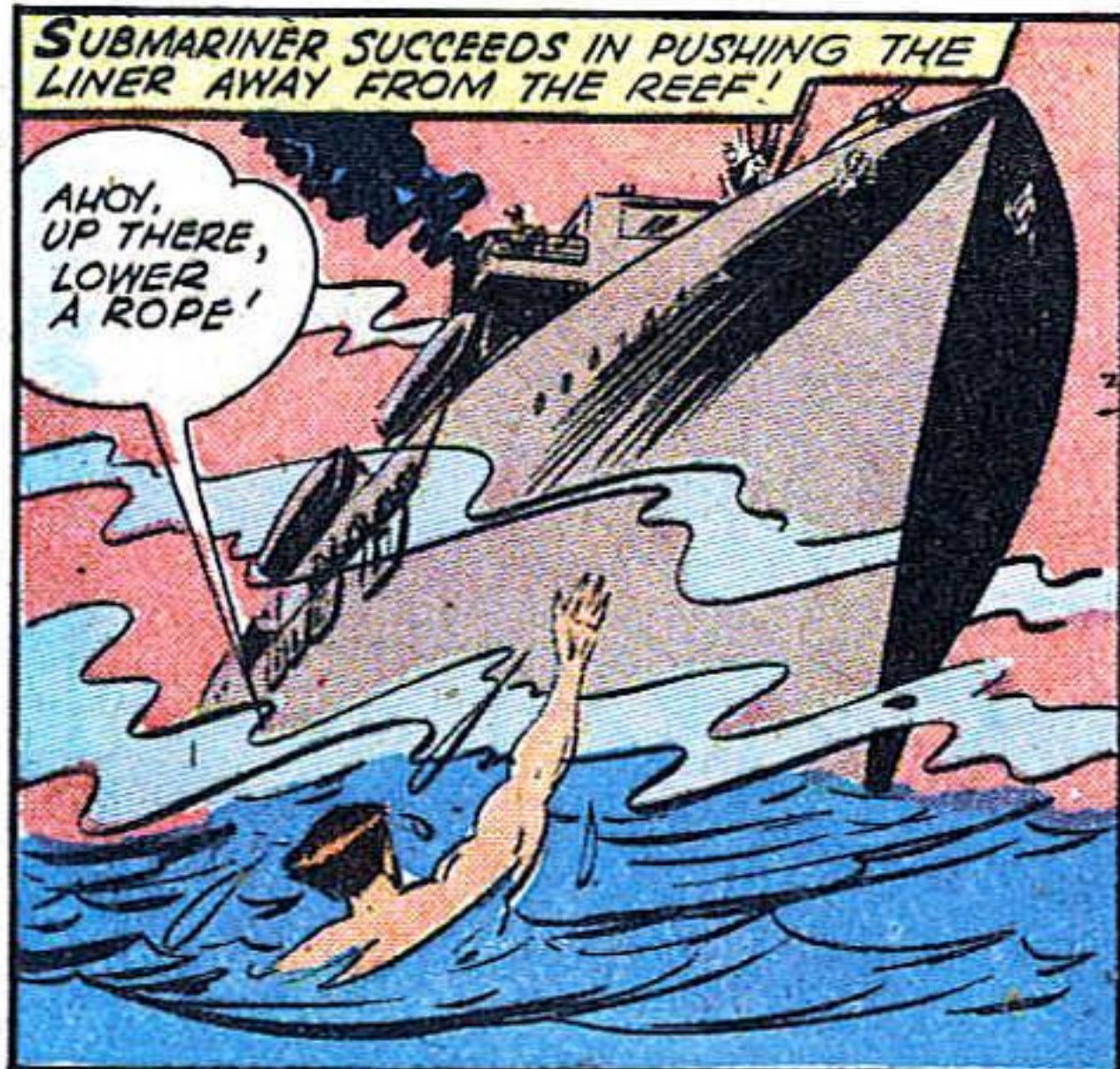
STOP THE ENGINES! SOMETHING'S HOLDING US BACK!

HOLDING US? WE'RE BEING PUSHED BACKWARDS!!

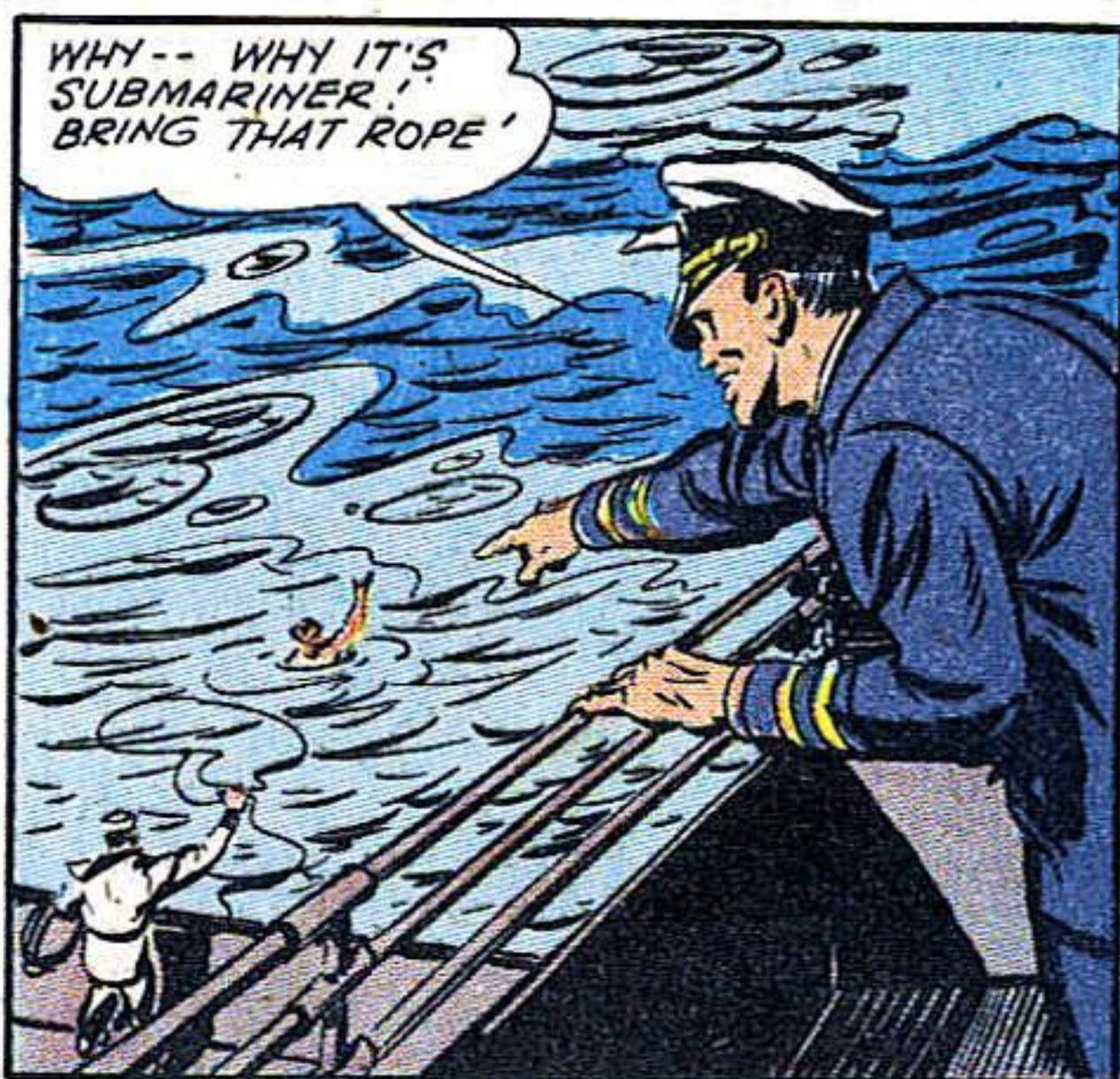


SUBMARINER SUCCEEDS IN PUSHING THE LINER AWAY FROM THE REEF!

AHOY, UP THERE, LOWER A ROPE!



WHY -- WHY IT'S SUBMARINER! BRING THAT ROPE!

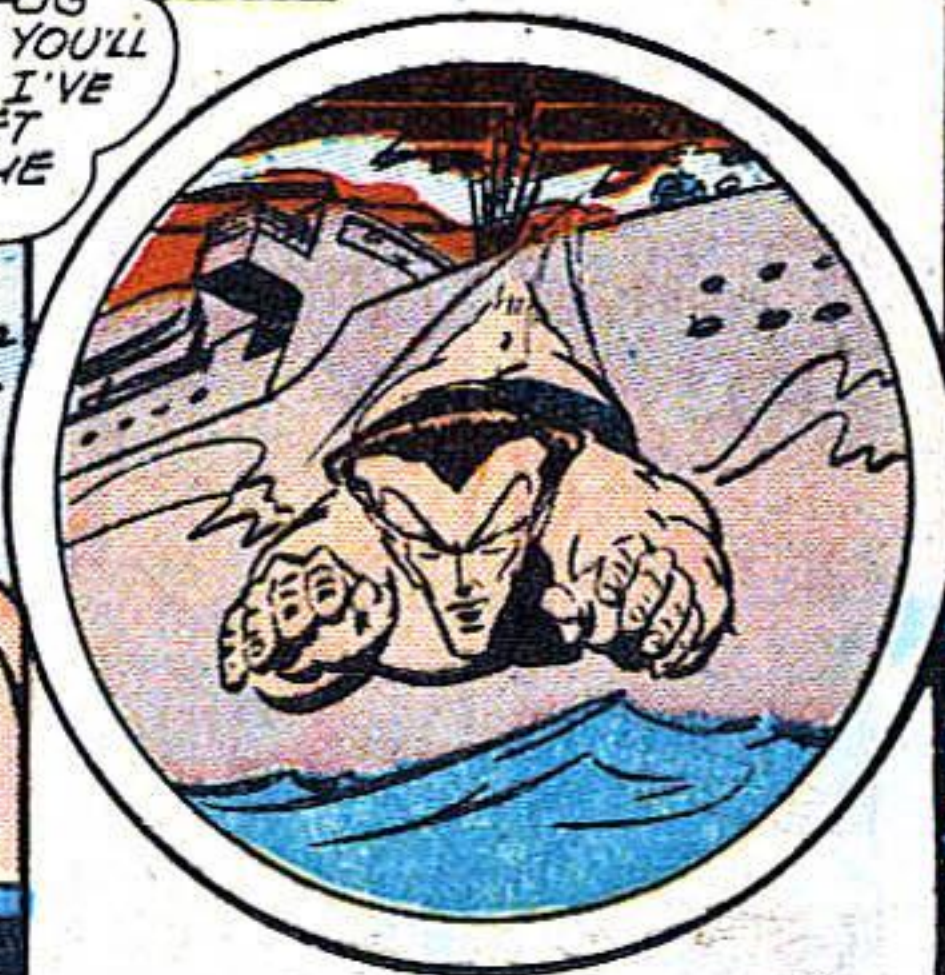


ABOARD THE SHIP SUBMARINER TELLS THE CAPTAIN OF THE FALSE LIGHTS

YOU MEAN THAT WE WERE ACTUALLY WITHIN FEET OF RAMMING? IT'S HARDLY BELIEVABLE!

WEIGH ANCHOR TILL THE FOG LIFTS AND YOU'LL SEE! NOW I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE CITY!

WITH A QUICK TURN, SUBMARINER STARTS HIS LONG SWIM BACK TO THE CITY



MY NEXT STOP IS TO SEE ED WHARTON OF THE CITY CHRONICLE. HE CAN HELP ME





YE GADS, NAMOR, WHAT A STORY! NAZI AGENTS ARE BEHIND IT-- NO DOUBT! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THEM TIP THEIR HAND-- BUT HOW?

I'VE A PLAN, BUT I'LL NEED YOUR HELP. LISTEN!



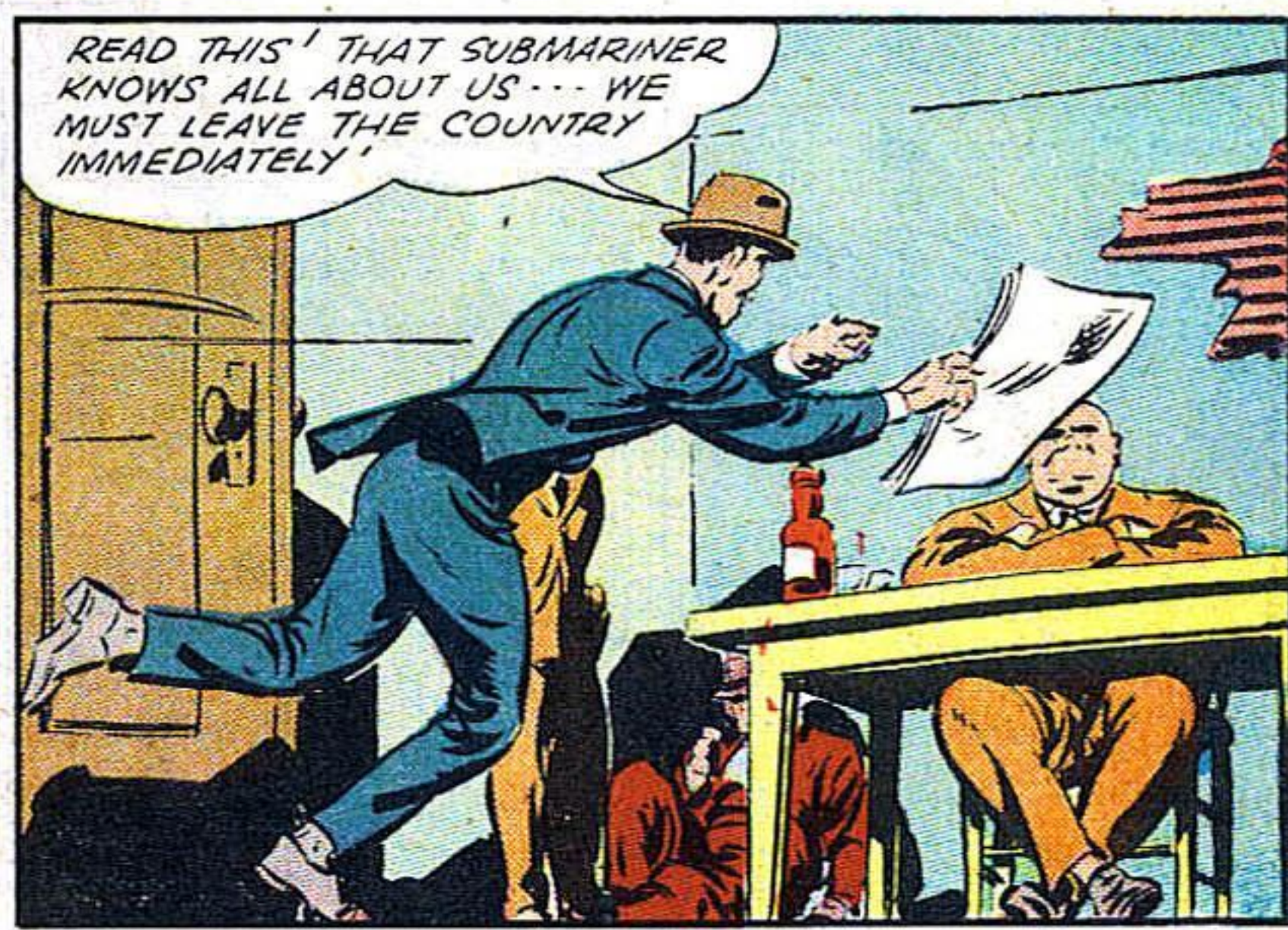
THE NEXT MORNING IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY.

HERE Y'AR! READ ALL ABOUT SUBMARINER AND THE NAZI SPY RING! GETCHA PAPERS!

GIVE ME ONE, QUICK!



HIMMEL! THE LEADER MUST SEE THIS!

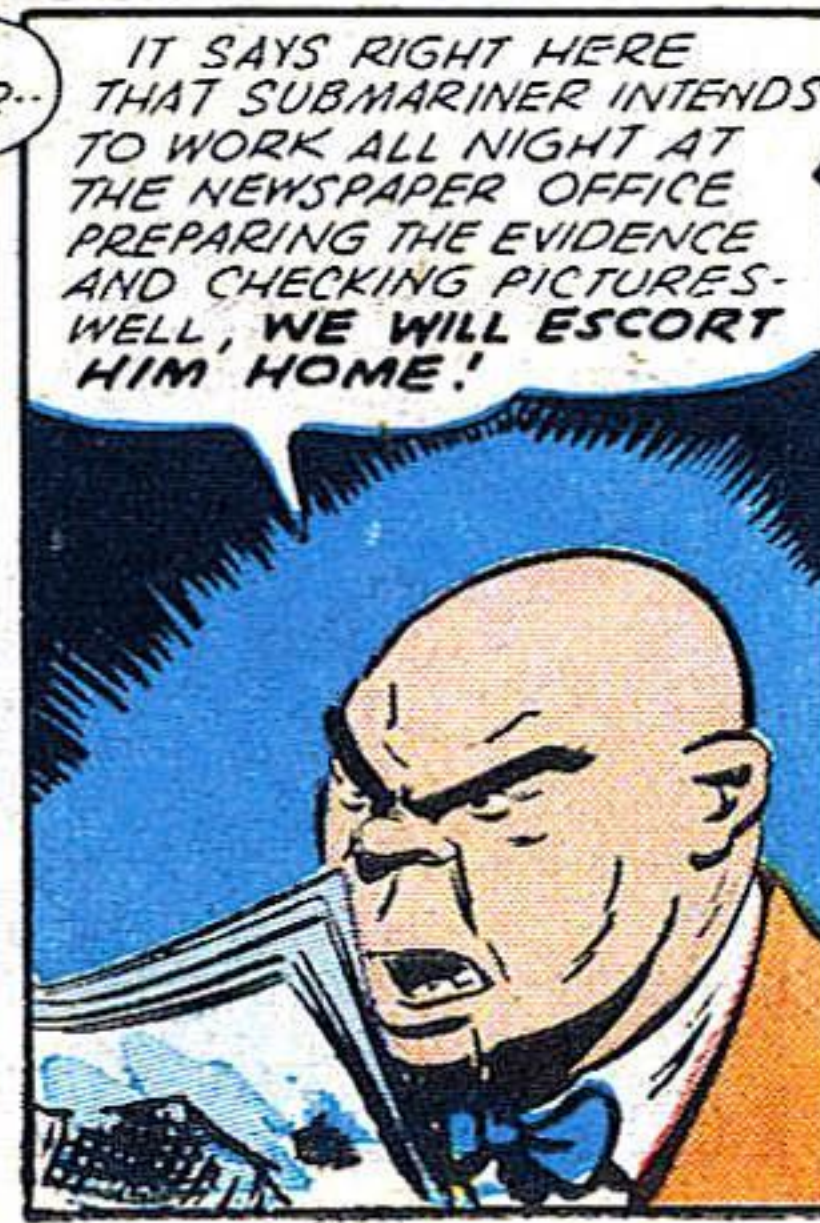


READ THIS! THAT SUBMARINER KNOWS ALL ABOUT US... WE MUST LEAVE THE COUNTRY IMMEDIATELY!



SIT DOWN, STUPID, SIT DOWN!

BUT-BUT... HERR RADDER--



IT SAYS RIGHT HERE THAT SUBMARINER INTENDS TO WORK ALL NIGHT AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE PREPARING THE EVIDENCE AND CHECKING PICTURES-- WELL, WE WILL ESCORT HIM HOME!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHRONICLE

WELL, OUR PLAN DIDN'T WORK. I WAS SURE THEY'D TRY TO GET ME WHEN THEY SAW THAT NEWS STORY-- ALMOST DAWN. GUESS I'LL BE GOING.

YEAH TOUGH LUCK!

SUBMARINER LEAVES THE BUILDING

IT'LL BE LIGHT IN AN HOUR OR SO WONDER WHY THEY DIDN'T SHOW UP? MAYBE I'M ON THE WRONG SIDE!



AS NAMOR HEADS DOWN THE DARK STREET, HE ALMOST STUMBLES OVER A MAN PROSTRATE ON THE PAVEMENT

SAY WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?



BUT, HIGH ABOVE NAMOR'S KNEELING FIGURE, A WINDOW IS SLID QUIETLY OPEN

DROP IT NOW! YOU CAN'T MISS! HE'S DIRECTLY BELOW!



THAT'S FUNNY LOOKING BLOOD SOME THING



WITH STUNNING FORCE, THE HEAVY TYPEWRITER CRASHES DOWN ON SUBMARINER

UGH!



TAKE HIM INSIDE, SCHNELL!

HE WAS CHAST GETTING SUSPICIOUS WHEN YOU HIT HIM!



SUBMARINER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AS HE IS CARRIED INSIDE BUT HE PLAYS POSSUM!



PUT HIM IN DOT CHAIR SO VE CAN TIE HIM UP!



**SURPRISE' DID YOU
THINK I'LL FALL ASLEEP
ON MY HOSTS!**



CRACK!



YEOW!

LET'S NOT USE
GUNS'

THEN WE USE
KNIVES!



A TERRIFIC UPPERCUT ENDS THE FIGHT...

THANKS FOR
TELLING ME --
NOW FOR YOUR
HEAD-MAN!

ACH!



**SUBMARINER TURNS JUST
IN TIME TO SEE RADER
RACING OUT A BACK DOOR'**



IF I CAN REACH THE
END OF THIS PASSAGE
I'LL BE SAFE'



THE NAZI RUNS DOWN A LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS INTO THE CELLAR'

BUT SUBMARINER IS NOT FAR BEHIND...



HE CAME DOWN THIS WAY-- I SEE A LIGHT AHEAD! THAT MEANS THERE'S AN EXIT!

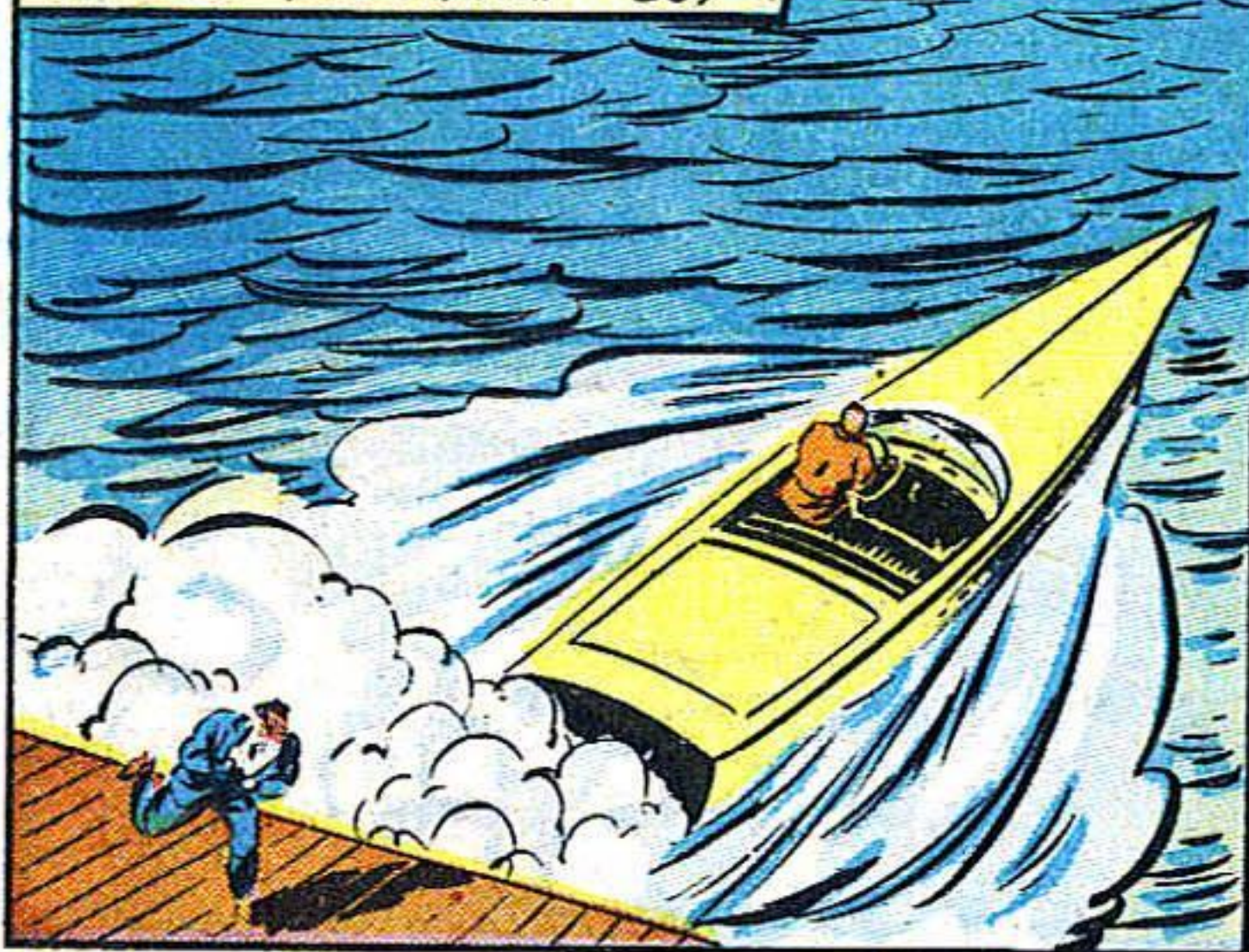


RADER REACHES THE END OF THE PASSAGE...

THE BOAT IS READY TO LEAVE-- THIS TIME, THAT SUBMARINER, IS OUT OF LUCK!



RADER ROARS OFF JUST AS SUBMARINER REACHES THE WHARF! BUT



NAMOR DIVES

THAT NAZI IS IN FOR A LITTLE SURPRISE!



THE WATER PRINCE KNIFES THROUGH THE CHOPPY WAVES IN A DESPERATE RACE TO CATCH THE SPEEDBOAT!

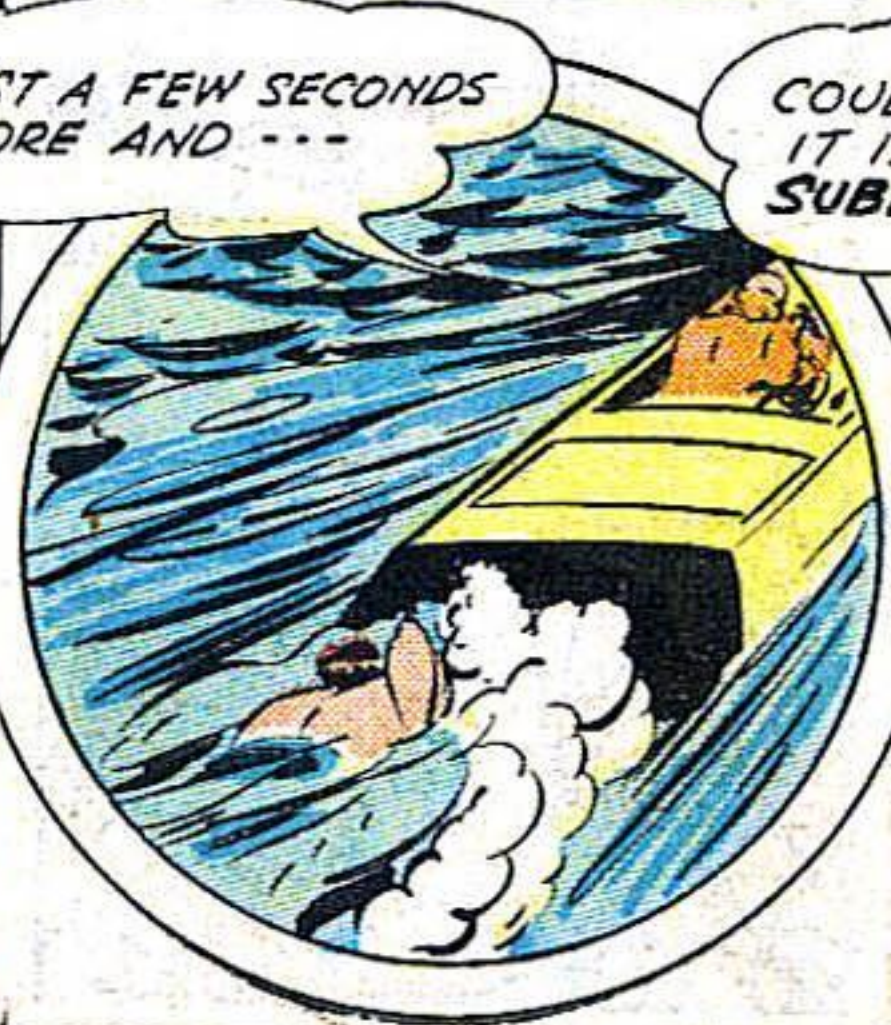
THE TREMENDOUS POWER OF HIS STROKE SOON BRINGS HIM NEAR TO HIS QUARRY

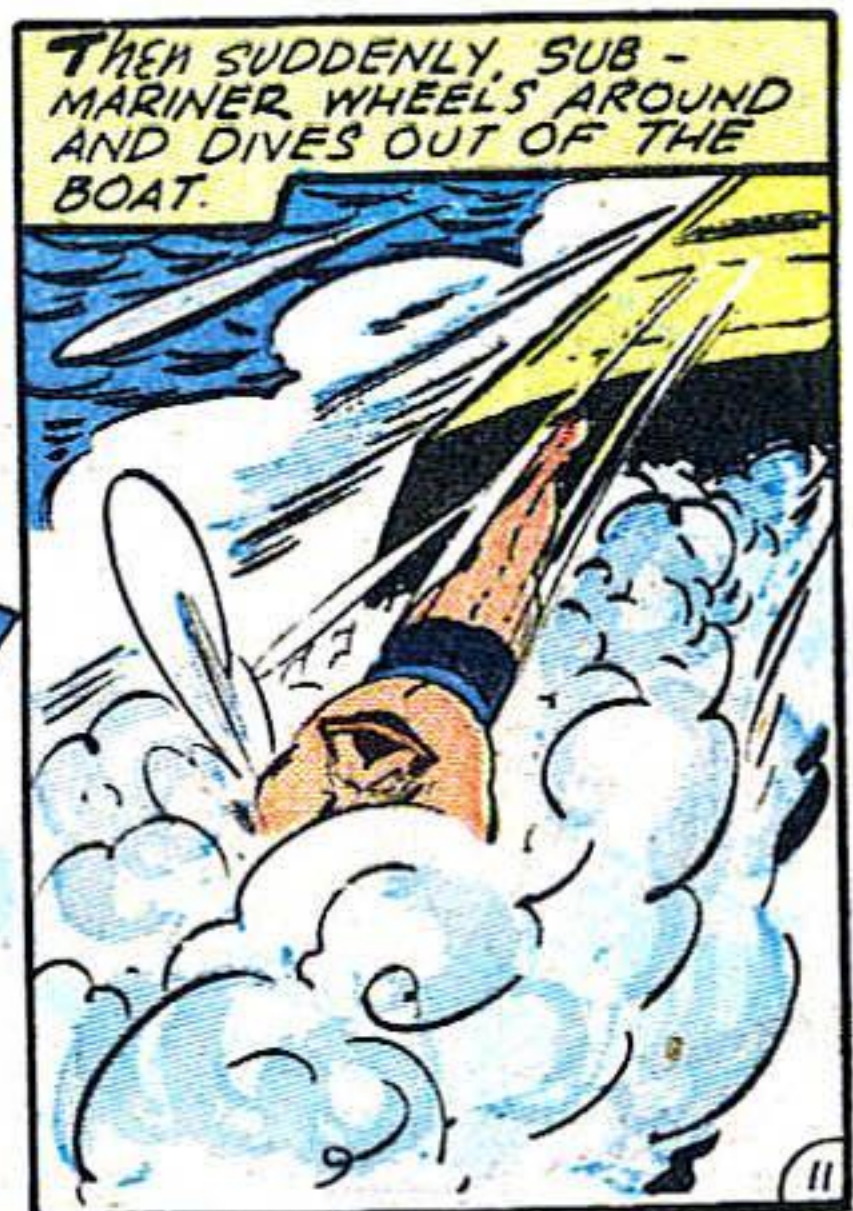
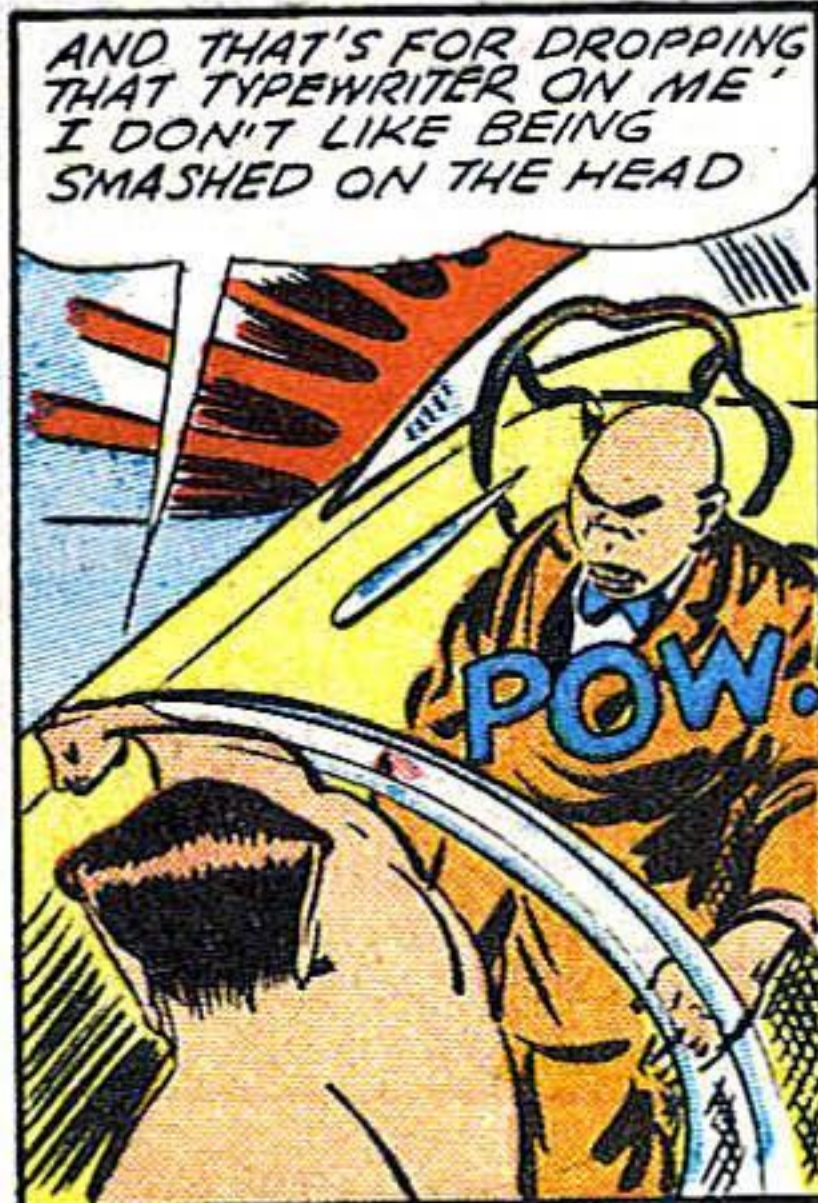
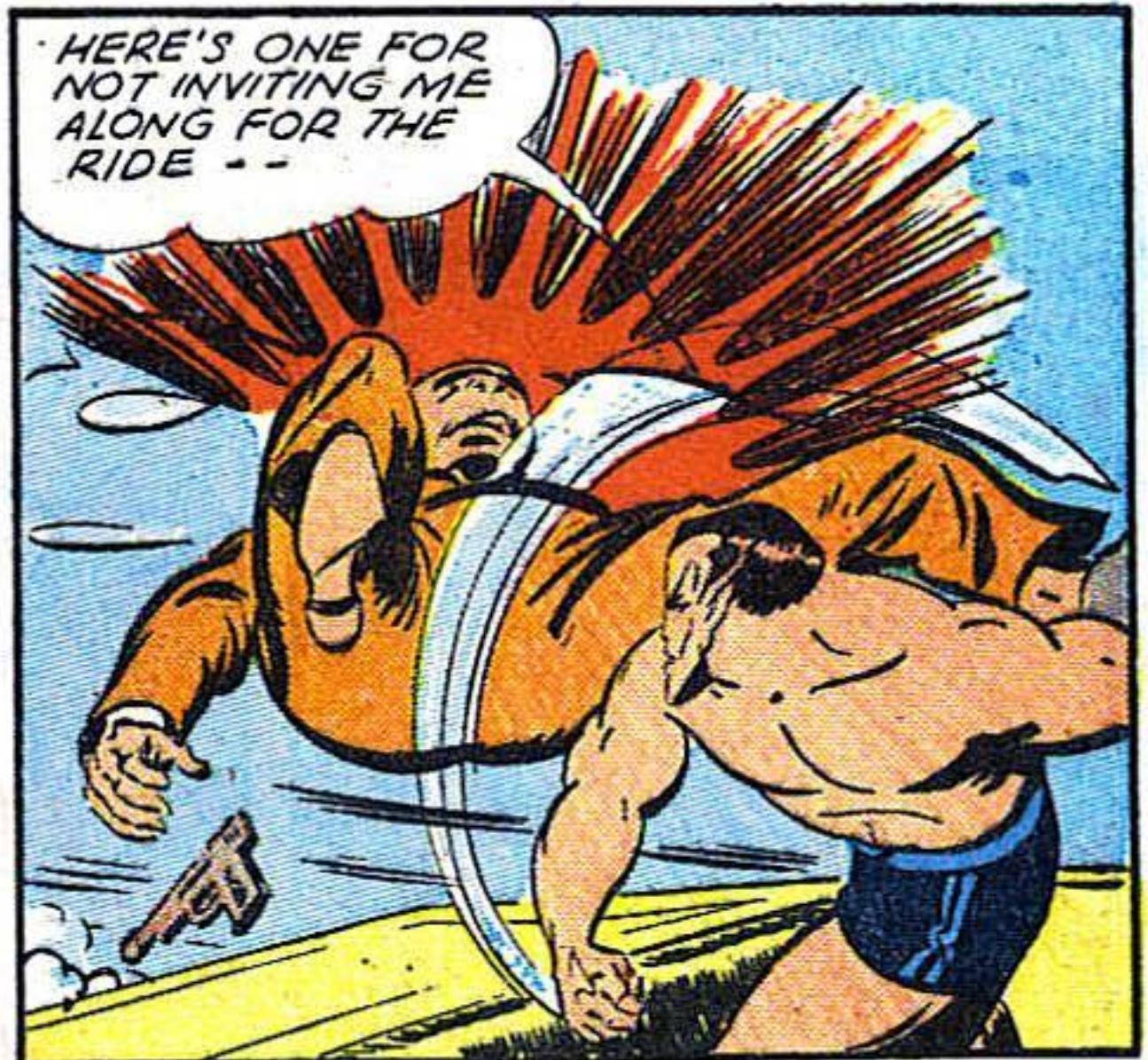
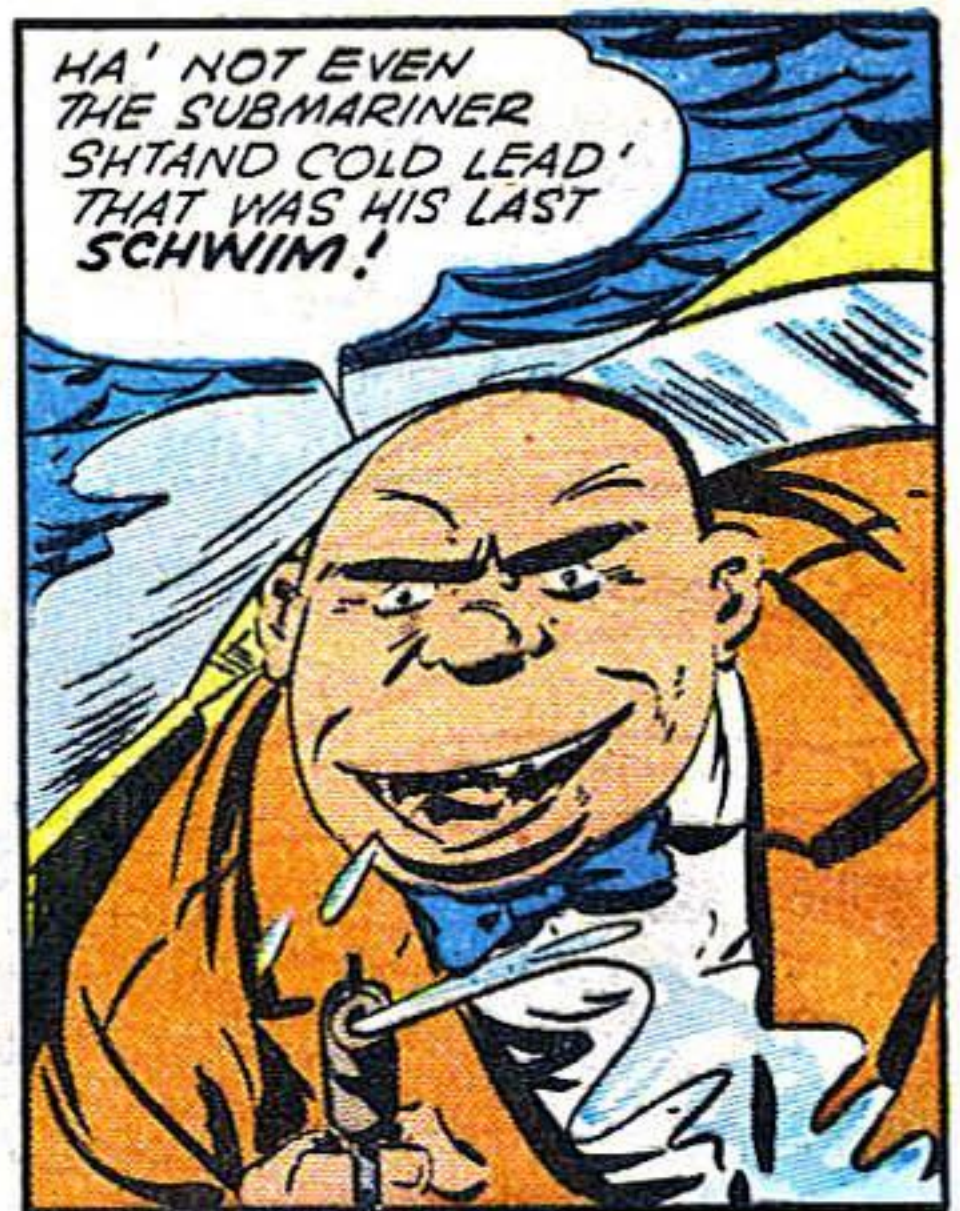
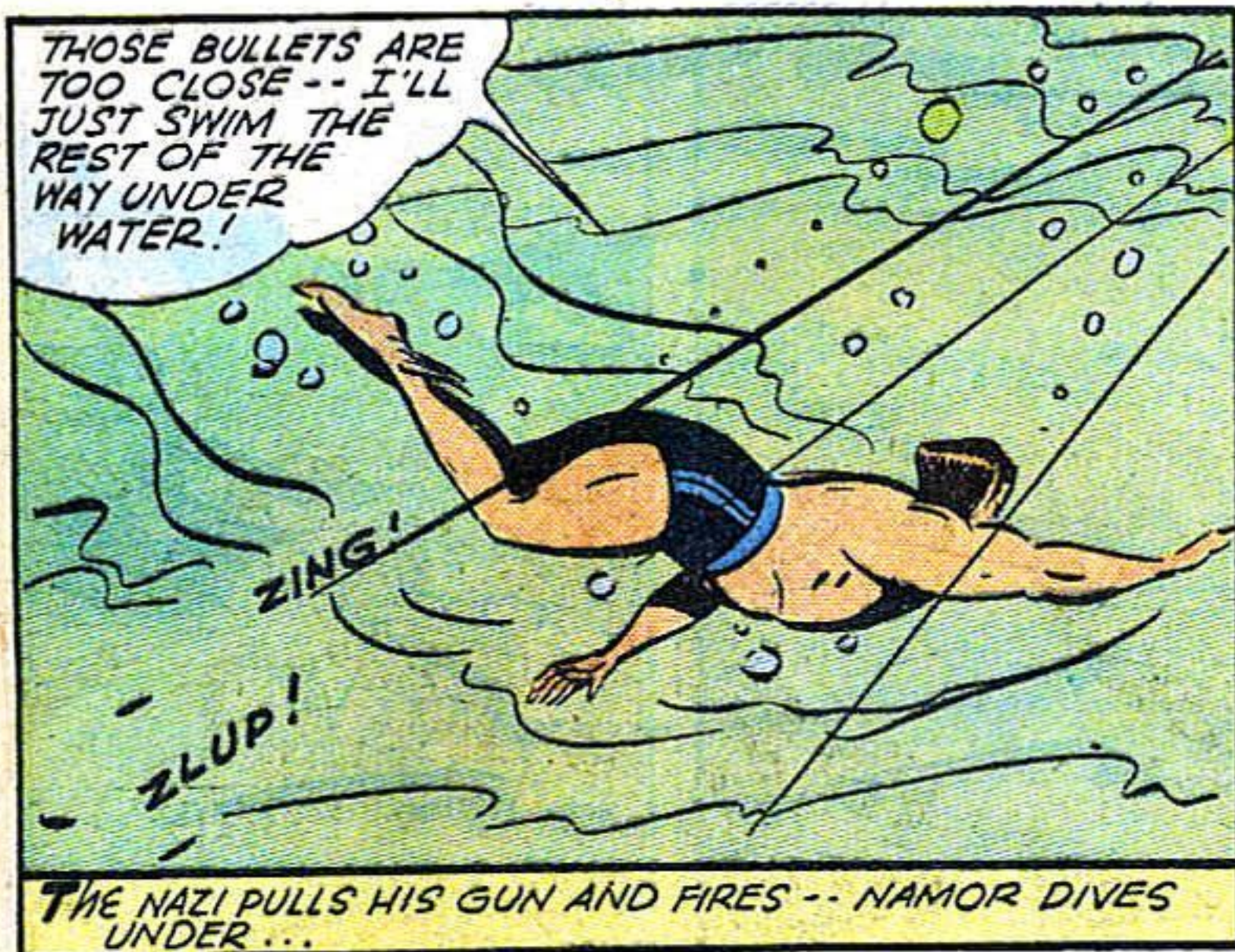
BUT THEN, RADER TURNS TO SEE THE LITHE FORM CLOSING IN ON HIM FROM BEHIND---

HE'S HEADING OUT TO SEA--

JUST A FEW SECONDS MORE AND ---

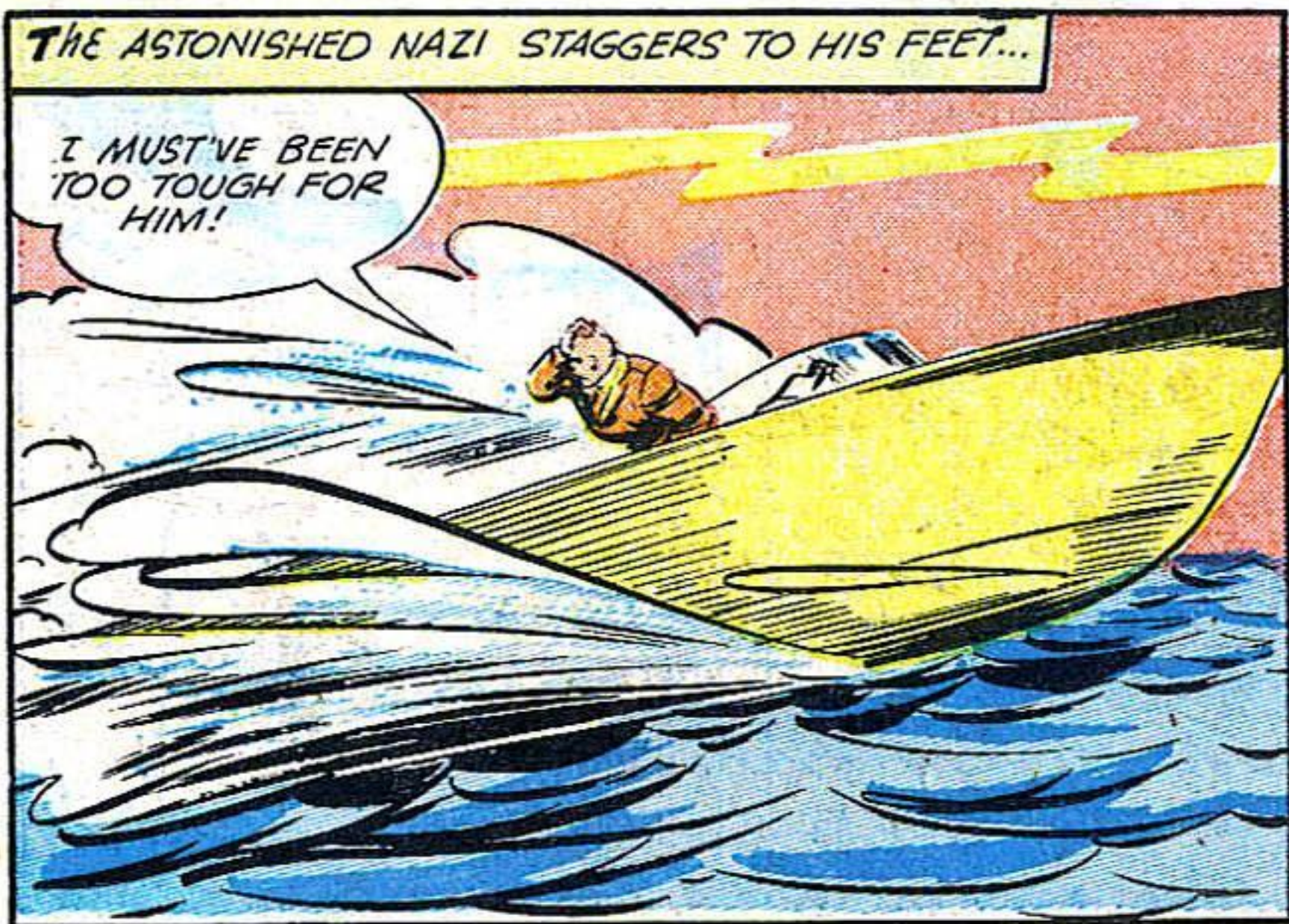
COULD IT BE? IT IS-- THE SUBMARINER!





THE ASTONISHED NAZI STAGGERS TO HIS FEET...

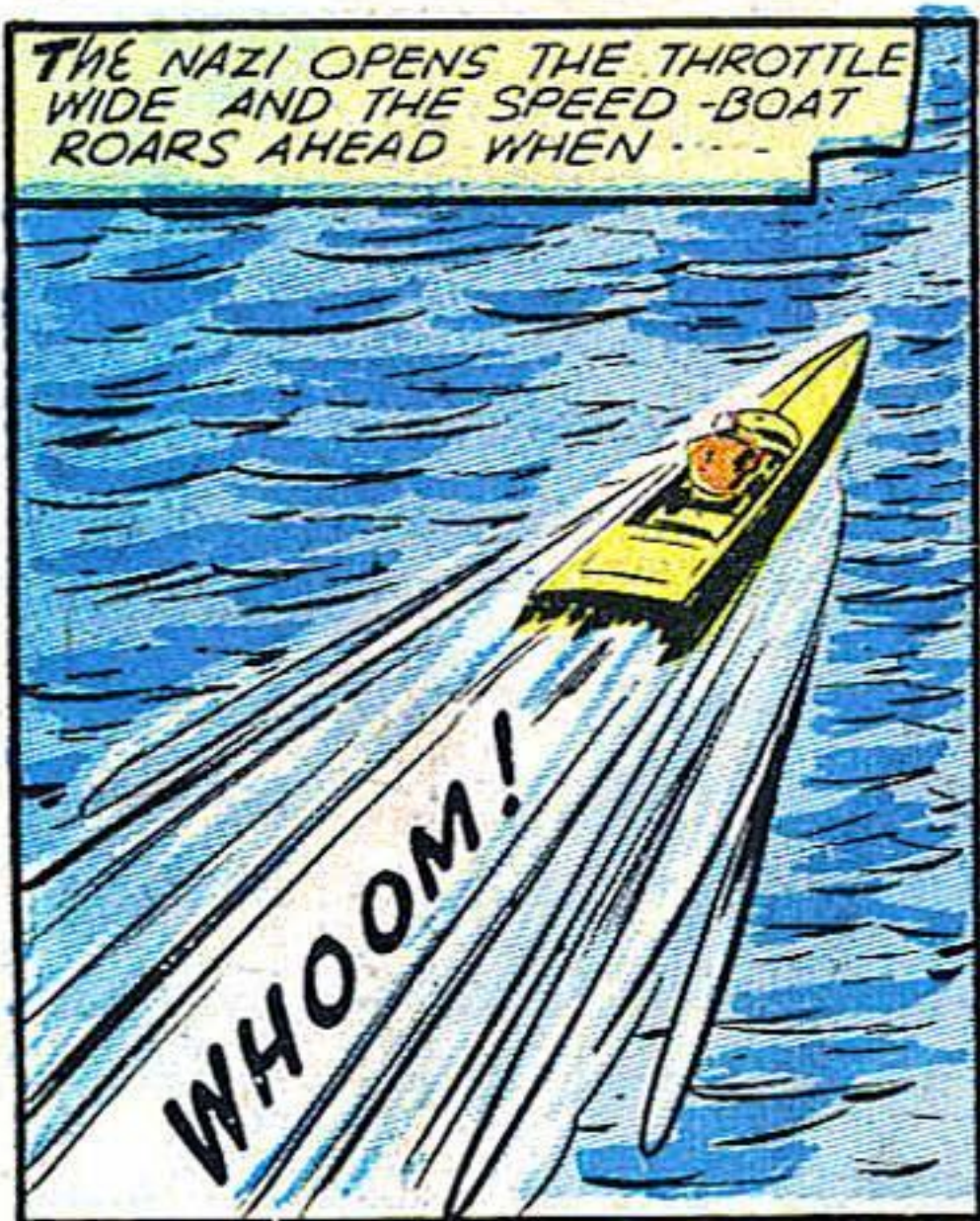
I MUST'VE BEEN
TOO TOUGH FOR
HIM!



THAT'S WHAT IT WAS!
I, RADER, DEFEATED THE
SUBMARINER SINGLE -
HANDED! NOW I CAN
GET AWAY!



THE NAZI OPENS THE THROTTLE
WIDE AND THE SPEED-BOAT
ROARS AHEAD WHEN ----

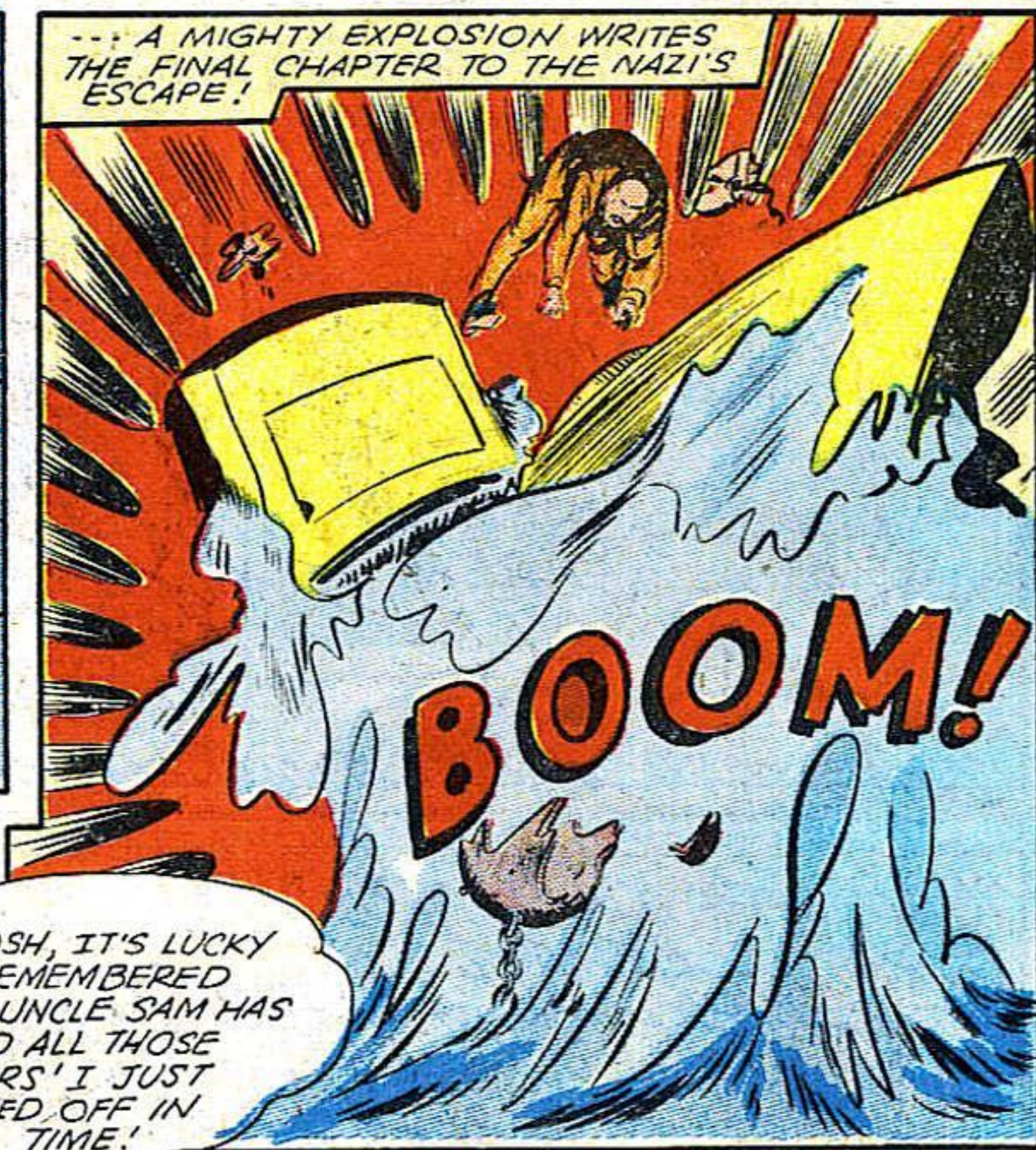


NEARBY, SUBMARINER SEES
THE BLAST.



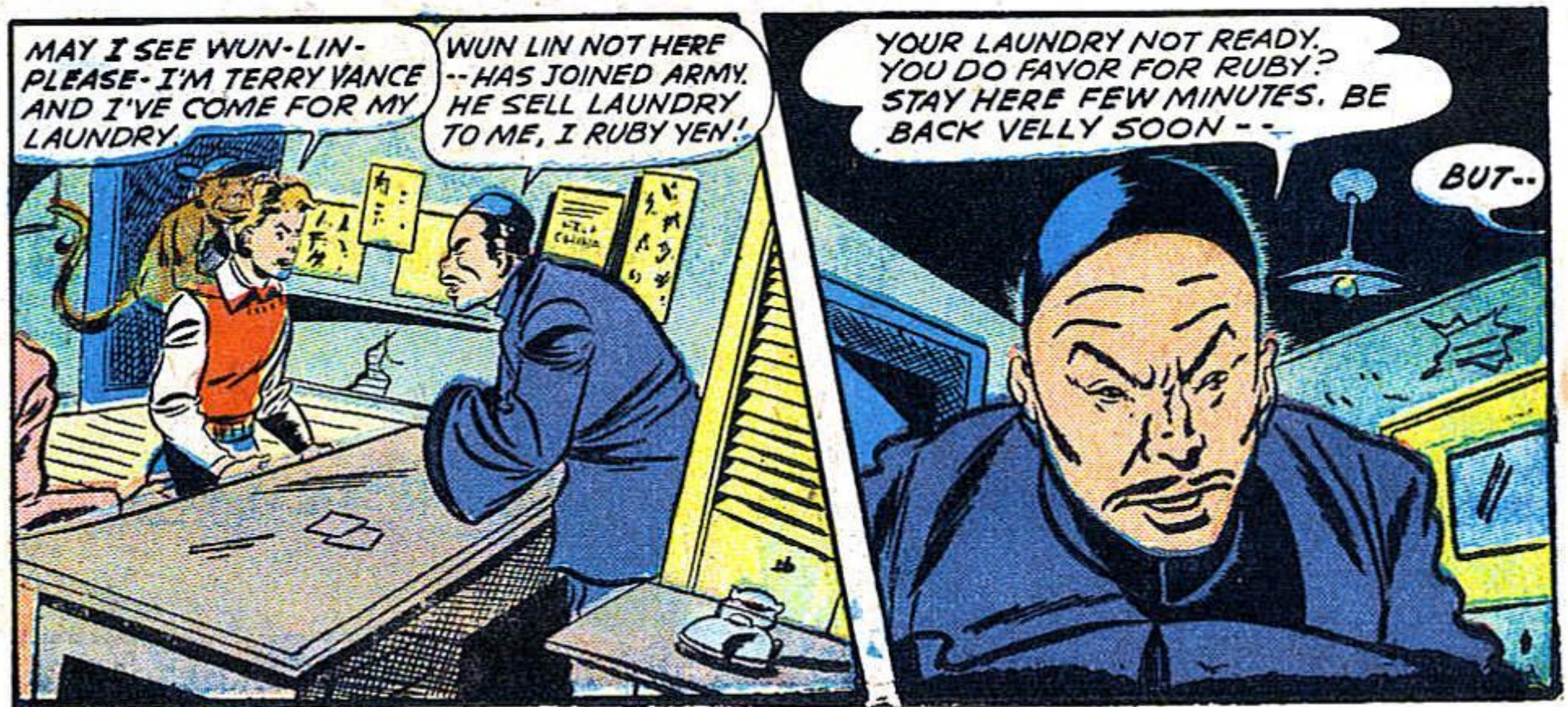
GOSH, IT'S LUCKY
I REMEMBERED
THAT UNCLE SAM HAS
MINED ALL THOSE
WATERS! I JUST
DIVED OFF IN
TIME!

--- A MIGHTY EXPLOSION WRITES
THE FINAL CHAPTER TO THE NAZI'S
ESCAPE!



AND SUBMARINER AGAIN WRITES 'FINIS' TO
ANOTHER NAZI EFFORT TO HALT THE MIGHT OF
AMERICA FROM STRIKING THE FINAL BLOW OF
VICTORY AT HITLER'S LEGIONS!

SUBMARINER WILL BE BACK IN THE WINTER WITH
ANOTHER BOOK OF HIS OWN HARD-PACKED
STORIES OF ADVENTURE!

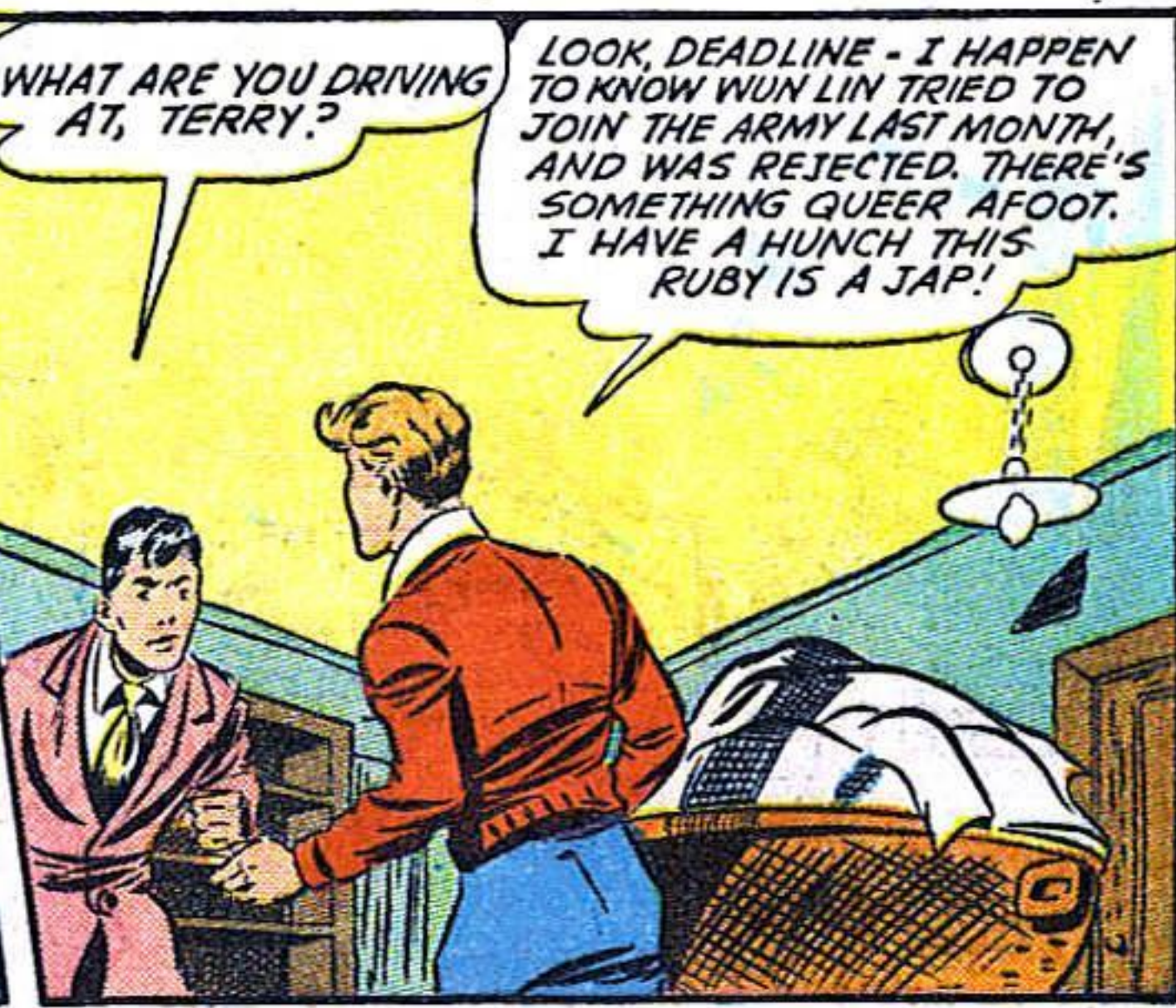




HE DIDN'T EVEN WAIT FOR YOU TO ANSWER!

YEAH AND WHAT'S MORE, I DON'T THINK HE'S A CHINAMAN!

WELL, HE'S NO ESKIMO!



WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, TERRY?

LOOK, DEADLINE - I HAPPEN TO KNOW WUN LIN TRIED TO JOIN THE ARMY LAST MONTH, AND WAS REJECTED. THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER AFOOT. I HAVE A HUNCH THIS RUBY IS A JAP!



WHAT GIVES YOU THAT IDEA?

I'M NOT SURE-- BUT I'LL HIDE IN THIS BASKET --- YOU COVER ME UP! RUBY YEN WILL NEVER SUSPECT A THING!



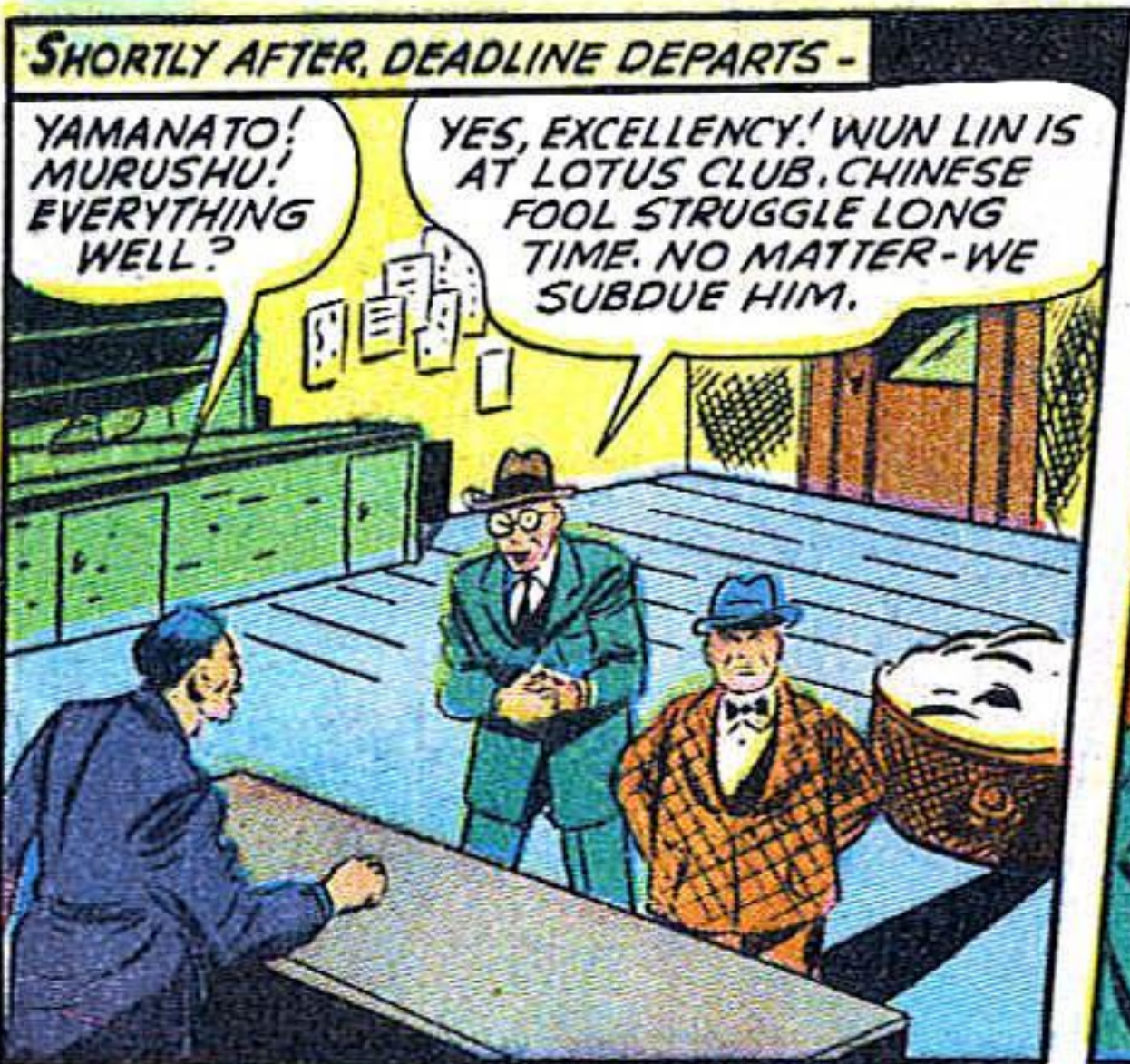
HEY! WAIT FOR BABY!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER -

WHERE FRIEND?

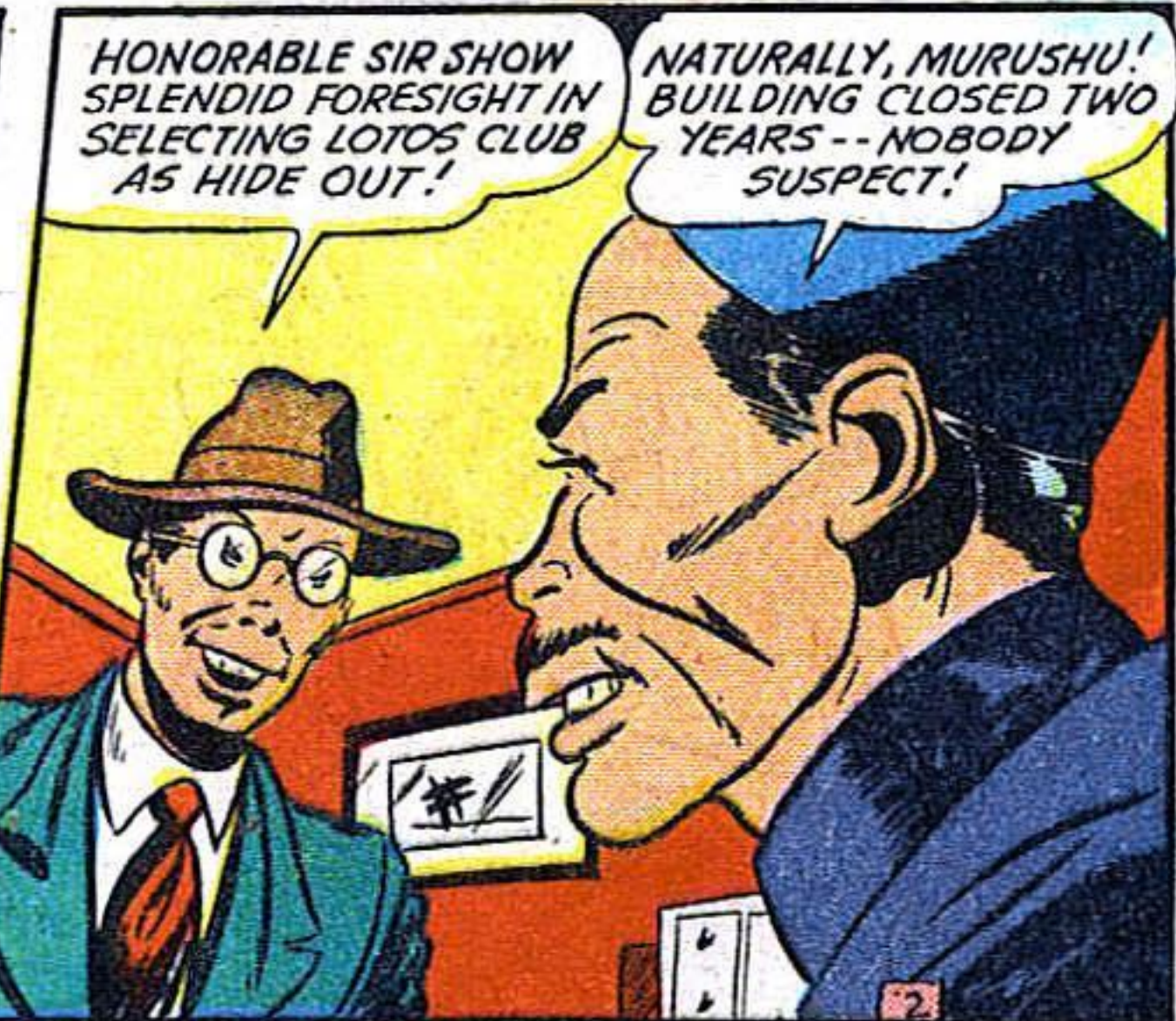
OH, HE HAD TO GO HOME! I TOLD HIM I'D STAY UNTIL YOU GOT BACK.



SHORTLY AFTER, DEADLINE DEPARTS -

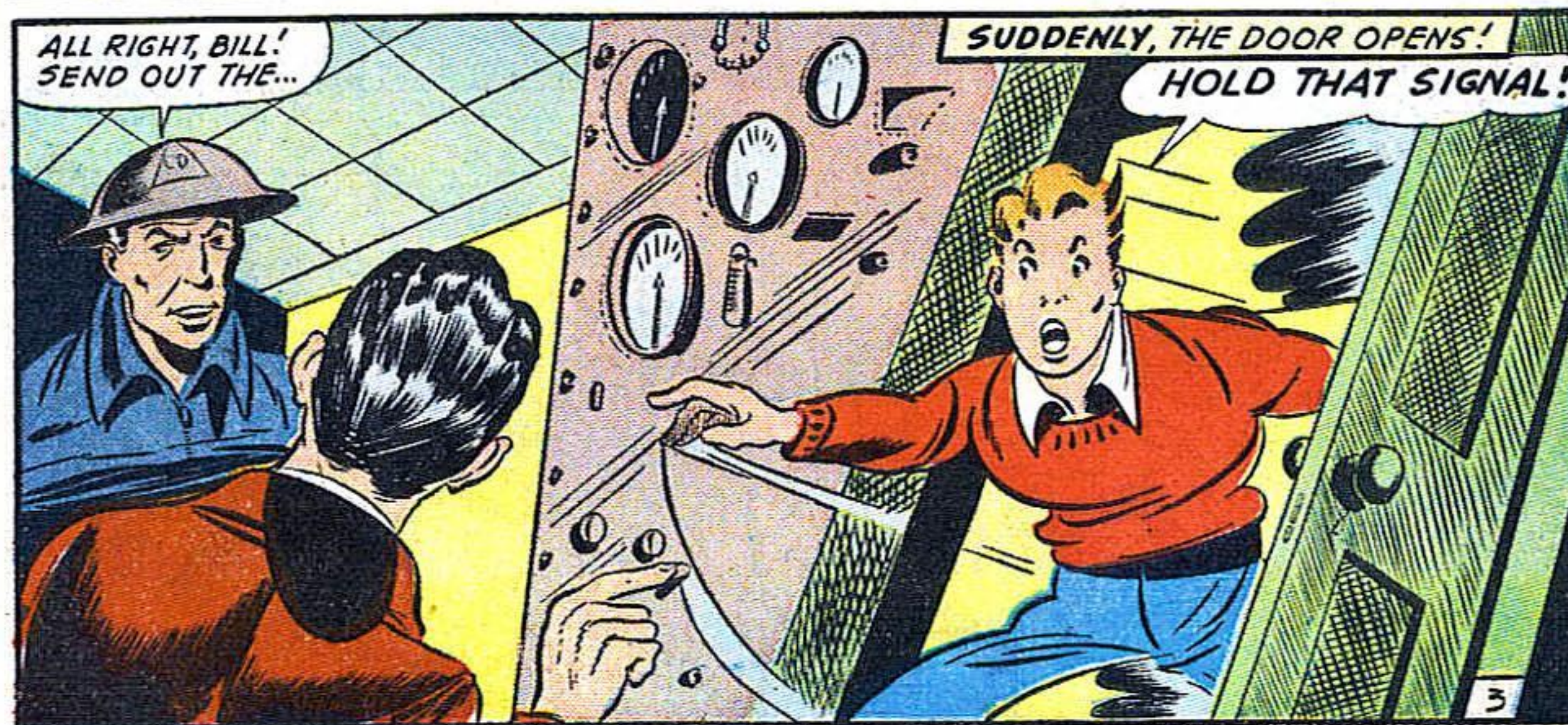
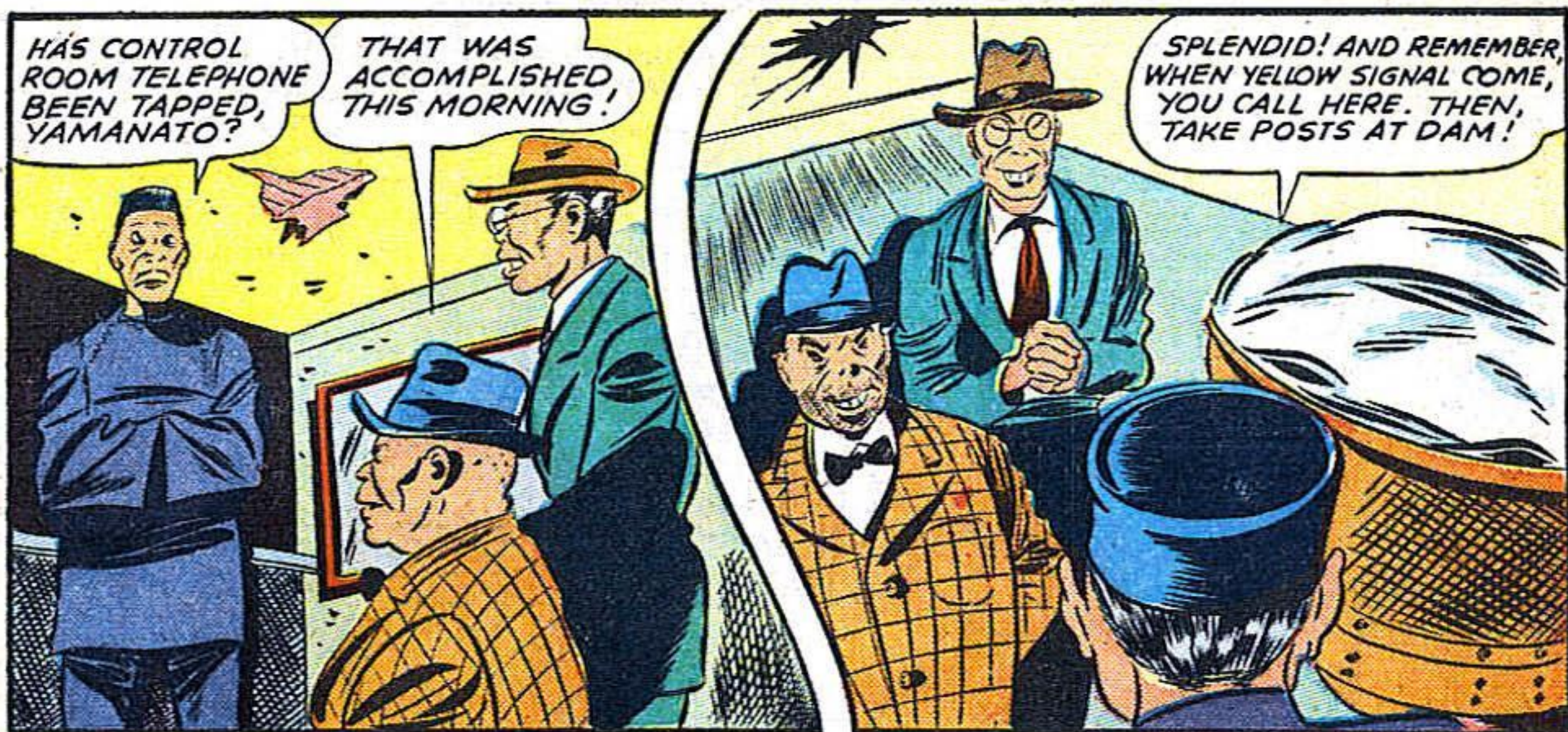
YAMANATO! MURUSHU! EVERYTHING WELL?

YES, EXCELLENCY! WUN LIN IS AT LOTUS CLUB. CHINESE FOOL STRUGGLE LONG TIME. NO MATTER - WE SUBDUE HIM.



HONORABLE SIR SHOW SPLENDID FORESIGHT IN SELECTING LOTOS CLUB AS HIDE OUT!

NATURALLY, MURUSHU! BUILDING CLOSED TWO YEARS -- NOBODY SUSPECT!



AFTER TERRY EXPLAINS --

WE'LL DELAY THE TEST! MOBILIZE THE AUXILIARY POLICE AND AIR RAID WARDENS! WE'LL CATCH THOSE JAPS RED-HANDED!

JUST WAIT 30 MINUTES BEFORE YOU SEND OUT THE YELLOW SIGNAL!

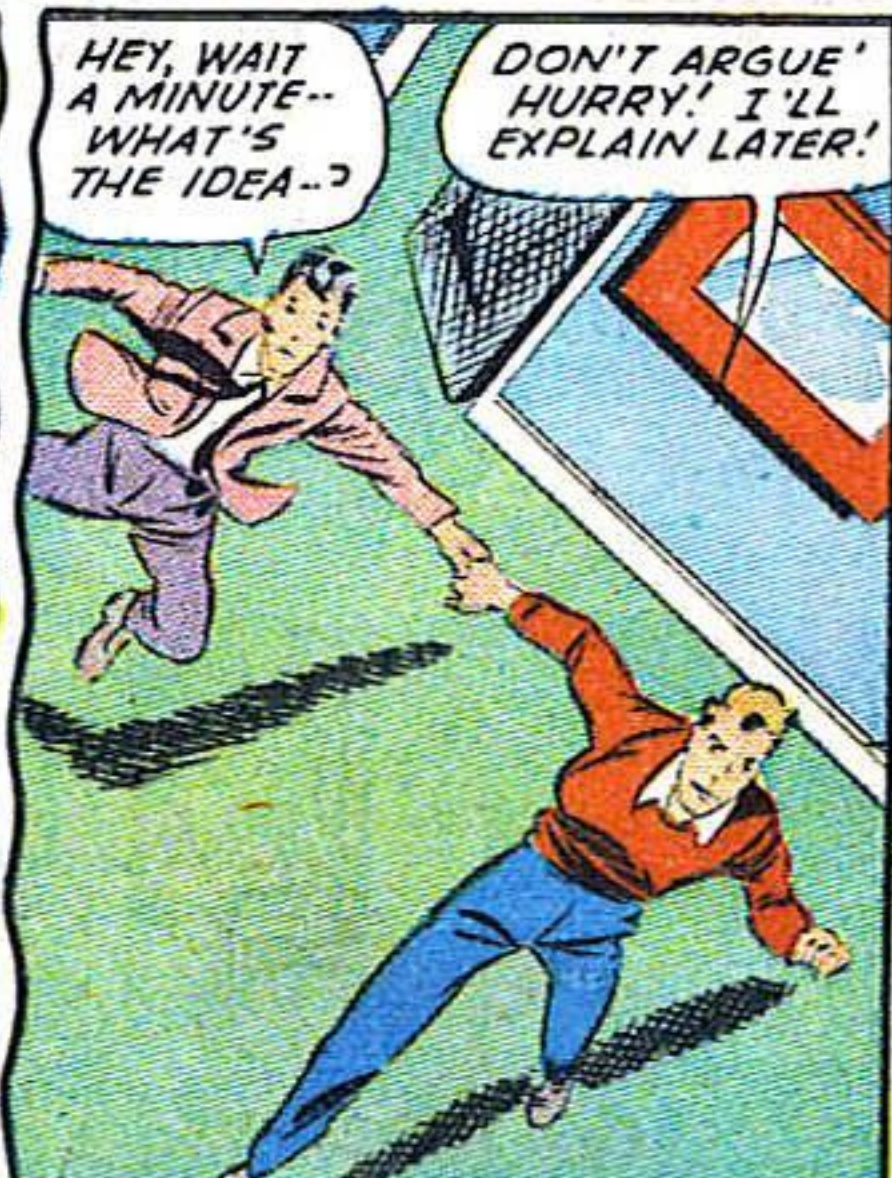
TEN MINUTES LATER IN THE CITY ROOM AT DEADLINE'S NEWSPAPER.

COME ON, DEADLINE, WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

BUT --

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE-- WHAT'S THE IDEA--?

DON'T ARGUE! HURRY! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!



AT THE LOTUS CLUB

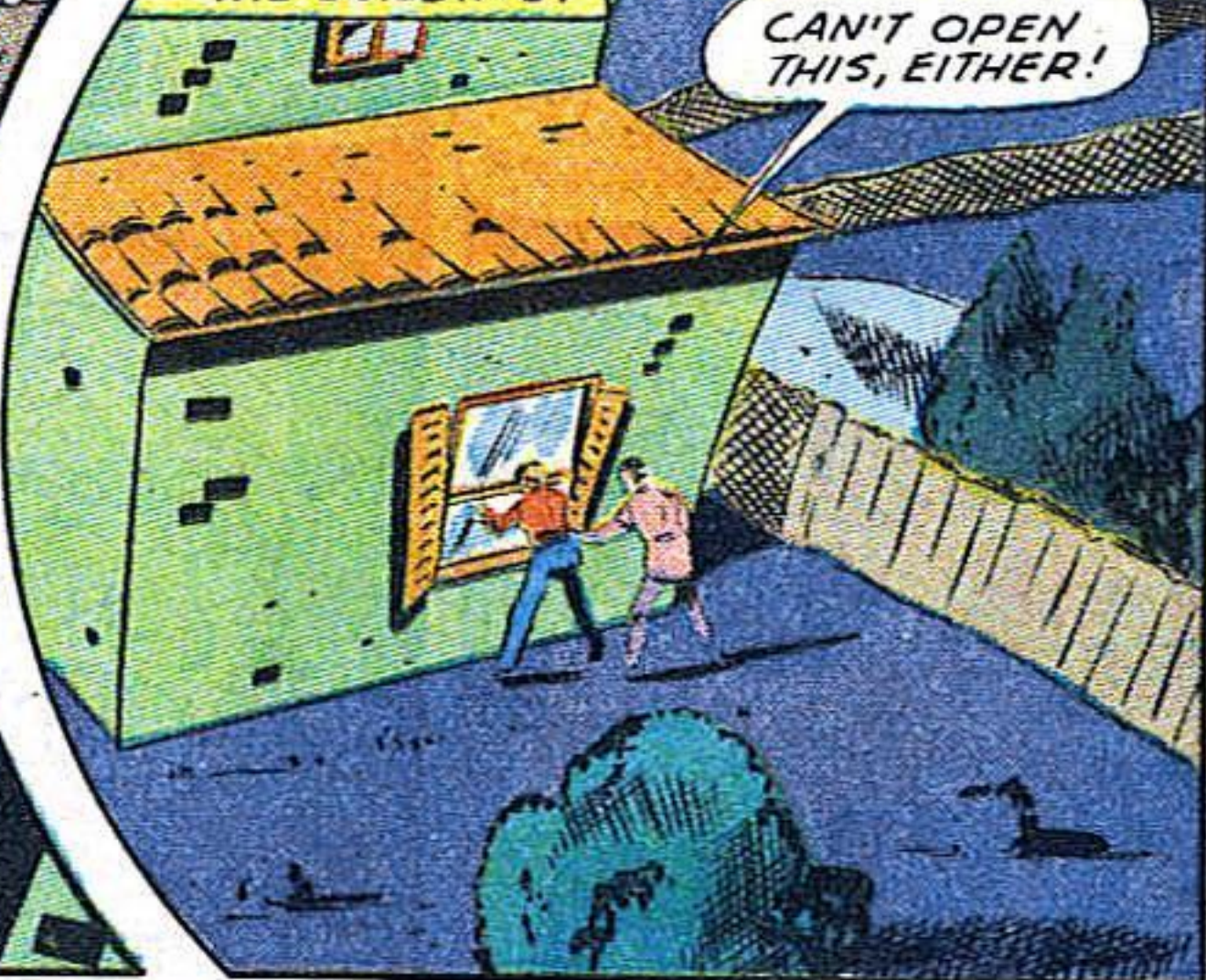
THIS BLAMED WINDOW WON'T BUDGE!

TRY A LITTLE HARDER, BUB.



THE BOYS GO AROUND TO THE REAR OF THE BUILDING.

CAN'T OPEN THIS, EITHER!



WHEN SUDDENLY...

JIU JITSU!

WHAT THE ---

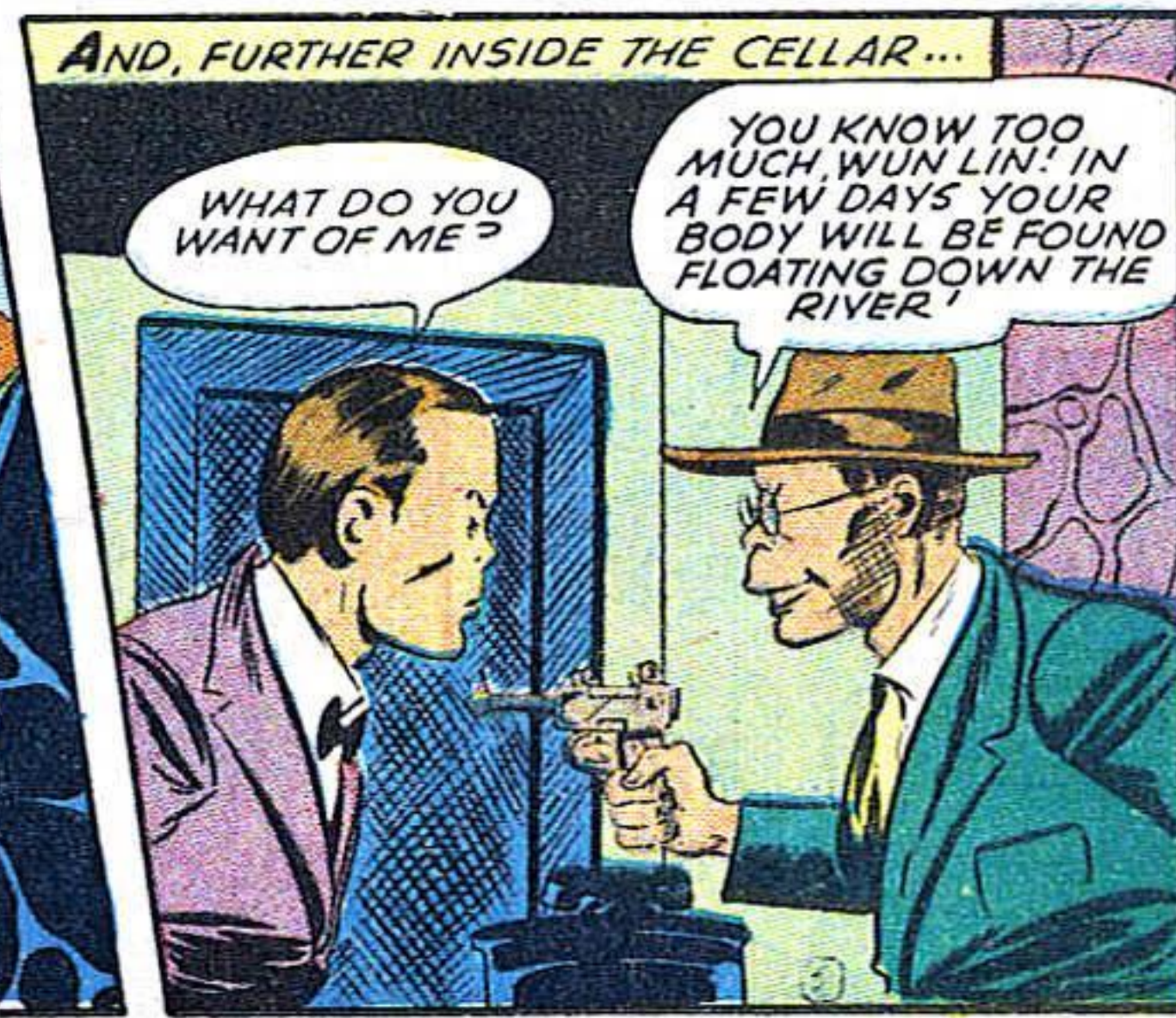
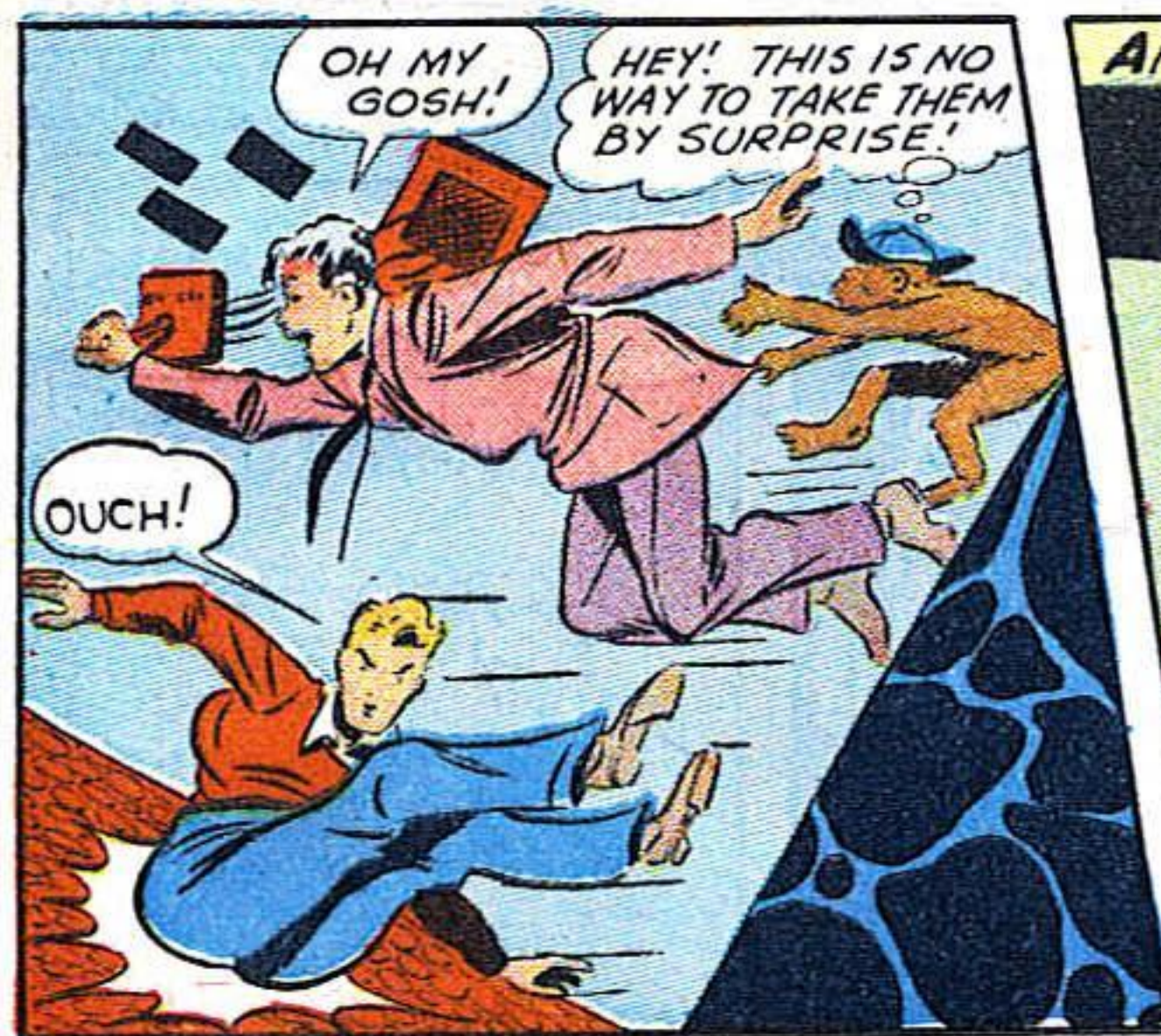
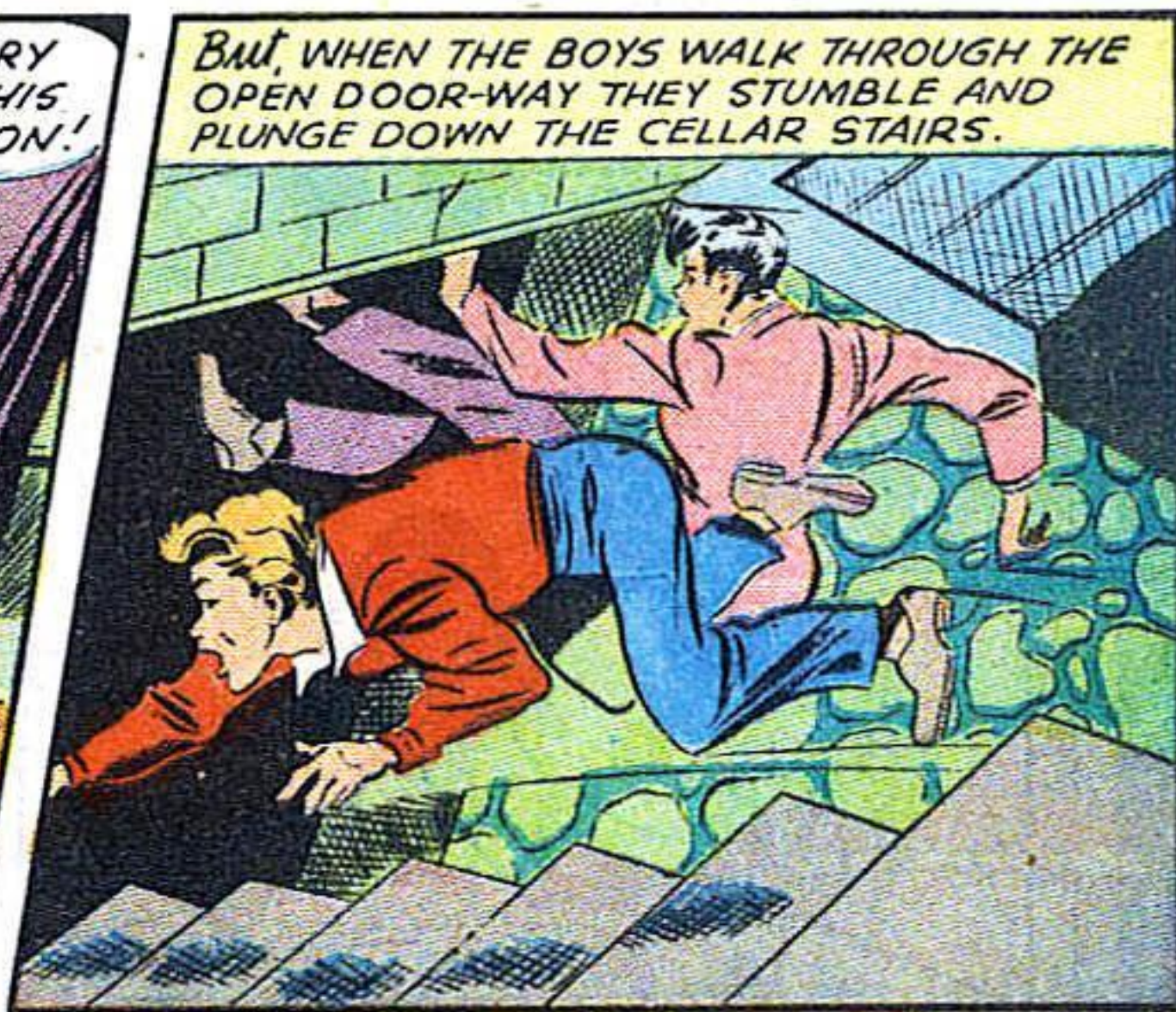
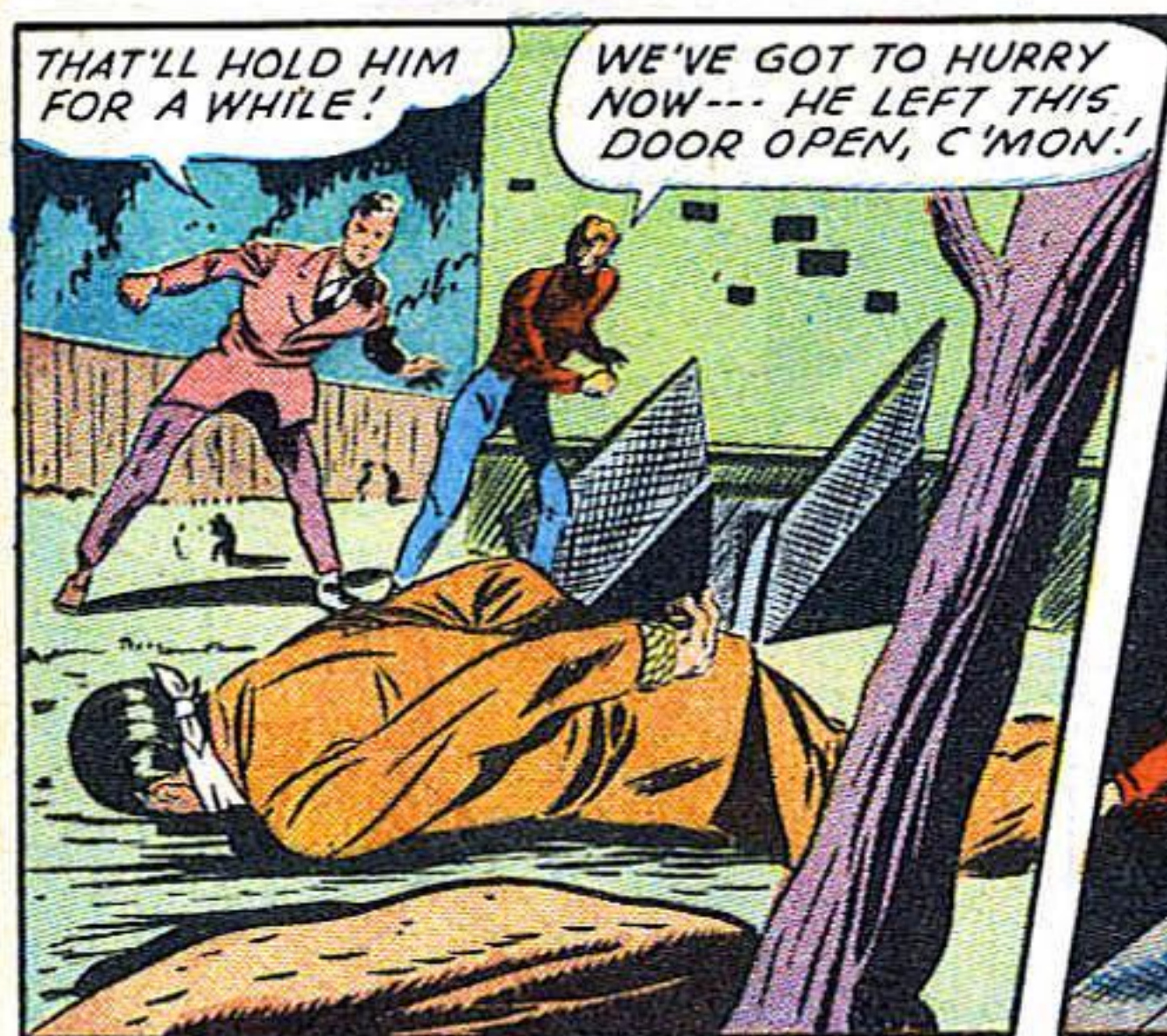
TERRY JUMPS UP QUICKLY AND TAKES THE OFFENSIVE ---

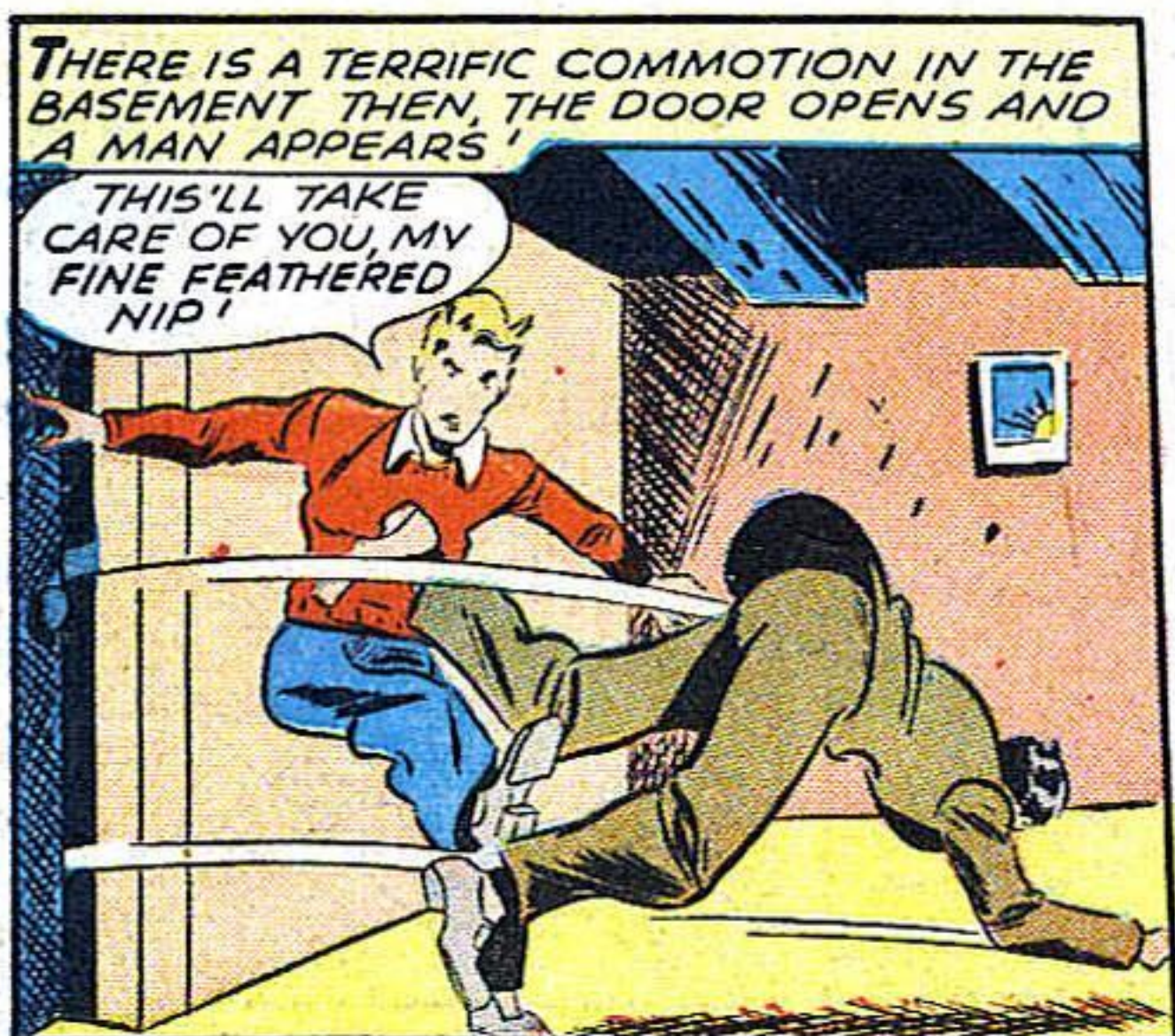
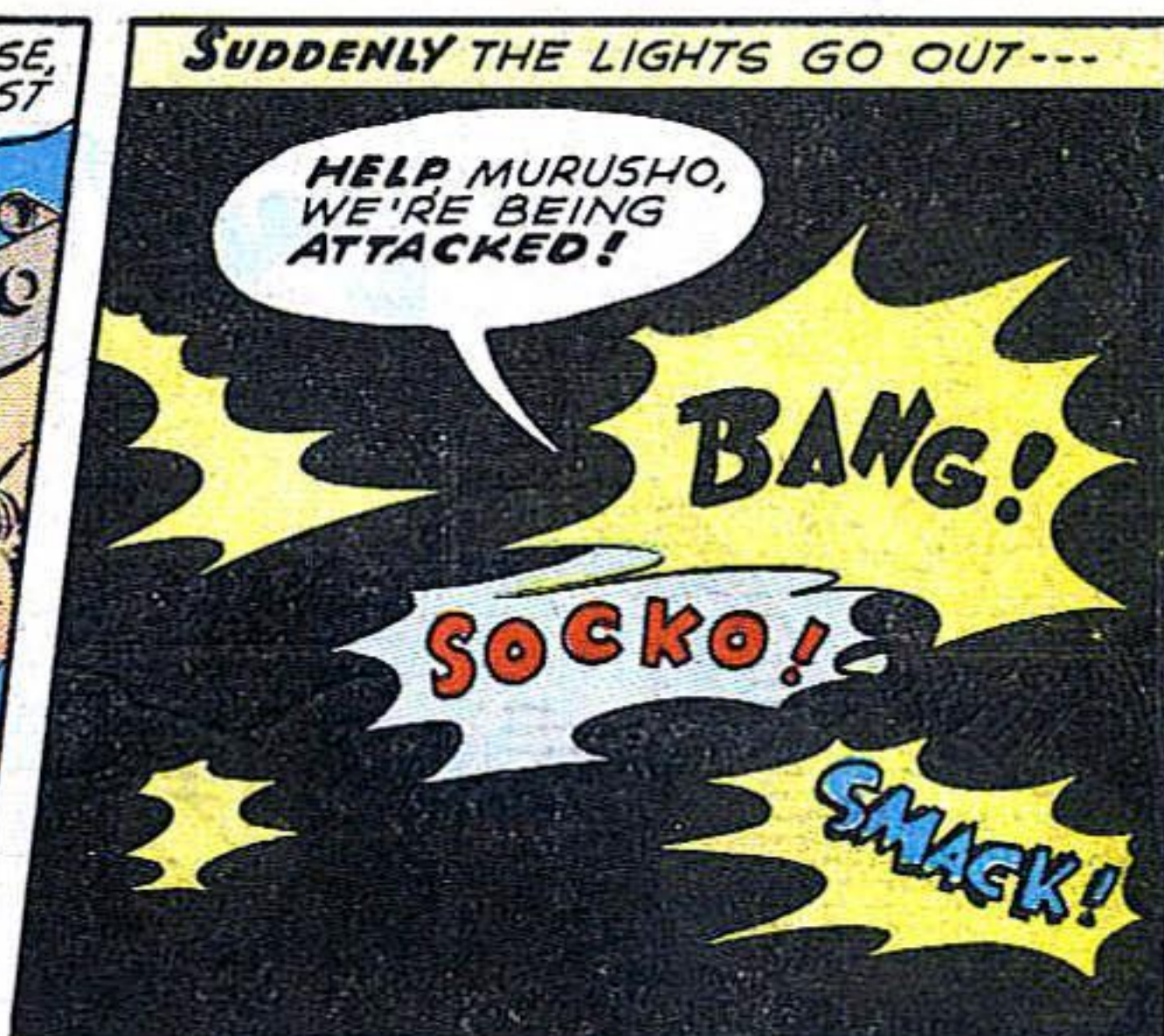
TAKE THAT, YOU SNEAK OF A JAP!

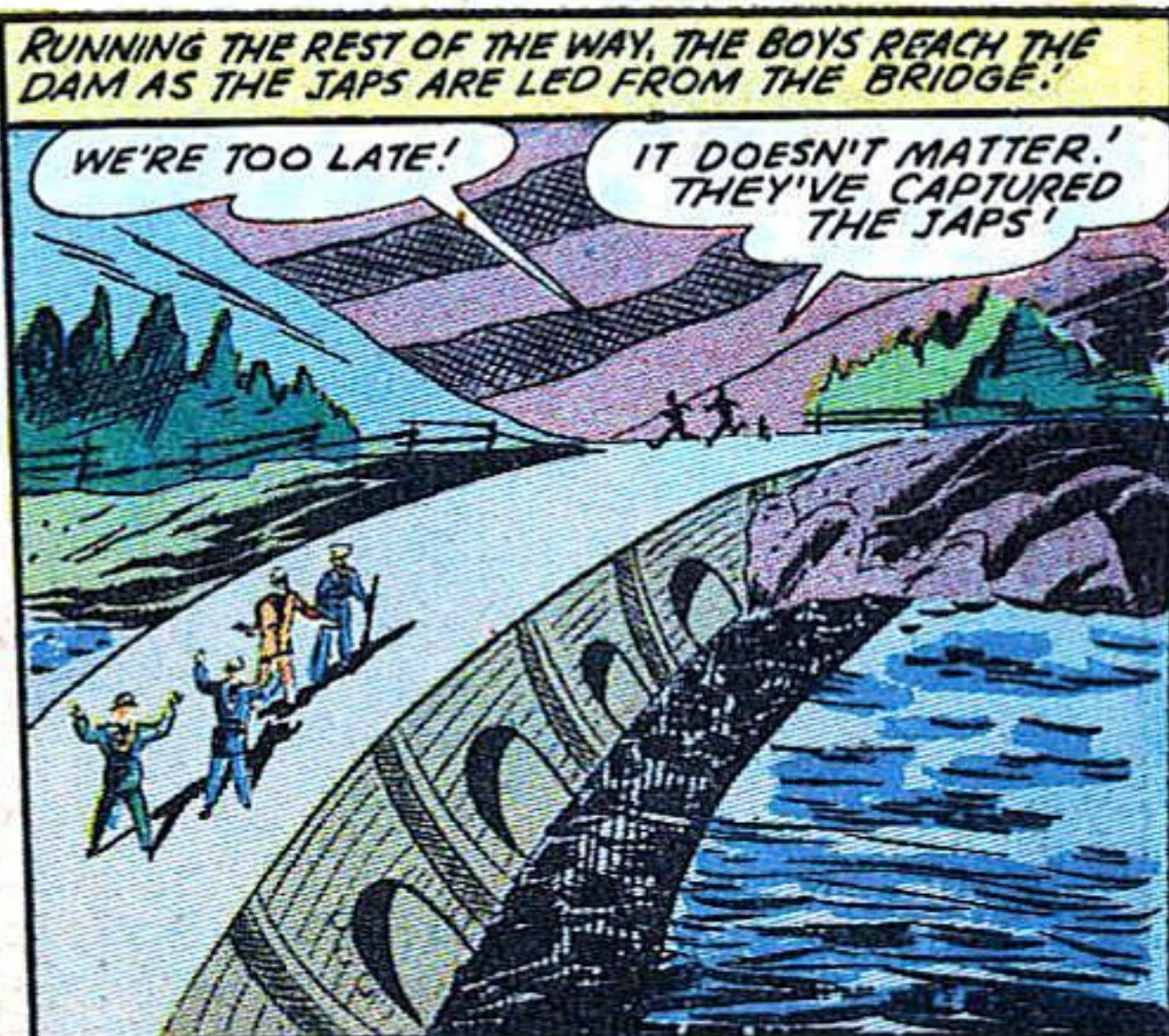
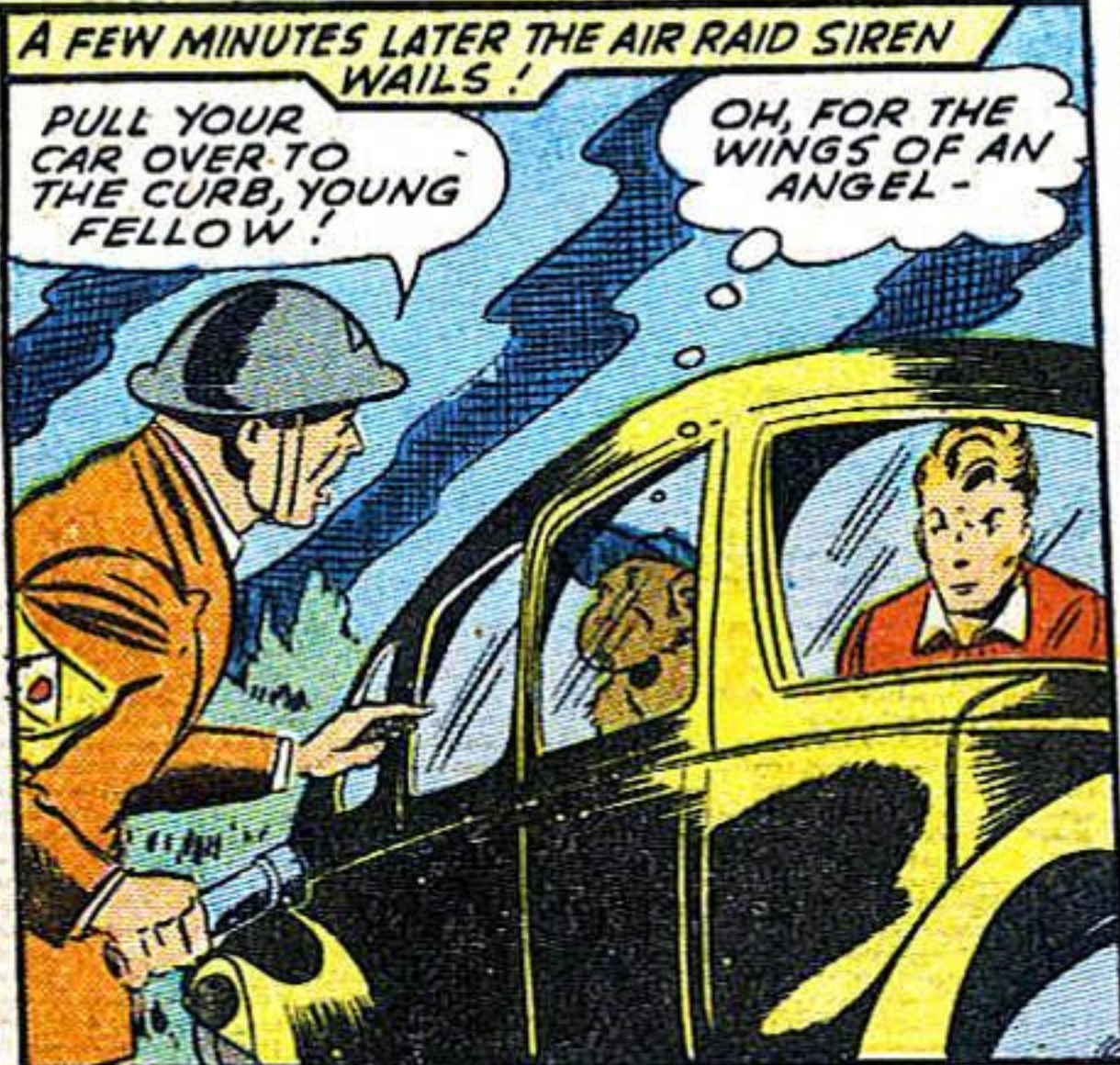
UGH!

OOF!









SO YOU'RE 18

THE recruiting officer looked up from his desk and suppressed a smile.

"Your name?"

"Fred Hamilton, Sir."

"Address?"

"Southberg, Maryland."

"Age?"

"Eighteen, Sir."

Sergeant Callahan leaned back and sighed.

"Look, kid, go on home and wait till you grow up. You don't look a day over sixteen..."

"Oh, but I am, Sir. I look younger than I am, everybody says so but I'm 18, Sir, and I want a crack at those Japs."

"What are you doing here in Chicago?"

"Well, you see, Sir, they wouldn't believe me in Baltimore, and I came here trying to get some proof of my age. Dr. Martin took up his practice in Chicago right after I was born, and I thought I could find him, now I'm told he left here several years ago. There's no record of my birth in Southberg, but Dr. Martin would remember, I'm sure of that."

"What makes you think he'd remember? He'd be 45 or more now. How many babies do you think..." The Sergeant was filling out some papers.

"Well, Sir, Dr. Martin was a very young doctor when..."

Sergeant Callahan interrupted.

"You wouldn't tell the United States government a lie just to get a crack at the Japs, would you?" he asked, managing to keep his face straight.

"Oh, no, Sir."

"Can you get your parents to sign an authorization?"

"My parents are dead; I live with my grandmother. My mother died when I was six. I remember it very well, Sir. She said I was six that night and I've kept track of it. That makes me 18."

"Sign this, son, and get your grandmother to sign the authorization. Then come back and we'll see what the M. D.'s say..."

PPRIVATE Fred Hamilton was under fire from the first day he entered camp. Verbal fire, it was true, but Fred infinitely would have preferred the Japs. Back in Southberg,

and now here at Camp Crowder, there were the same old gibes. At home, when he'd talked of enlistment, his buddies kidded him.

"Okay," he said to Joe Simpson, right after Pearl Harbor. "I guess I know my age better than anyone else, and the Japs can't do this without me getting in. I'll be 18 June first, and then I'm going to enlist..."

"Nobody'll believe you're eighteen," Joe came back. "You don't look it in the first place, and your grandmother says you'll only be 16 your next birthday. I'm sixteen now, and I look older than you do. How you going to enlist when it's like that, baby face?"

It took a lot of restraint to let a guy get away with a remark like that but Fred only closed his fist tight and turned away. He'd save his fighting until it would do some good.

And here at camp, it was just as bad.

"So they're taking children in the Army now," Chick Hansen observed that first day. "What're you going to do when you get homesick and can't see your Mama?"

Fred's face turned white and the muscles of his arms tensed but he turned away as usual. He'd show 'em... some day it'd be different.

He took naturally to Army routine, always doing more than he was asked. Three months passed, and he began to hear talk about moving on. He worked harder than ever. When the time for action came he wanted to be ready.

Within another month, he was on the train bound for San Diego. His face and arms were a deep tan and he had added fifteen pounds to the 130 he weighed when he took the oath. Also, he was an inch taller—five feet, ten, now. He'd show 'em. Just give him a crack at those Japs....

A month later, it looked like he was going to get just that and when the transports, with their convoy, moved out across the Pacific, his heart was singing. Also, two chevrons were on his sleeve and he was Corporal Hamilton.

THE western advance on Japanese positions on the Matanikau River were continuing. The American forces had crossed the river near its mouth and occupied Point Cruz, a mile to the west. Japanese were still in the deep jungles farther up the river. Corporal Hamilton was in the thick of it.

As he crawled along on his hands and knees, his heart was pounding. He thought of his grandmother and Joe Simpson. It was swell of her to sign the authorization. And what would Joe say now—Joe, who had said he'd never be able to enlist. Sergeant Callahan was a swell guy, too....

The brush was thick and large palm leaves served to hide him from any Japs who might be scouting around. Well, he'd carried out his mission, and if he got back okay, why. . . . He was pretty weak and he'd lost considerable blood. . . . He'd rest again. . . . Hours later, he came within sight of the American base.

HE lay on his cot in the field hospital and stared at the ceiling, perspiring. His thoughts were a confused mixture of Southberg, Guadalcanal, jungles and Japs. The shoulder wound hurt most but he'd gotten the Jap who did it and wiped out the machine gun nest, too. The cuts and bruises didn't bother him so much, although there must be dozens of them.

When they first brought him in, they said he was a hero, and there was talk of a medal and promotion. Now, everyone acted strange. . . . Oh, sure, they all were grand . . . nurses, doctors and even the Colonel. But they were keeping something from him—he sensed that by the quick glances, the whispers. . . .

A week had passed and he was recovering rapidly. The nurses said he'd be out in a few days. Then, one day, the Colonel told him.

"Your grandmother has complained that you were only 16 when you enlisted . . . says she needs you at home. Tough luck, Corporal, but we'll have to give you a discharge. Looked like a promotion was coming, too, and maybe a decoration. . . ."

Fred did some fast thinking. Somebody in Southberg was back of this. His grandmother would never do it on her own. . . .

"But I was 18, Sir. I swear it. Dr. Martin knows, but. . ."

The Colonel was silent for a moment. Something was clicking in his mind. Then, glancing quickly back at Fred, "What's that about a Doctor Martin? Do you know his first name, son?"

"Dr. Alex. Martin, Sir."

The Colonel glanced sideways and an orderly came to attention beside him. The Colonel said, "there's a Doctor Alexander Martin somewhere in these islands—I don't know exactly where, but find out at headquarters and report back to me." He grinned at Corporal Hamilton.

"You're entitled to every consideration, Corporal, and if Dr. Martin isn't too far away and can substantiate your claim, we'll even go so far as to get him here. . . ."

TWO days passed, and Fred was ready to leave the hospital. Physically, he was in fine shape, but his heart was heavy. It was too much to expect—or even hope—that Dr.

Martin could be found. And without his testimony, he'd be unable to furnish proof of his age. Well, it was going to be a hard job to go back to Southberg. To Joe Simpson and his "I told you so."

Suddenly, he stood at attention. The Colonel was approaching. Two others were with him. Fred's head swam for a moment—was that Sergeant Callahan? The Colonel spoke.

"Here're a couple of old friends, Corporal," he began. "Doctor Martin was closer than we thought, and Sergeant Callahan arrived just a few days ago—wanted some active service."

Fred smiled and part of the load lifted from his heart.

Dr. Martin said, "You've certainly grown up, Fred."

Sergeant Callahan, his shoulders straight and his face serious, winked. "How you feeling, Corporal?"

The Colonel spoke again. "All right, Doctor?" he invited.

"Well, Colonel Harris," the physician began, grinning happily. "It was a long time ago. I was just out of medical college, had served my internship, and hung out my shingle in this little village.

"Who could forget his first case? I got a hurry call that very night—a baby case. I remember it as though it were yesterday. . . . Mrs. Frederick Hamilton."

Fred's mouth was dry; his hands moist. His face had lost most of the color it had regained in the hospital. It all depended now on what Dr. Martin said. He wondered if he really had understood his mother that night. Dr. Martin was speaking. . . .

"I brought the baby, a fine child—yes, it was a boy. Everything went fine. I made a report, but a few months later the town hall burned to the ground.

"But, as I said, Colonel, who could forget his first case? I was 26 then; I'm 45, now. . . ."

COLONEL HARRIS looked directly at Fred. "Congratulations," he said, and his voice was sincere. "Tomorrow, there'll be something to pin on that blouse that you'll always be proud of. And there'll be a promotion. The Army needs soldiers like you."

He turned to the physician. "Thanks, Doctor. . . . Will you call on me this evening . . . think a few days leave would do you a lot of good.

"Sergeant Callahan, how about staying here with this boy an hour or so? Two Sergeants ought to have a great many things to talk about."

THE END.

THE VISION

A WEIRD RITUAL OF JAPANESE TORTURE CALLS **THE VISION** FORTH— EVER GRIM AND WITH UNCONQUERABLE PURPOSE— TO FLING HIS MYSTERIOUS MIGHT AGAINST THE COMMON ENEMY WHO TRIED TO SABOTAGE—

THE CHINA MISSION



A CAR SPEEDS DOWN THE
NATIVE ROAD. DEEP IN THE
FOOTHILLS OF CENTRAL CHINA.

FEN-CHEN
VILLAGE AHEAD,
AND WITHIN THE
HOUR...

AND IN THE CAR IS A SPECIAL
AMERICAN ENVOY, JOHN ADAMS.

...I'LL BE IN SECRET
CONFERENCE WITH
GENERALISSIMO
CHANG KAI SHEK...

SUDDENLY...

YEOW! A
CAMOUFLAGED
PIT!

CRASH!

AT GUNPOINT, ADAMS IS
FORCED OUT OF THE WRECK

IT'S A TRAP!
JAP DEVILS!

HAH! IT IS
THE AMERICAN
ENVOY... EXCELLENT!

YOU
INHUMAN
MURDERERS!

TO THE HUT
WITH HIM!!

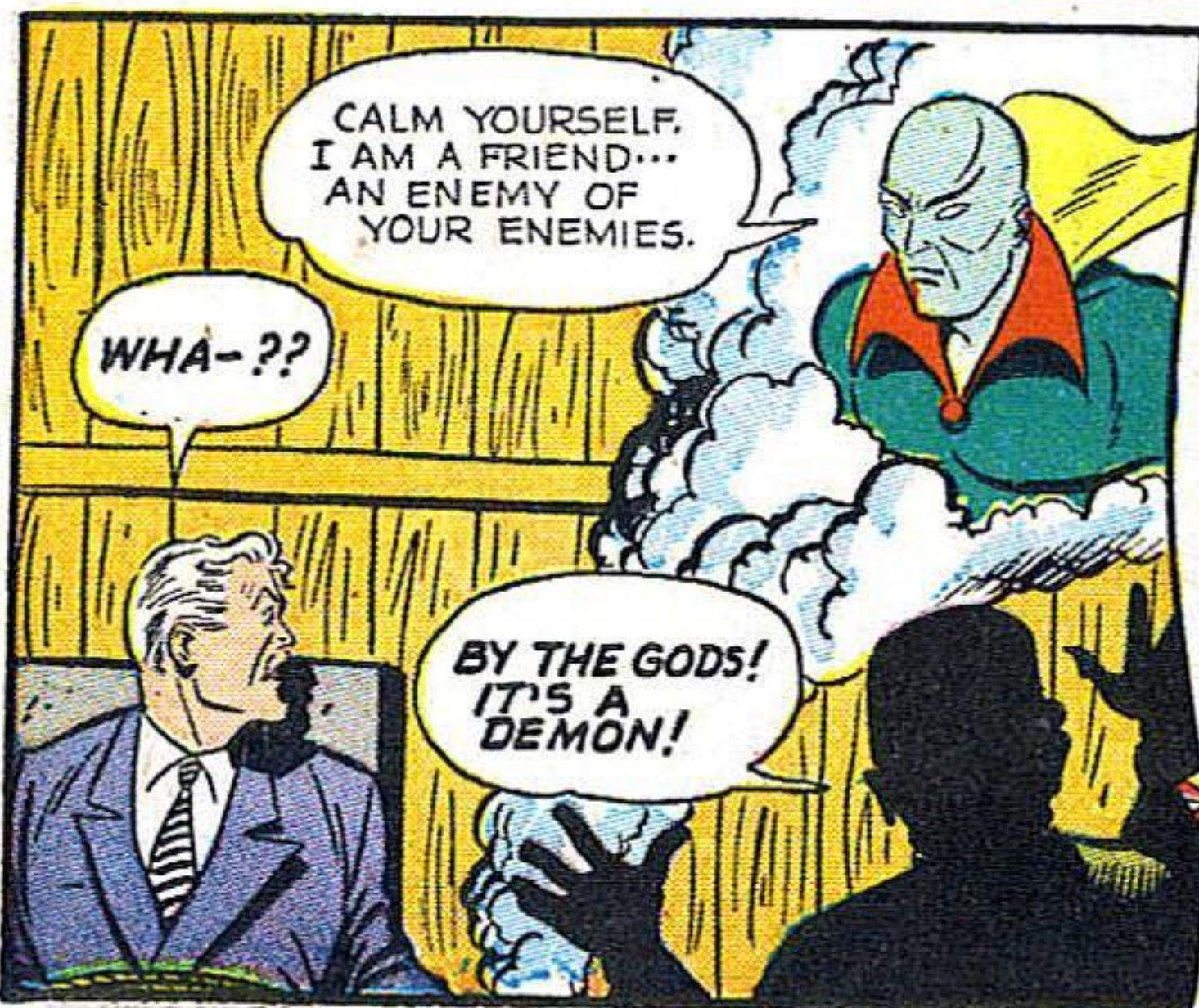
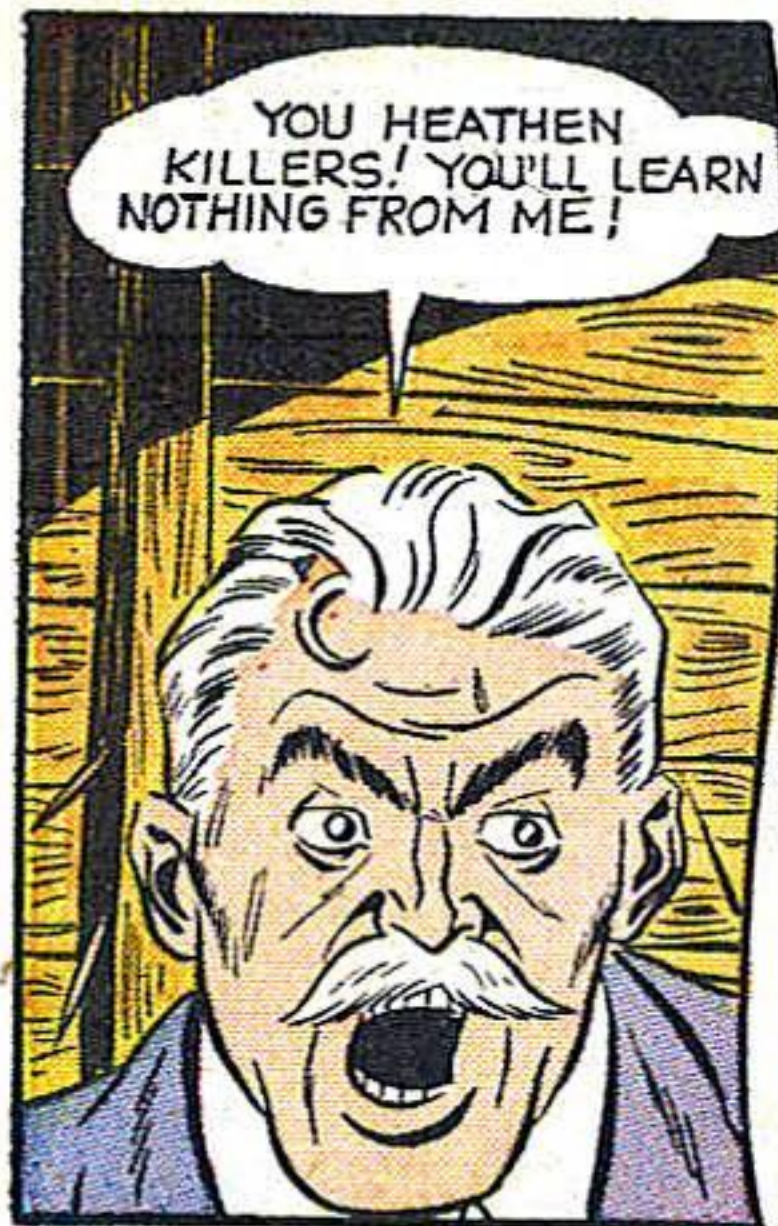
WHAT ARE
YOU DEVILS
UP TO?

IT WOULD BE
WISE OF AMERICAN
ENVOY TO LOOSEN
TONGUE AND SAVE
HIMSELF UNNECESSARY
TORTURE

JOHN ADAMS IS LED INSIDE
THE NATIVE HUT.

GOOD HEAVENS!
BRANDING
IRONS!

YES! YOU
WERE TO MEET
THE GENERALISSIMO!
WHERE?





I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE, EVIL ONE!

TAKE IT!

THE VISION PLUCKS THE INSTRUMENT OUT OF THE AIR.

YI! HE HOLDS IT IN HIS HAND!

MERE HEAT CANNOT HURT ME.



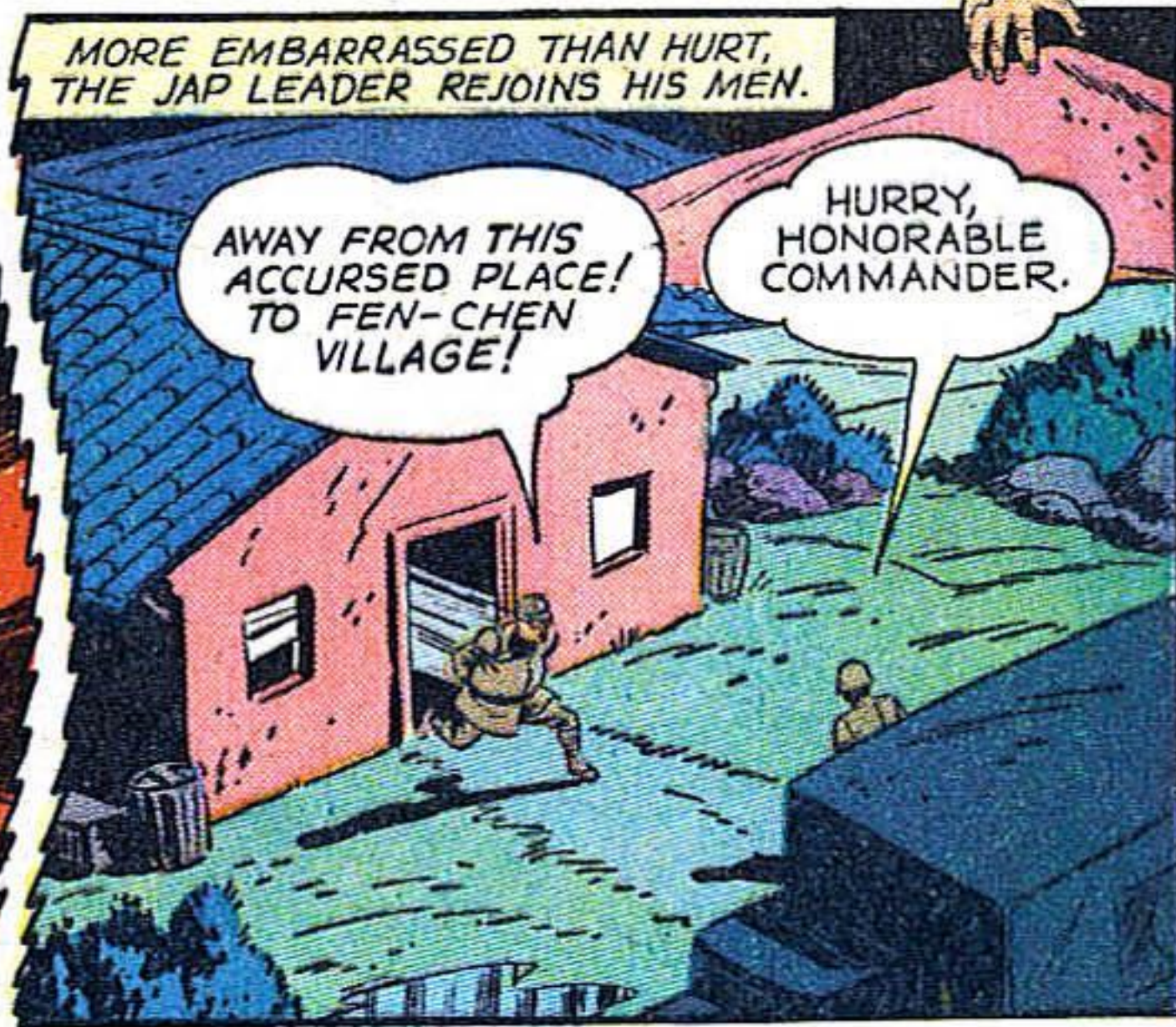
HOWEVER, LET US TEST YOUR RESISTANCE TO IT!

OH! LET ME OUT OF HERE!



THE IRON STRIKES!

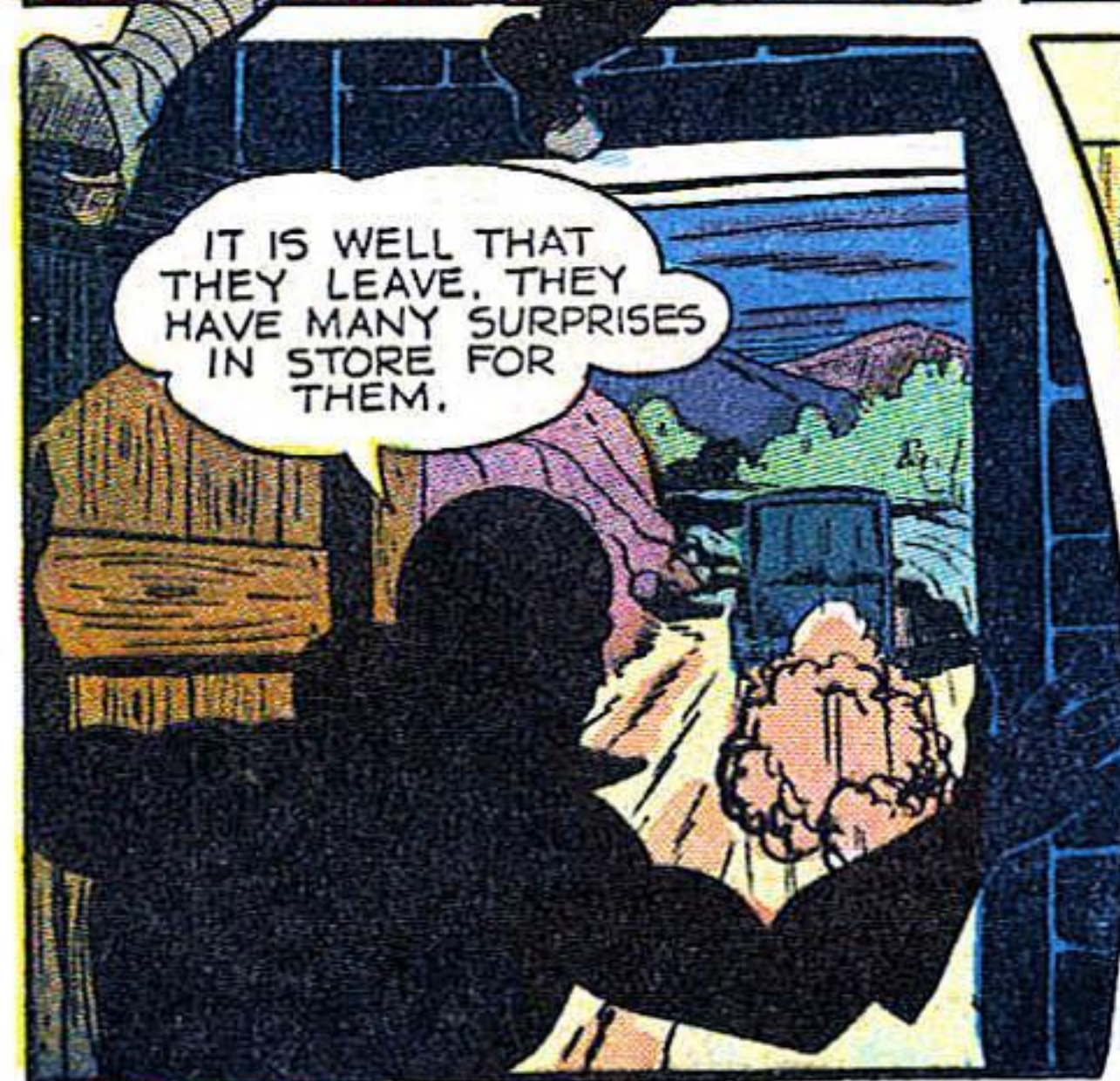
AIEEEE!



MORE EMBARRASSED THAN HURT, THE JAP LEADER REJOINS HIS MEN.

AWAY FROM THIS ACCURSED PLACE! TO FEN-CHEN VILLAGE!

HURRY, HONORABLE COMMANDER.



IT IS WELL THAT THEY LEAVE, THEY HAVE MANY SURPRISES IN STORE FOR THEM.

THE VISION DOCTORS THE ENVOY'S HANDS AFTER FREEING HIM.

THERE! THAT SHOULD HELP—UNTIL YOU GET MEDICAL AID!

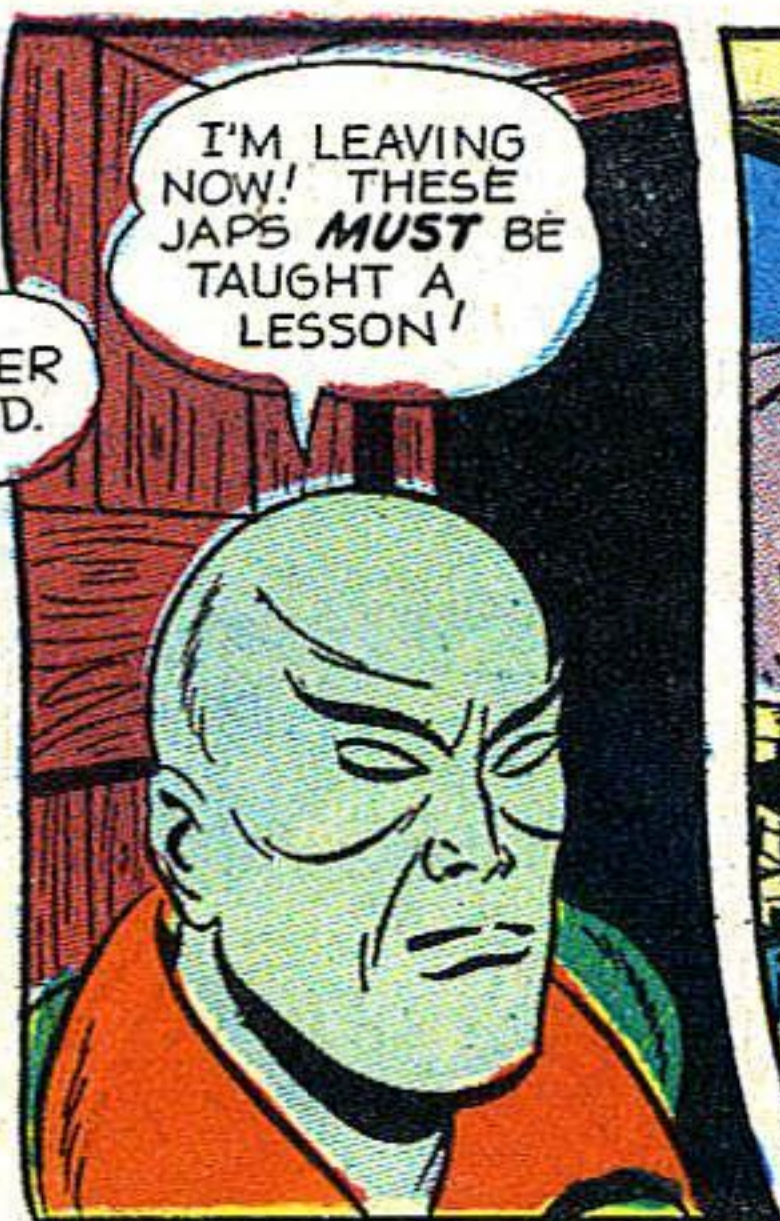
WH—WHO ARE YOU?



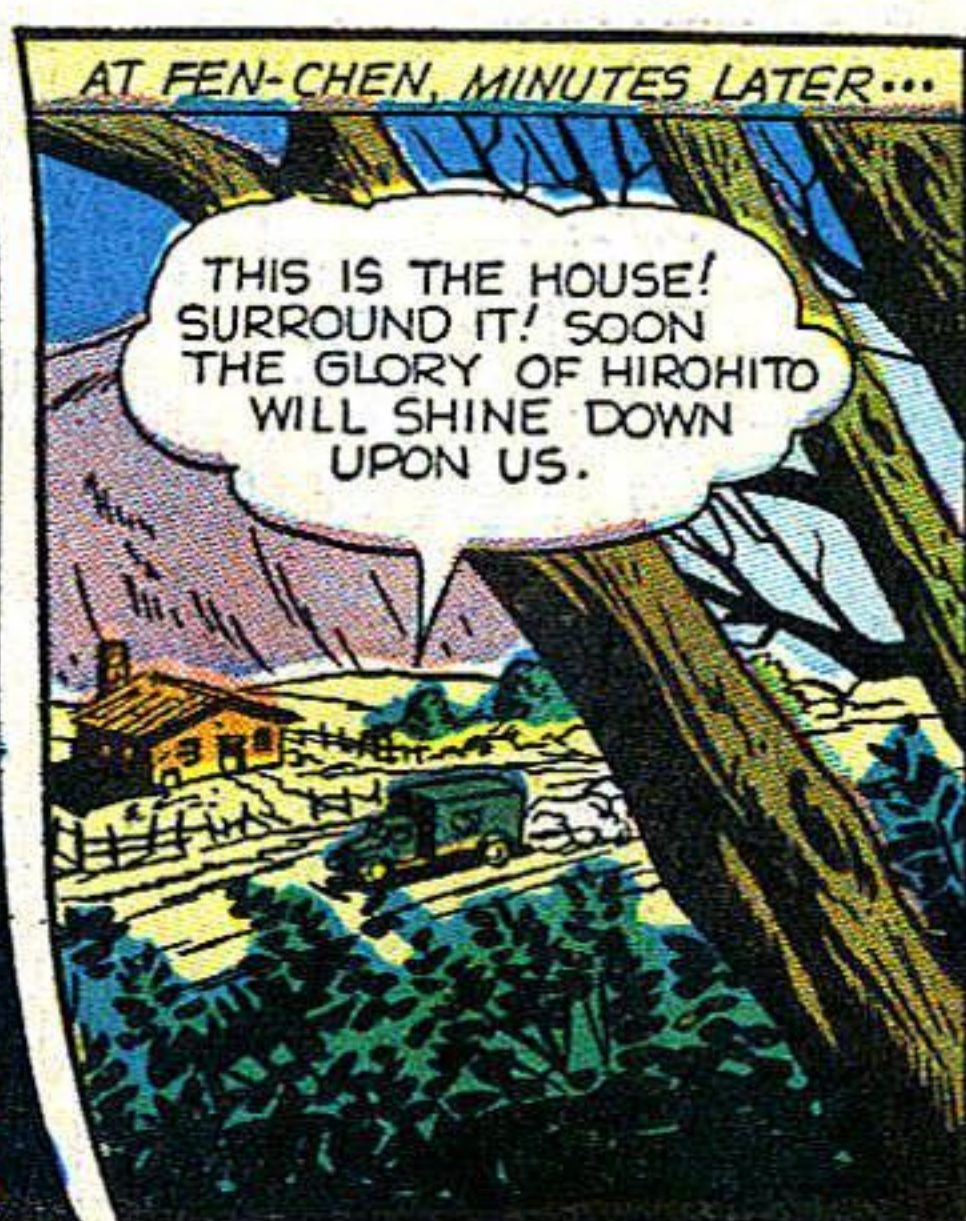


I'M KNOWN AS THE VISION, BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER NOW. WHERE IS FEN-CHEN VALLEY?

SIXTEEN MILES FURTHER UP THE ROAD.



I'M LEAVING NOW! THESE JAPS **MUST** BE TAUGHT A LESSON!



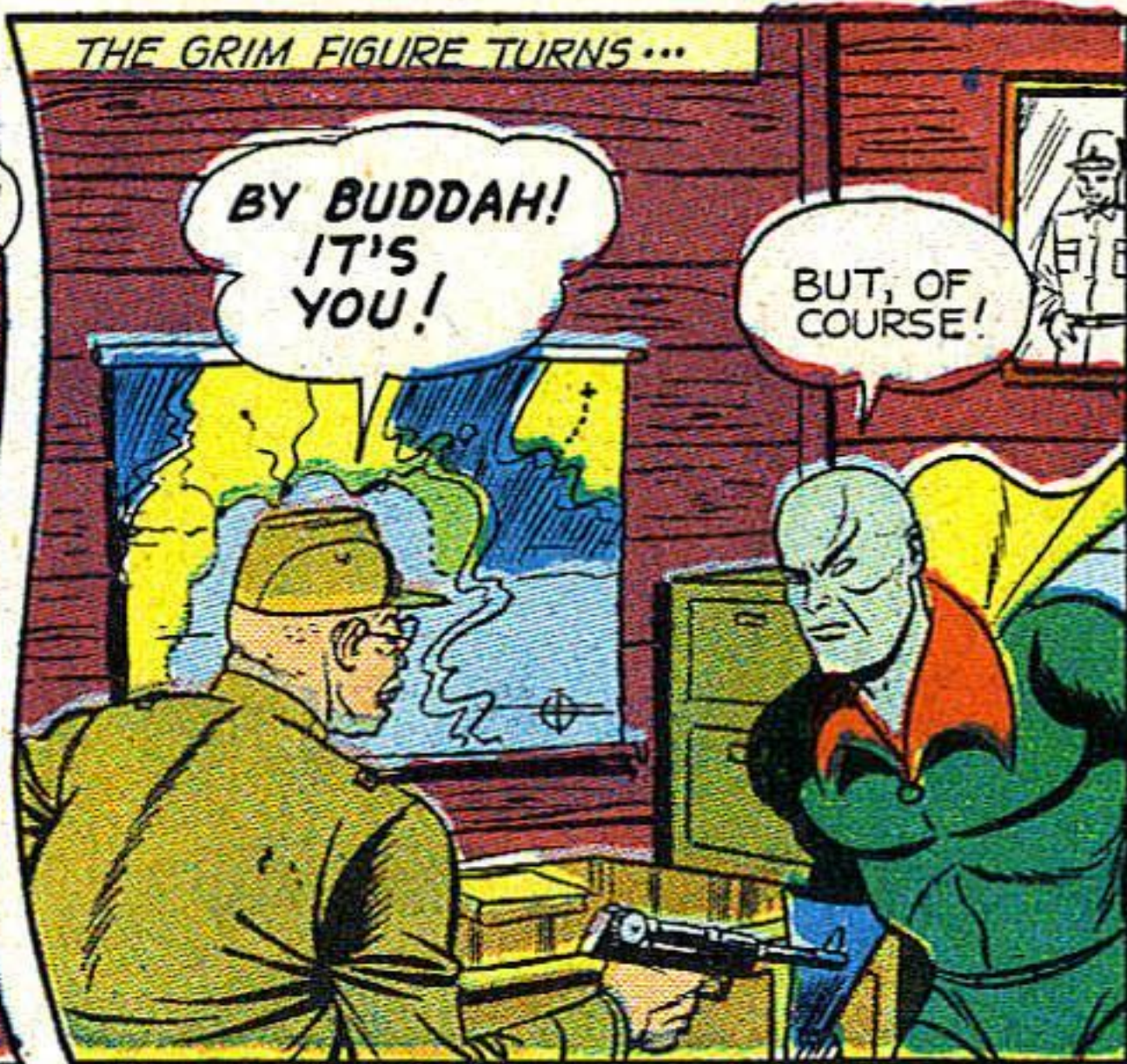
AT FEN-CHEN, MINUTES LATER...

THIS IS THE HOUSE! SURROUND IT! SOON THE GLORY OF HIROHITO WILL SHINE DOWN UPON US.



THE JAPANESE COMMANDER BARGES IN.

AH! THE GENERALISSIMO! WE'VE CAPTURED HIM!



THE GRIM FIGURE TURNS...

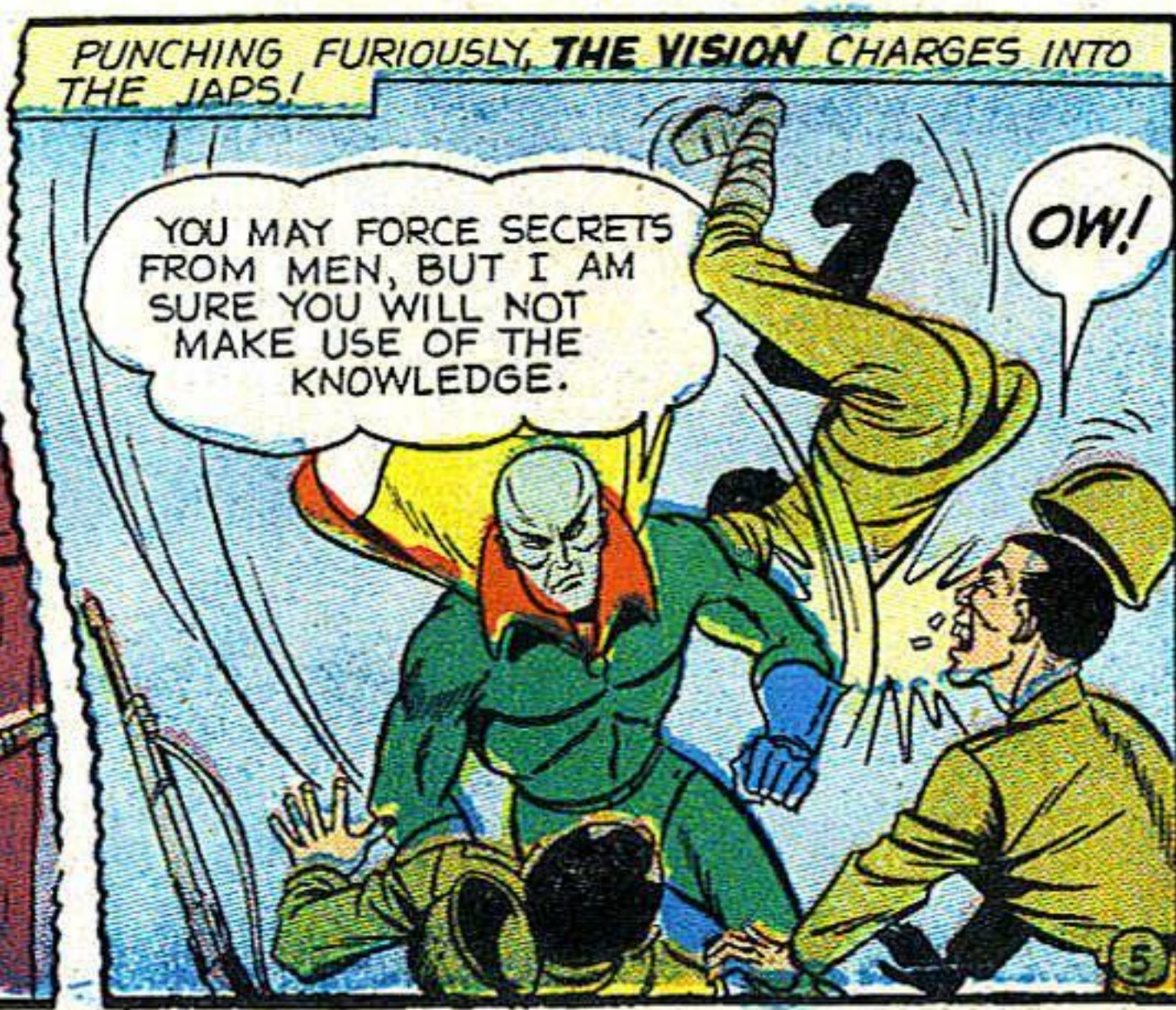
BY BUDDAH! IT'S YOU!

BUT, OF COURSE!



GET HIM!

YES, HONORABLE COMMANDER!



PUNCHING FURIOUSLY, THE VISION CHARGES INTO THE JAPS!

YOU MAY FORCE SECRETS FROM MEN, BUT I AM SURE YOU WILL NOT MAKE USE OF THE KNOWLEDGE.

OW!

AS THE VISION DROPS THE JAPS, THE JAP LEADER SNEAKS UP FROM BEHIND.

PERHAPS HIS HEAD IS NOT SO FORMIDABLE



THERE!

SAY!-WHO-?

CRACK



THE VISION REMAINS UNHARMED BY THE BLOW.

YI! YI! HE'S NOT HUMAN!

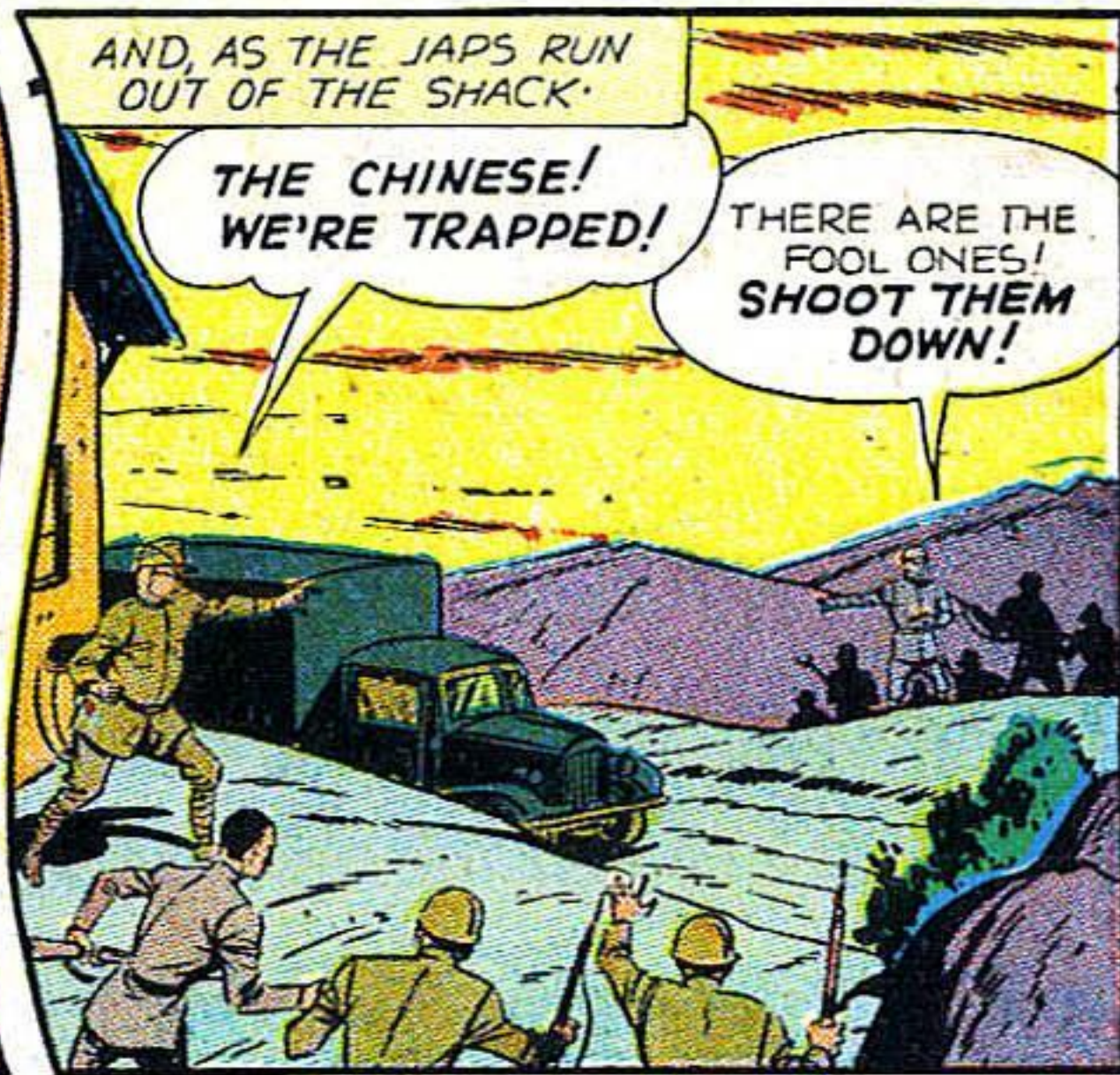
FOOLS!



AND, AS THE JAPS RUN OUT OF THE SHACK.

THE CHINESE! WE'RE TRAPPED!

THERE ARE THE FOOL ONES! SHOOT THEM DOWN!



THE CHINESE TROOPS OPEN FIRE AND MOW DOWN THEIR ENEMIES UNDER A WITHERING CROSS-FIRE!



WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED! I MUST ESCAPE TO THE TRUCK!



BUT, A MANTLED FORM HURTTLES UPON THE JAPS FROM AN OPEN WINDOW.

I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU WILL NOT BE PERMITTED TO LEAVE!

YI! THE ACCURSED ONE!!!

THE TERRIFIED JAP SHOVES THE VISION TO ONE SIDE.

NO! YOU'LL NOT GET ME!

OOOPS!

AS THE COMMANDER RUNS, A LETHAL TORRENT OF BULLETS SLAMS INTO HIS BODY

AGHMMM!

NO, YOU DON'T-
DEFILER OF
MY COUNTRY!

RAT-TA-TAT!

THEN...

OH, IT'S YOU, ADAMS! YOU MUST HAVE BROUGHT THE TROOPS!

YES - AS SOON AS I COULD GET WORD TO THEM!

SECONDS LATER...

LOOK! 'THE GENERALISSIMO'S CAR!

YES - A TRIFLE LATE BUT THAT LATENESS PROBABLY SAVED HIS LIFE!

AS ADAMS WATCHES, FASCINATED, THE VISION RETURNS TO HIS LAND OF SMOKE AND ETERNITY.

ARE YOU LEAVING?

YES, MY MISSION IS COMPLETED. LET'S HOPE THE CONFERENCE WITH THE GENERALISSIMO WILL PROMOTE EARLY VICTORY FOR YOUR TWO GREAT COUNTRIES. GOOD BYE

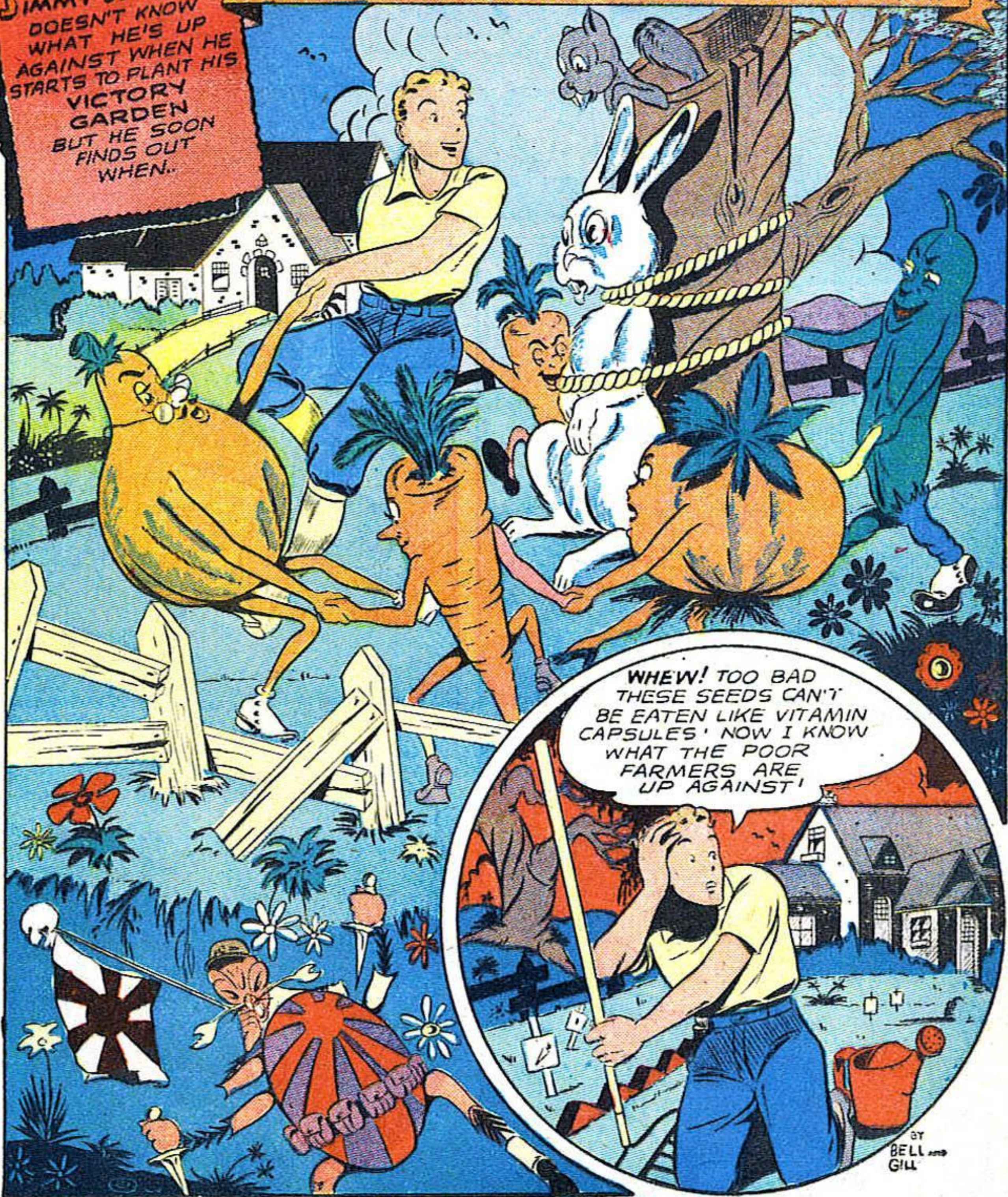
HERE'S TO A QUICK VICTORY..

BUY A UNITED STATES WAR BOND OR STAMP!

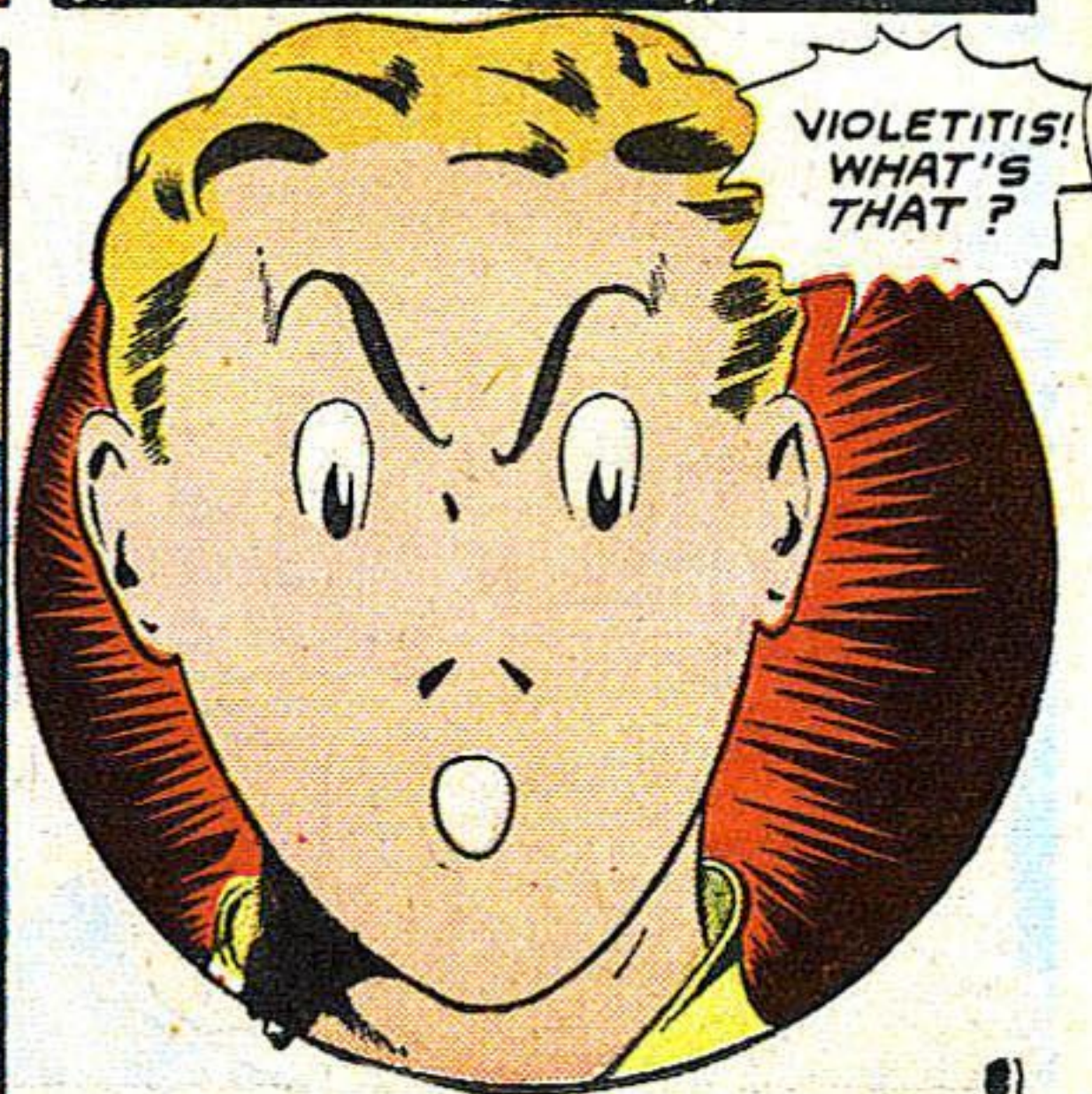
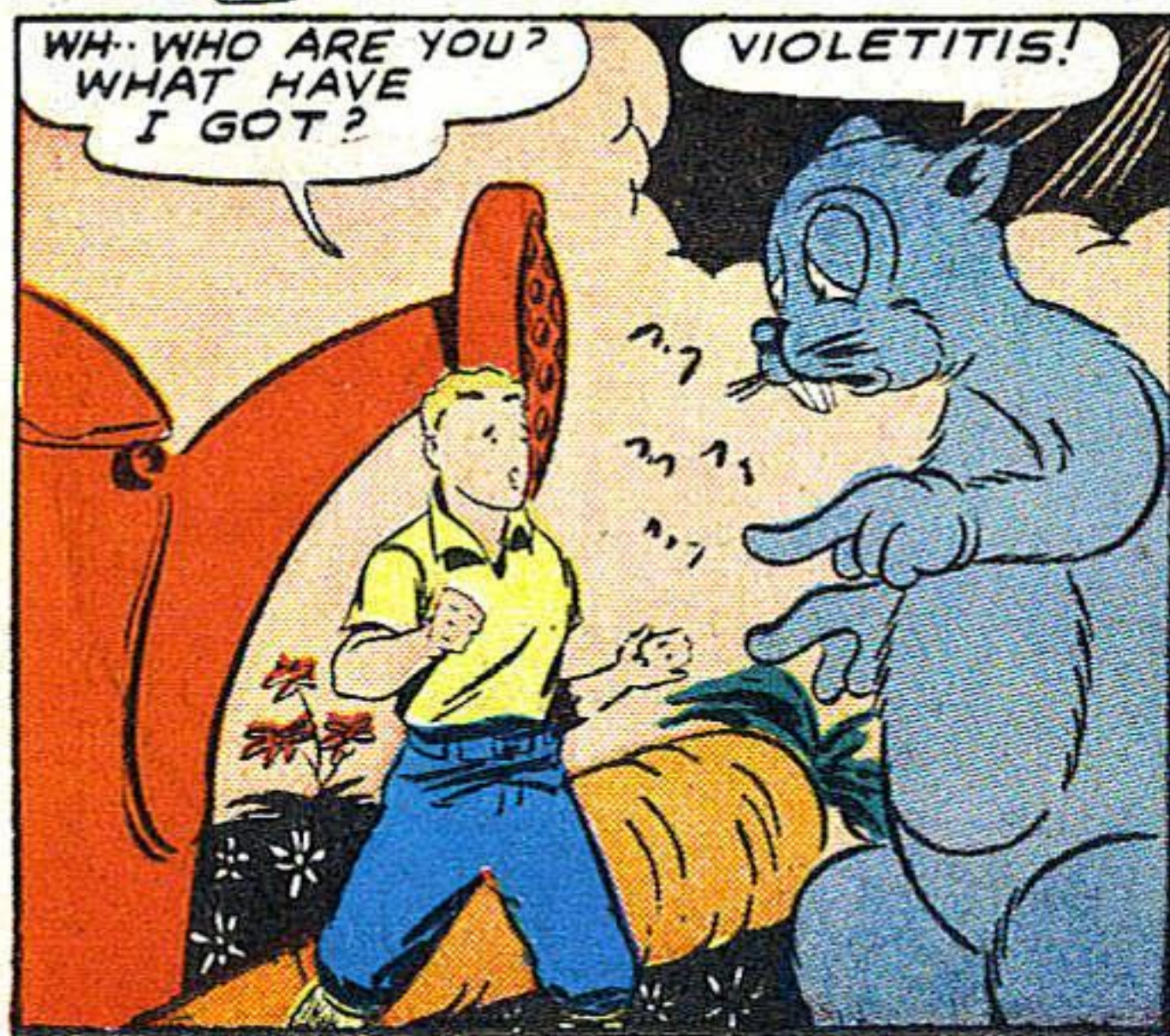
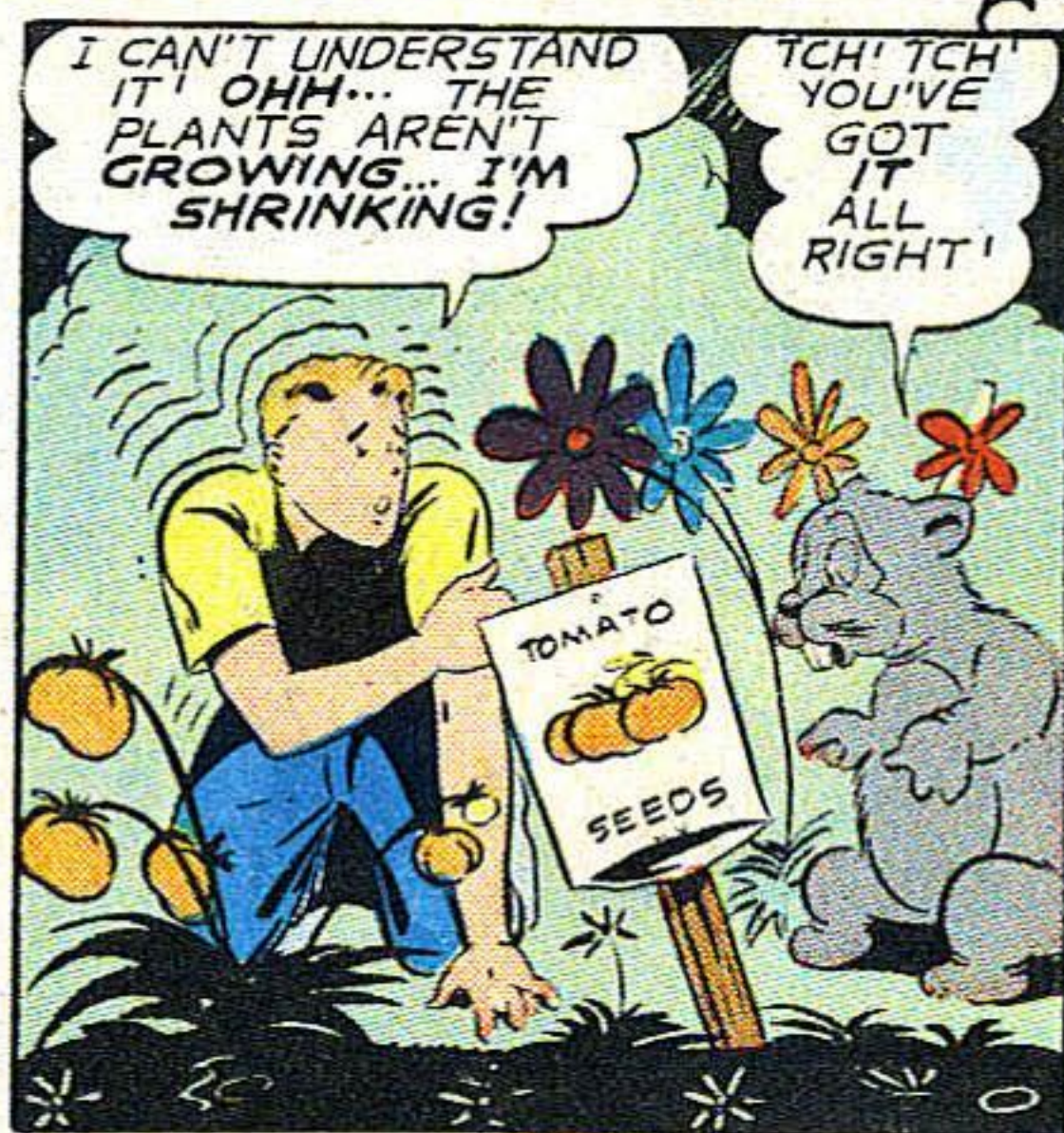
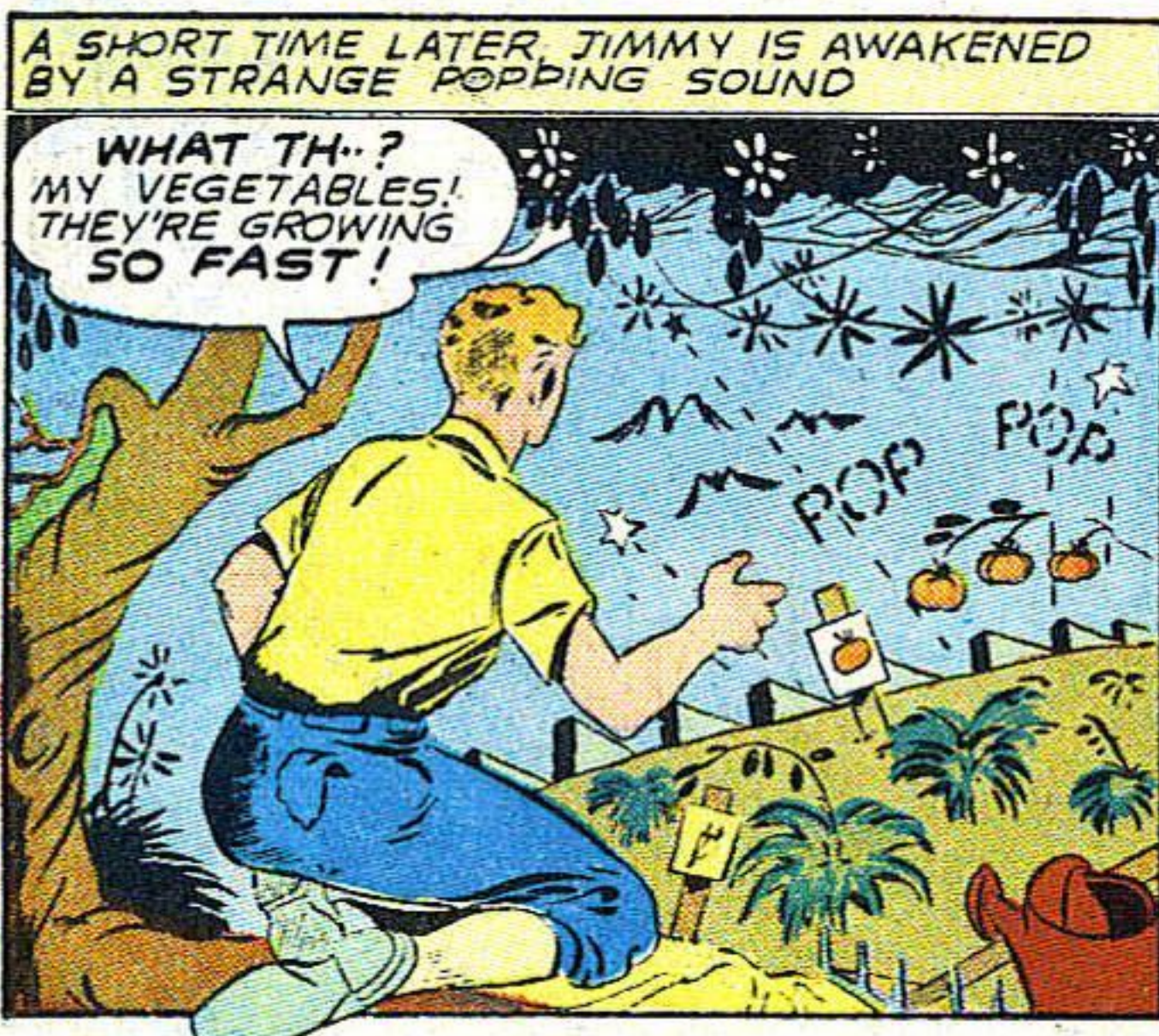
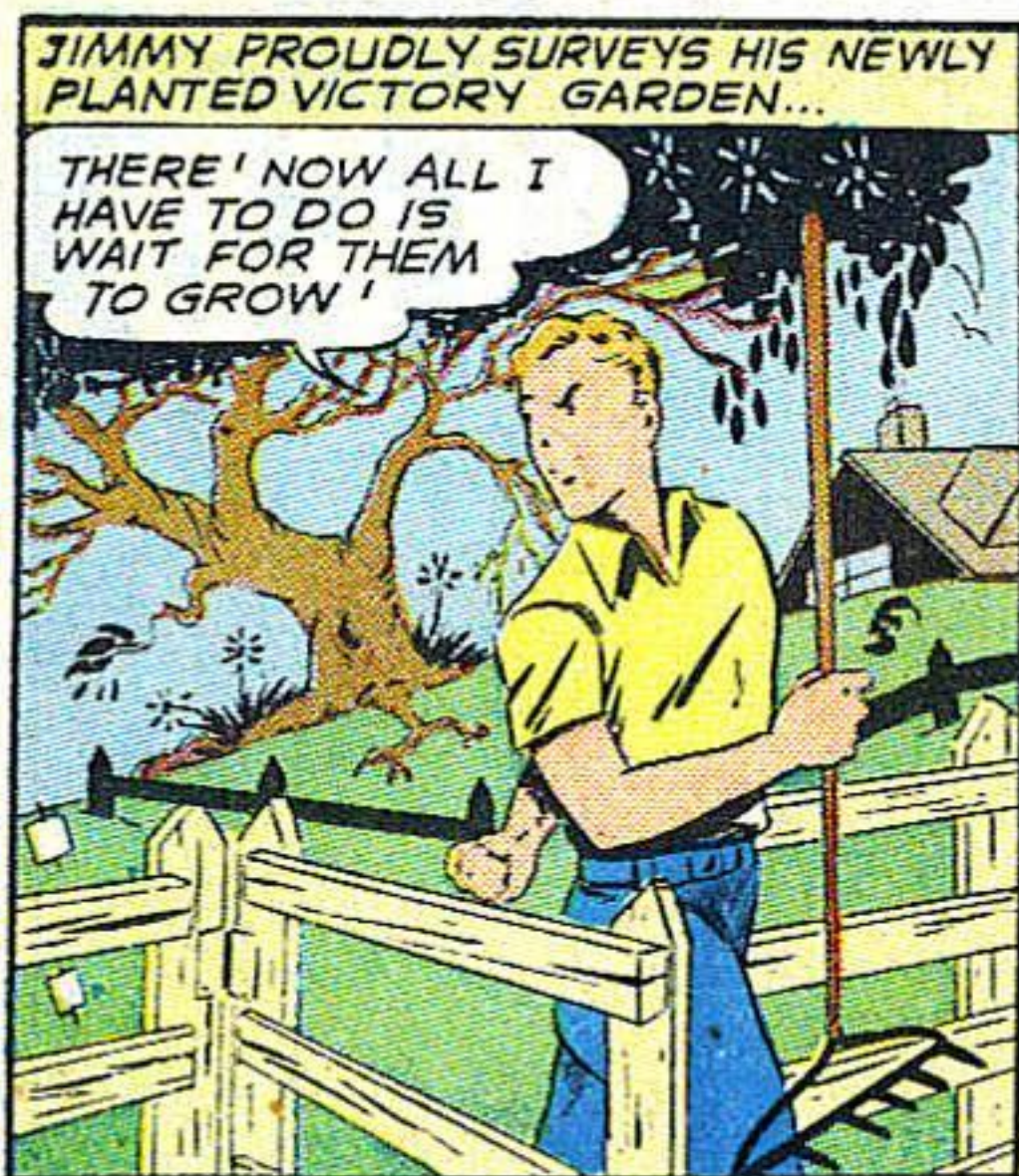
JIMMY JUPITER

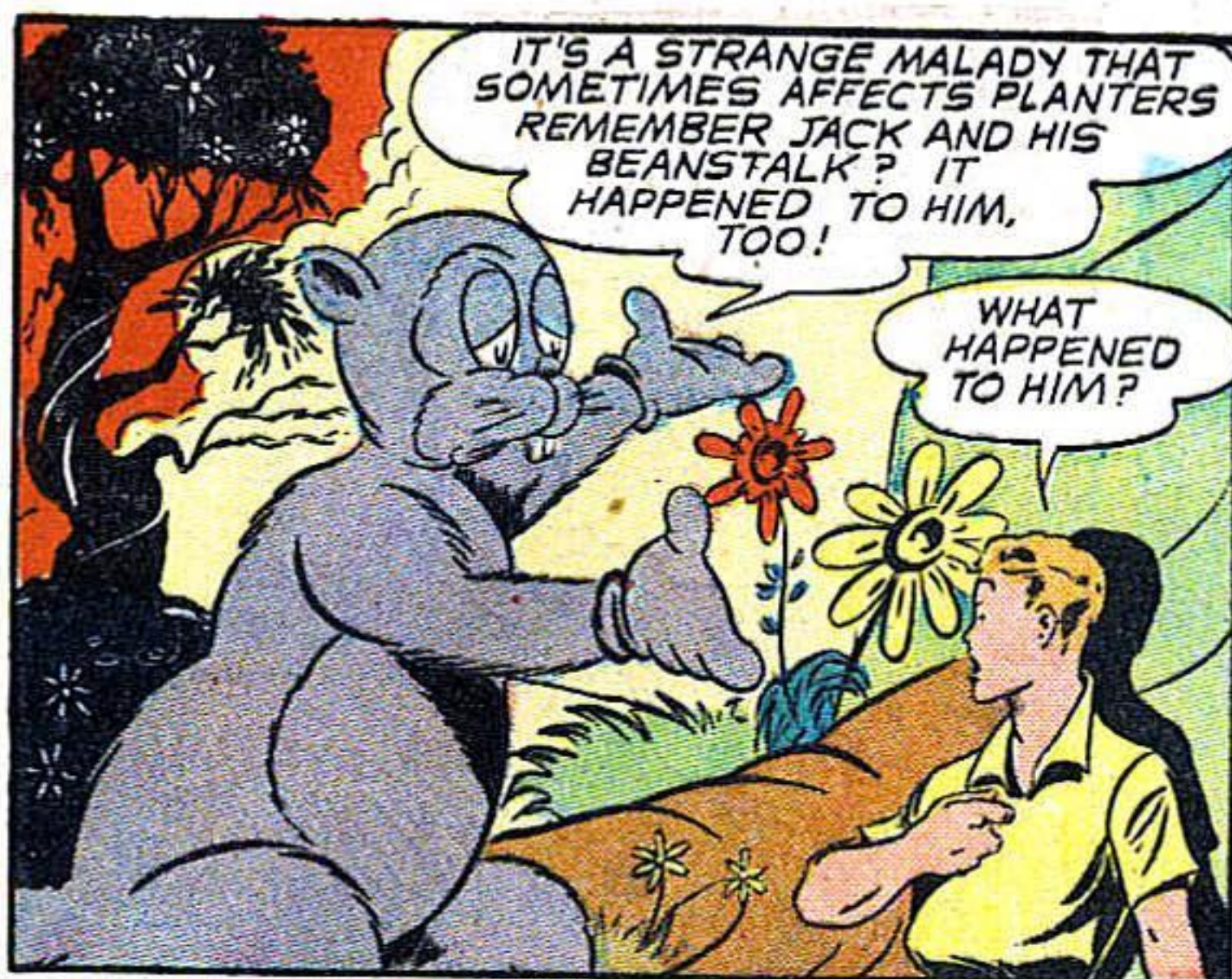
THE VICTORY GARDEN FIGHTS BACK!

JIMMY JUPITER
DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT HE'S UP
AGAINST WHEN HE
STARTS TO PLANT HIS
VICTORY
GARDEN
BUT HE SOON
FINDS OUT
WHEN...



BY
BELL and
GILL



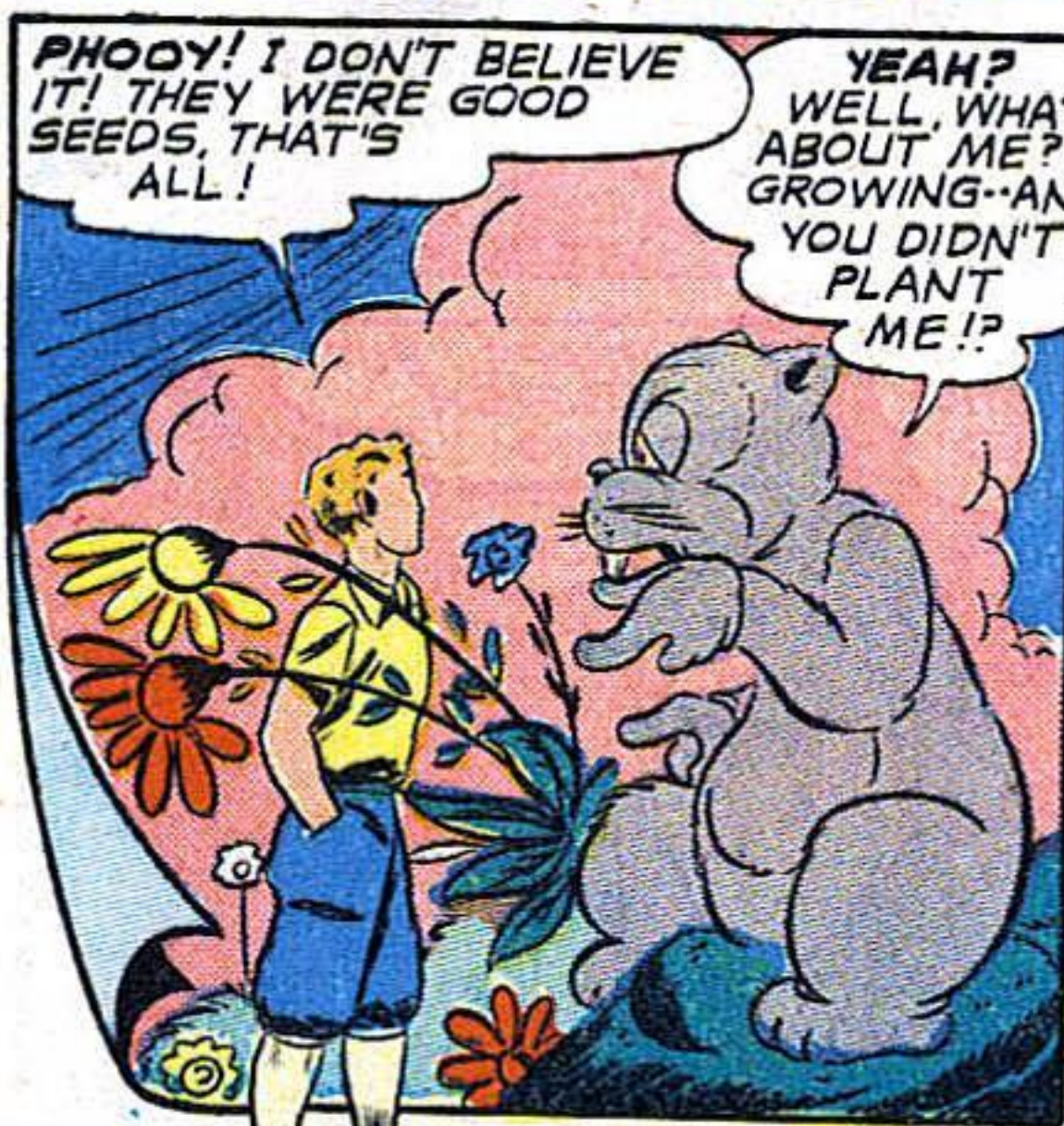


IT'S A STRANGE MALADY THAT SOMETIMES AFFECTS PLANTERS REMEMBER JACK AND HIS BEANSTALK? IT HAPPENED TO HIM, TOO!

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?



VIOLETITIS! THE GARDENER SHRINKS AND THINKS HIS PLANTS ARE GROWING FAST!... HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH RELATIVITY!



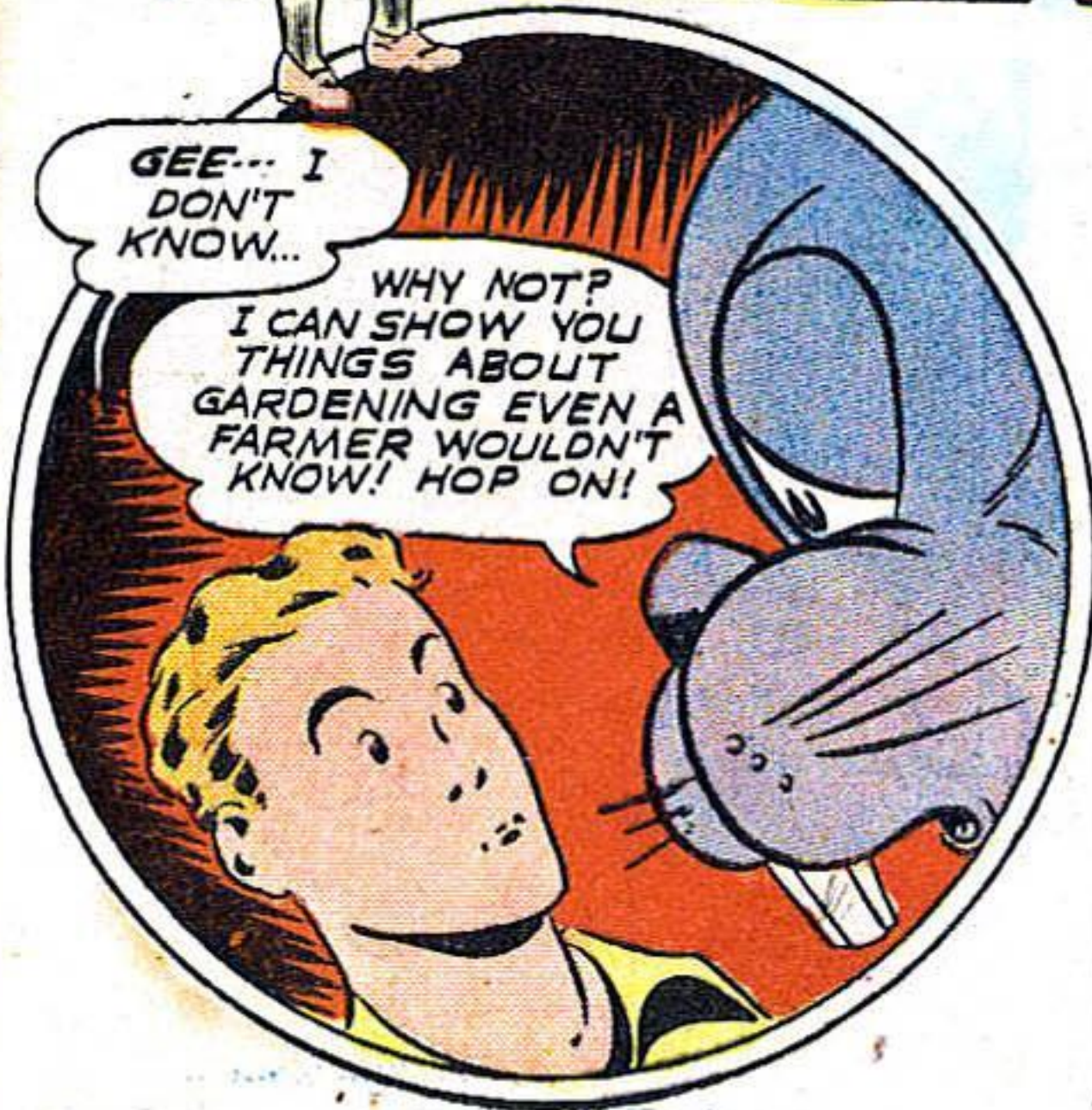
PHOOY! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THEY WERE GOOD SEEDS, THAT'S ALL!

YEAH? WELL, WHAT ABOUT ME? I'M GROWING--AND YOU DIDN'T PLANT ME!?



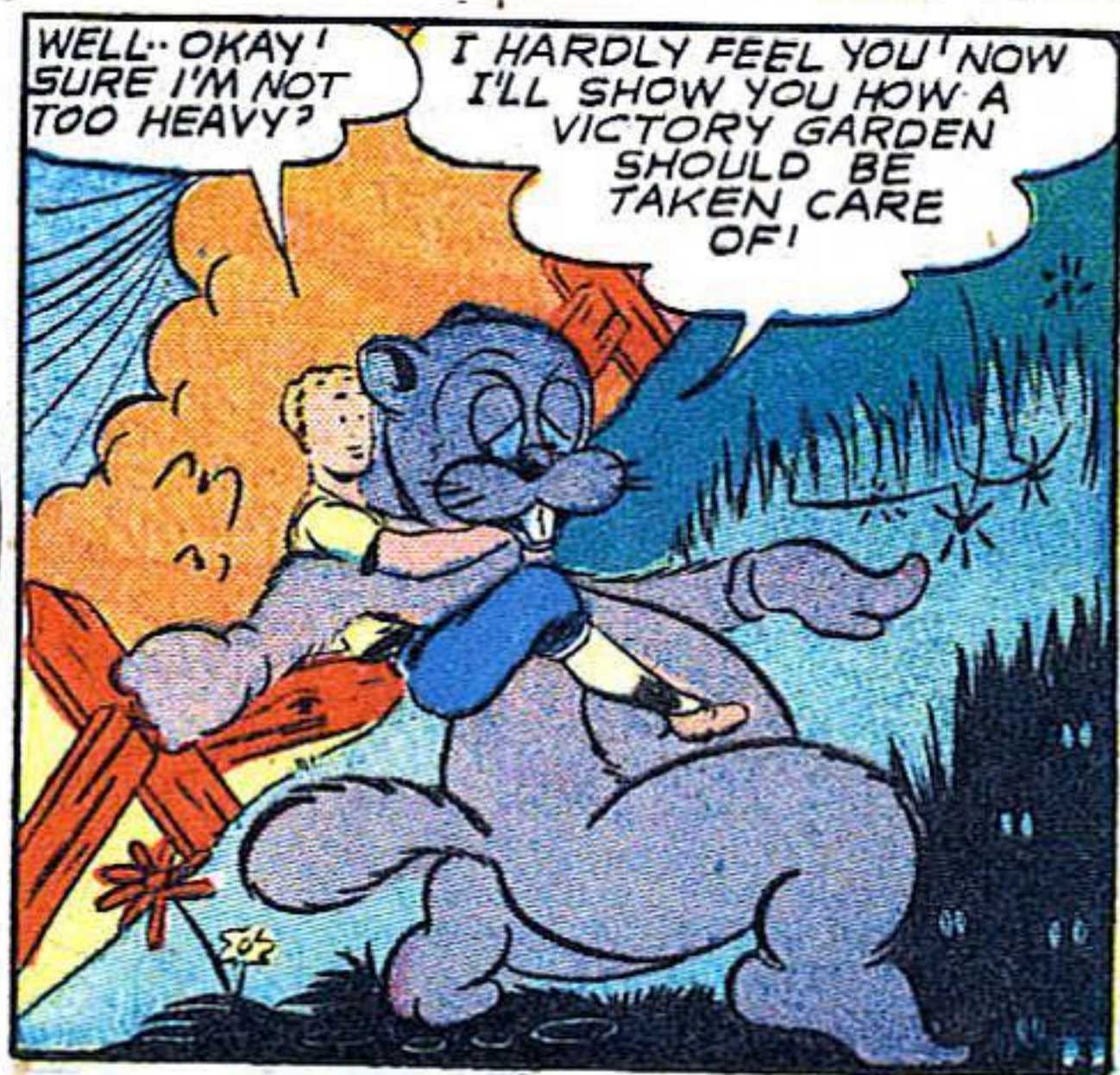
GOSH, THAT'S TRUE! WHAT'LL I DO?

MAKE GOOD USE OF IT! LET ME SHOW YOU GARDENING FROM MY POINT OF VIEW!



GEE... I DON'T KNOW...

WHY NOT? I CAN SHOW YOU THINGS ABOUT GARDENING EVEN A FARMER WOULDN'T KNOW! HOP ON!



WELL.. OKAY! SURE I'M NOT TOO HEAVY?

I HARDLY FEEL YOU! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW A VICTORY GARDEN SHOULD BE TAKEN CARE OF!



SEEMS KINDA SMALL!
I'D BETTER
CRAWL IN!

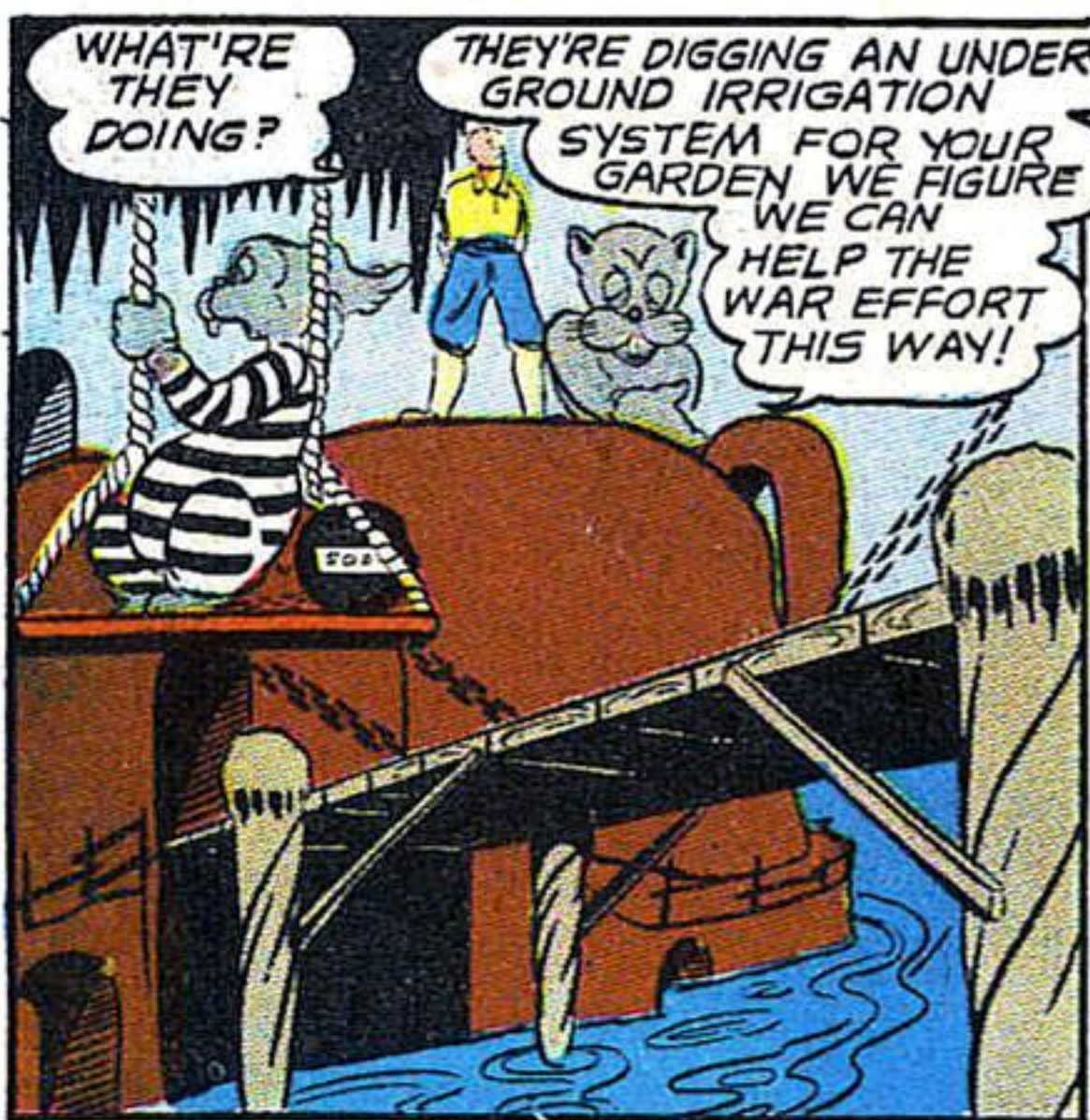
NAW. IT GETS
BIGGER INSIDE
JUST DUCK
A BIT!



INSIDE THE GROUNDHOG'S TUNNEL - JIMMY
SEES A STRANGE SIGHT

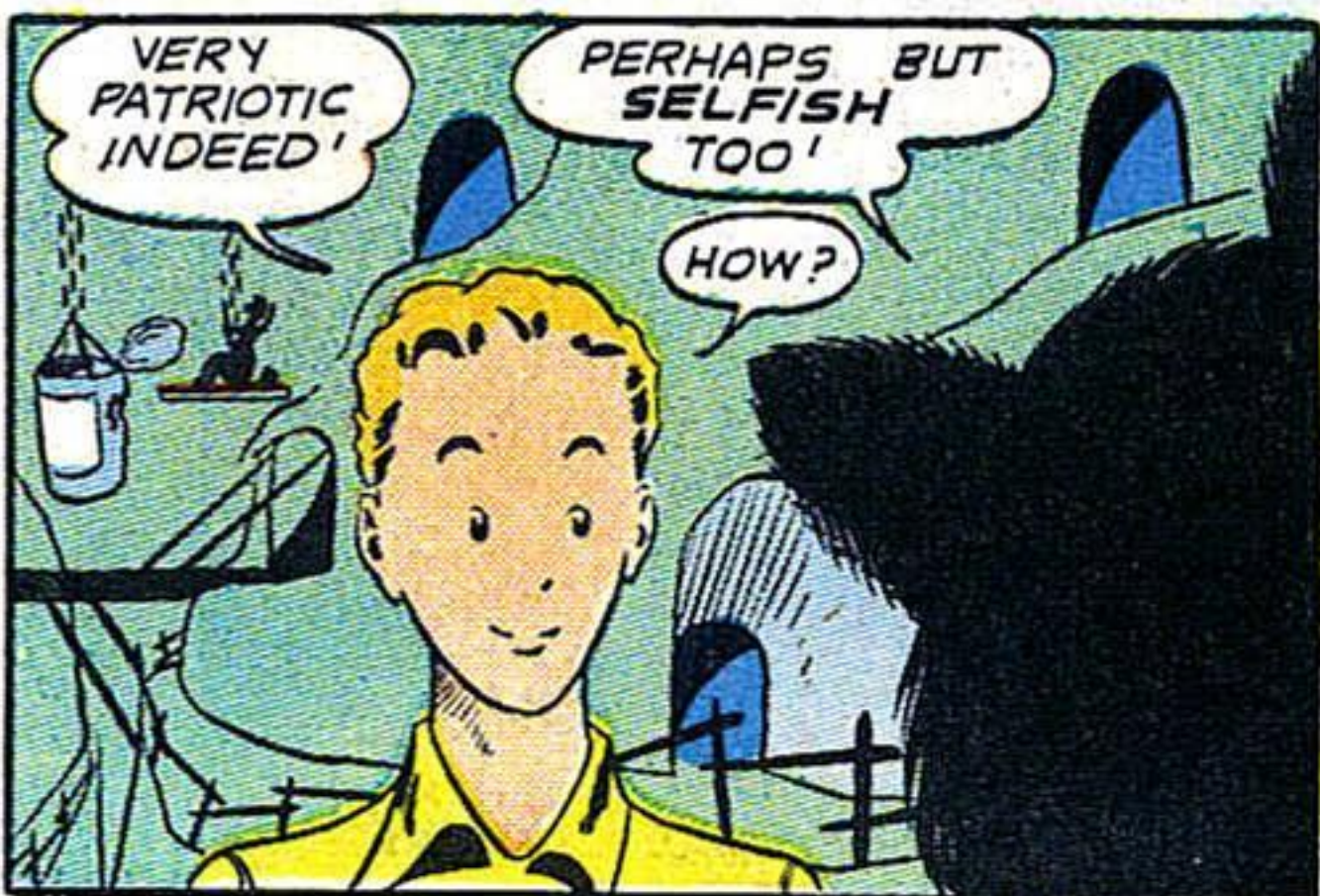
WHY IS THAT ONE GROUND-
HOG MAKING THE
OTHERS DIG?

THE OTHERS ARE BAD
GROUND-HOGS WE CAUGHT
THEM WRECKING A VICTORY
GARDEN SO WE
CAPTURED THEM
AND PUT THEM
TO WORK.



WHAT'RE
THEY
DOING?

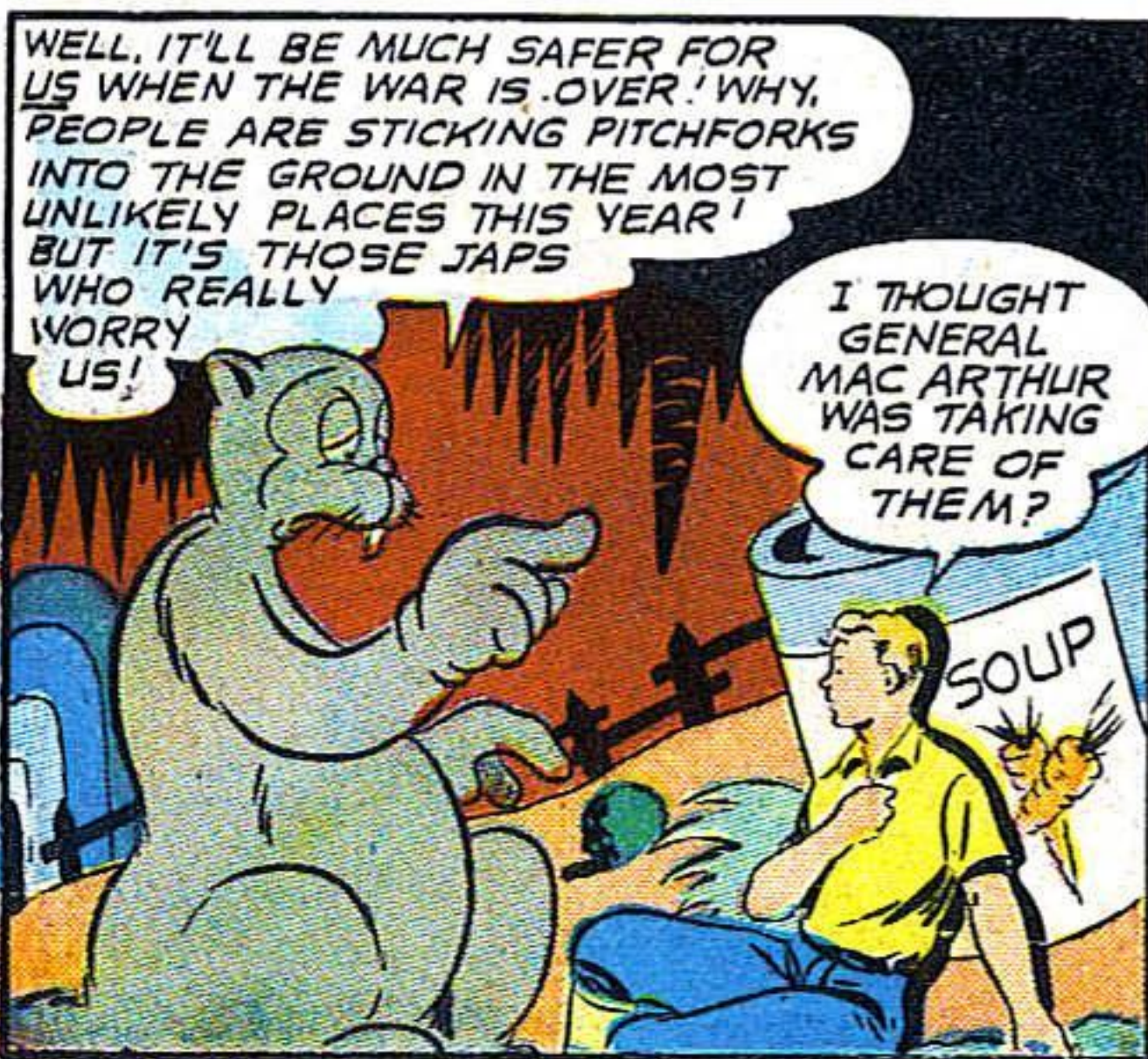
THEY'RE DIGGING AN UNDER-
GROUND IRRIGATION
SYSTEM FOR YOUR
GARDEN WE FIGURE
WE CAN
HELP THE
WAR EFFORT
THIS WAY!



VERY
PATRIOTIC
INDEED!

PERHAPS BUT
SELFISH
TOO!

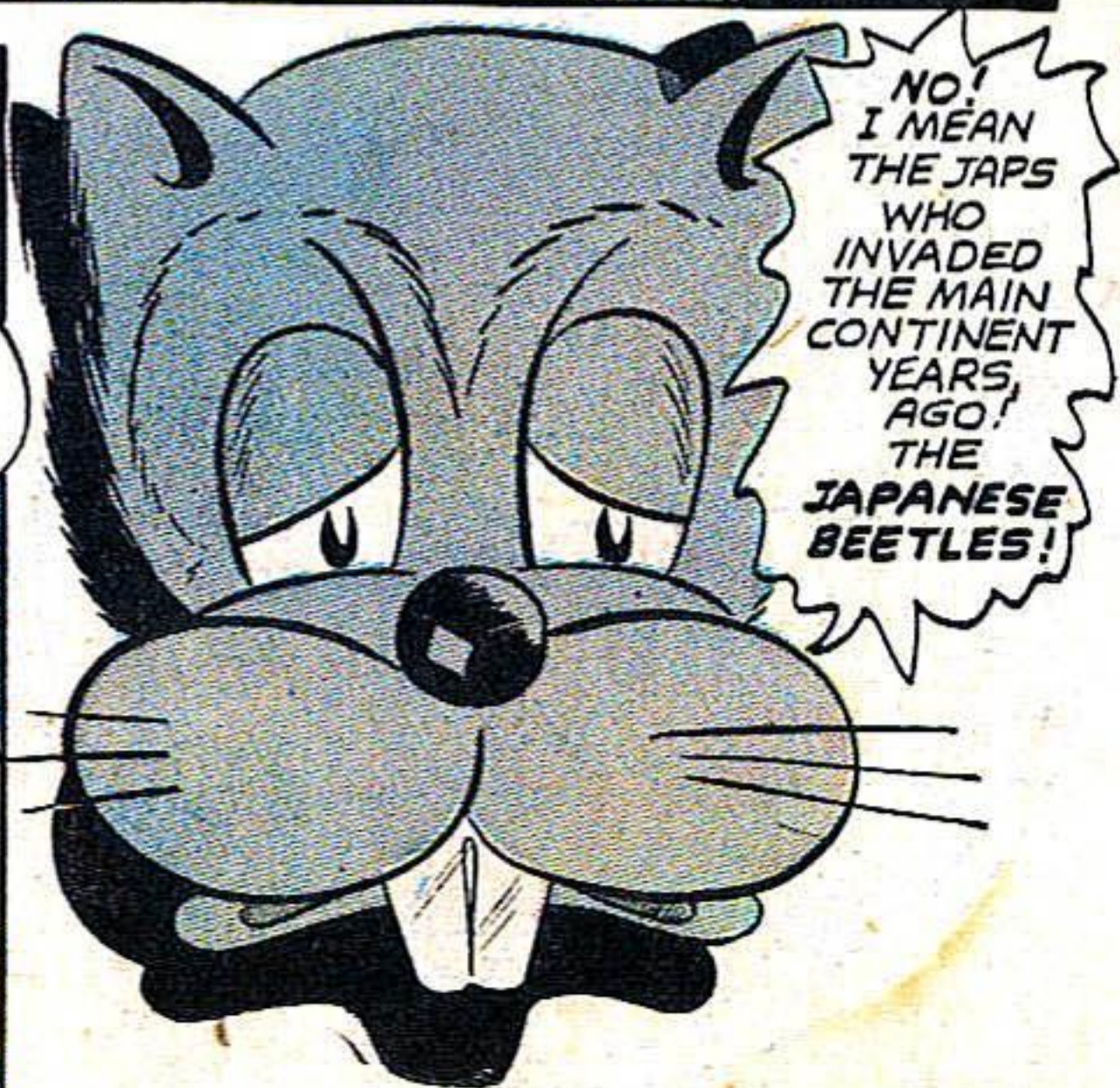
HOW?



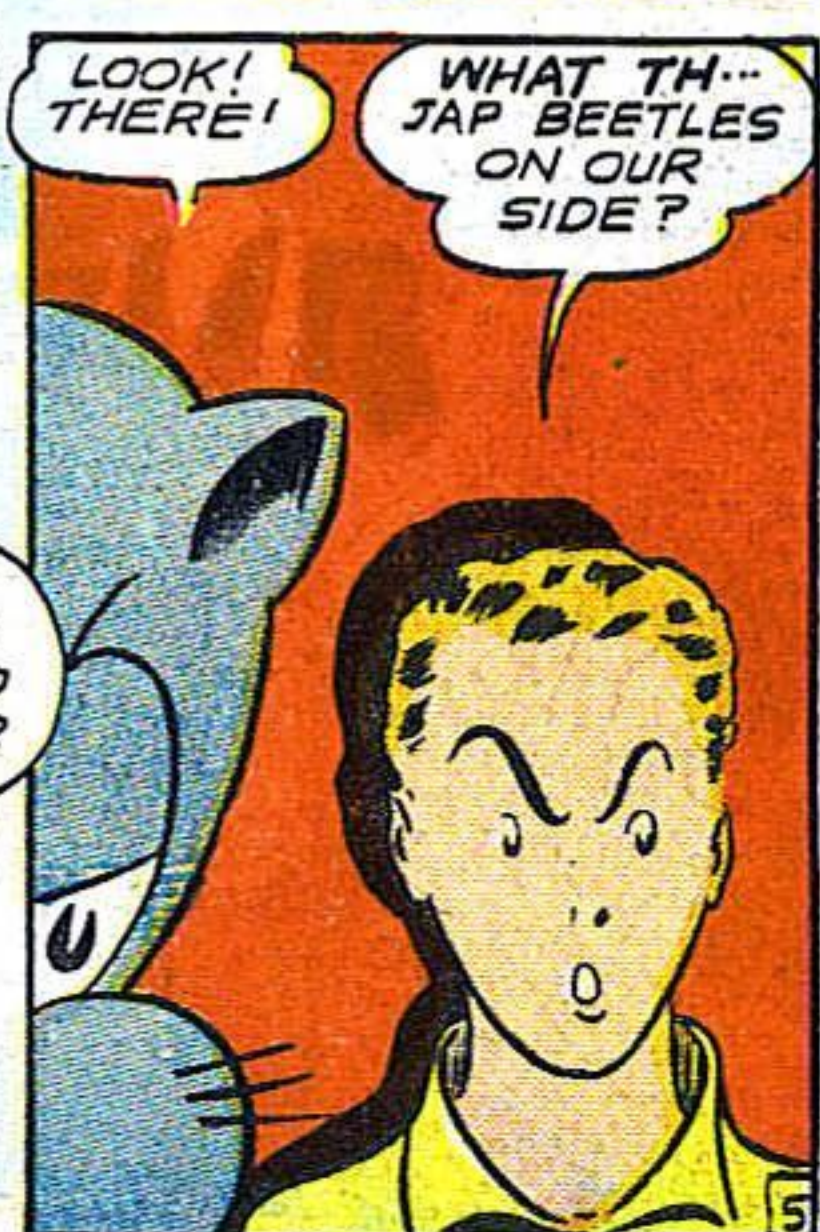
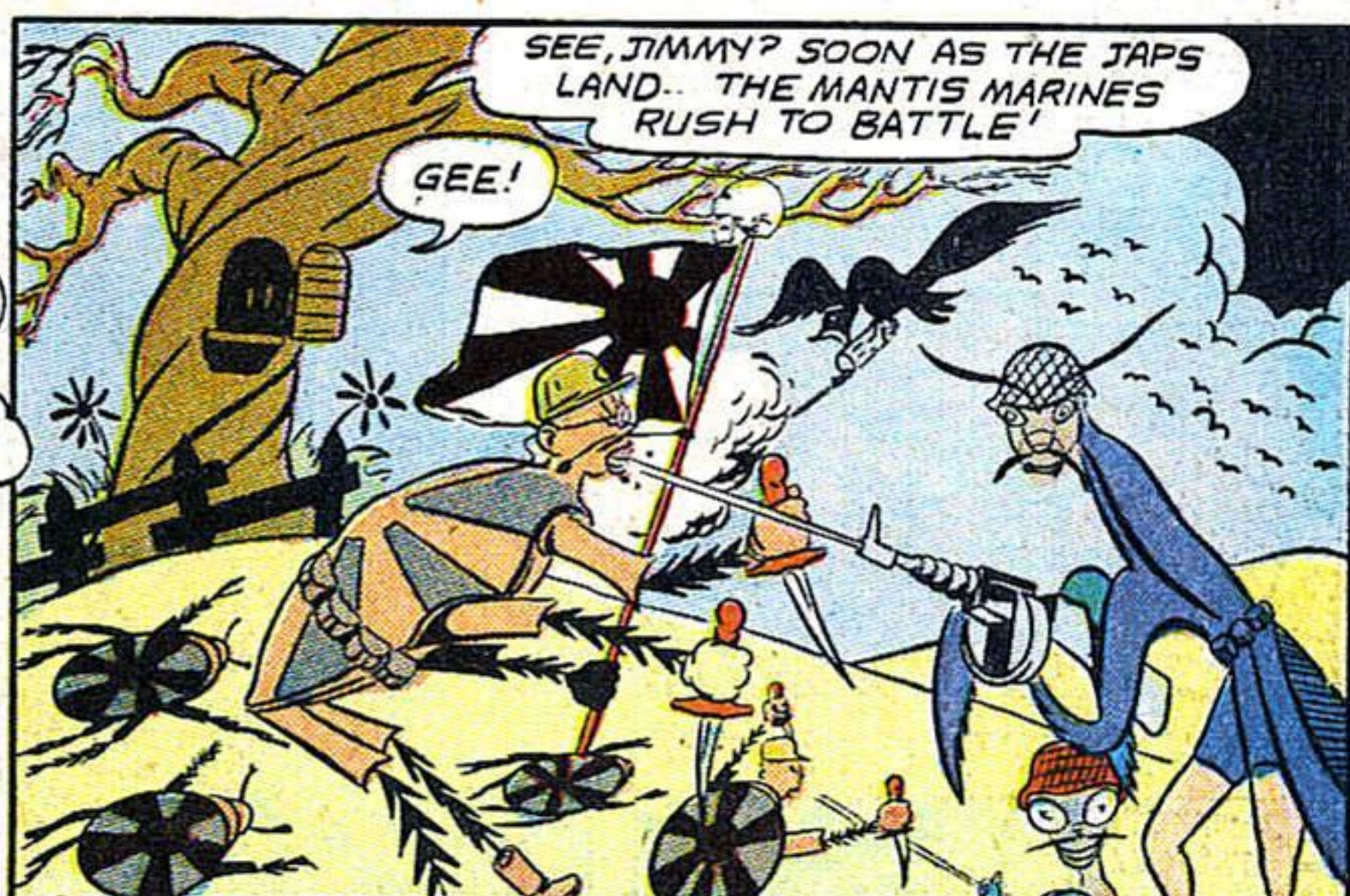
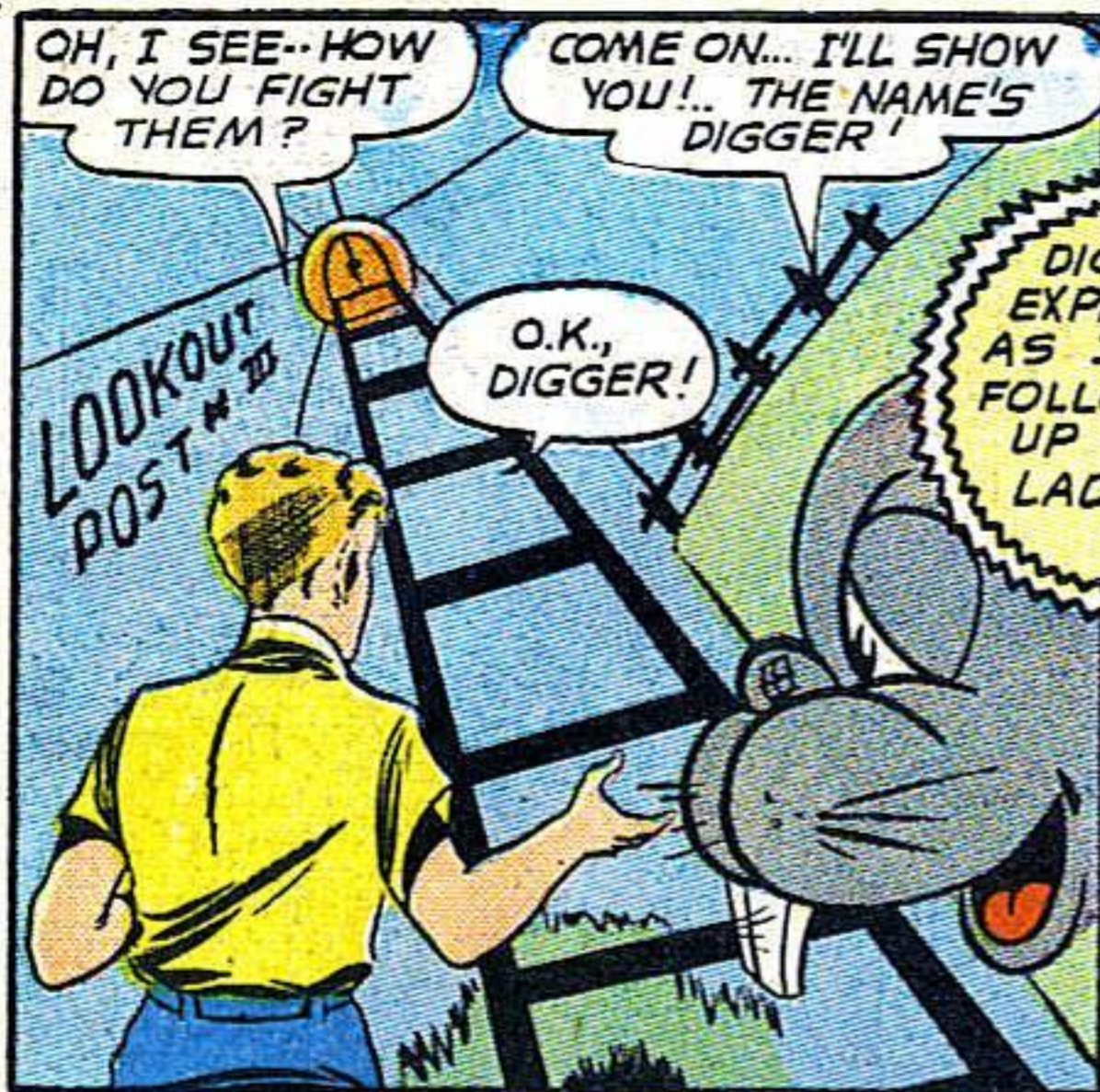
WELL, IT'LL BE MUCH SAFER FOR
US WHEN THE WAR IS OVER! WHY,
PEOPLE ARE STICKING PITCHFORKS
INTO THE GROUND IN THE MOST
UNLIKELY PLACES THIS YEAR!
BUT IT'S THOSE JAPS
WHO REALLY
WORRY
US!

I THOUGHT
GENERAL
MAC ARTHUR
WAS TAKING
CARE OF
THEM?

SOUP



NO!
I MEAN
THE JAPS
WHO
INVADED
THE MAIN
CONTINENT
YEARS
AGO!
THE
JAPANESE
BEETLES!



NO, THEY'RE AMERICAN BEETLES. THEY'RE IN THE CAMOUFLAGE CORP! THEY'LL LURE THE WHOLE BUNCH INTO OUR TUNNEL!

HA! HA! I GET IT!

SEE! THAT GROUND-HOG WILL ROLL THE ROCK IN PLACE AND LOCK THEM IN!

LATER, INSIDE THE TUNNEL...

BUT THAT'S THE IRRIGATION TUNNEL! WON'T THEY EAT THE CROPS FROM UNDERNEATH?

HA! HA! COME ON! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!

DIGGER TAKES JIMMY TO THE END OF THE TUNNEL NEAR THE STREAM.

WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, THE BEAVERS TEAR DOWN THE DAM. FLOODING THE IRRIGATION TUNNEL. AND DROWNING THE JAPS!

GREAT!

NOW!

AT DIGGER'S SIGNAL, THE DAM BREAKS AND THE IRRIGATION TUNNEL IS FLOODED!

YIPEEE! GOODBY JAPS!

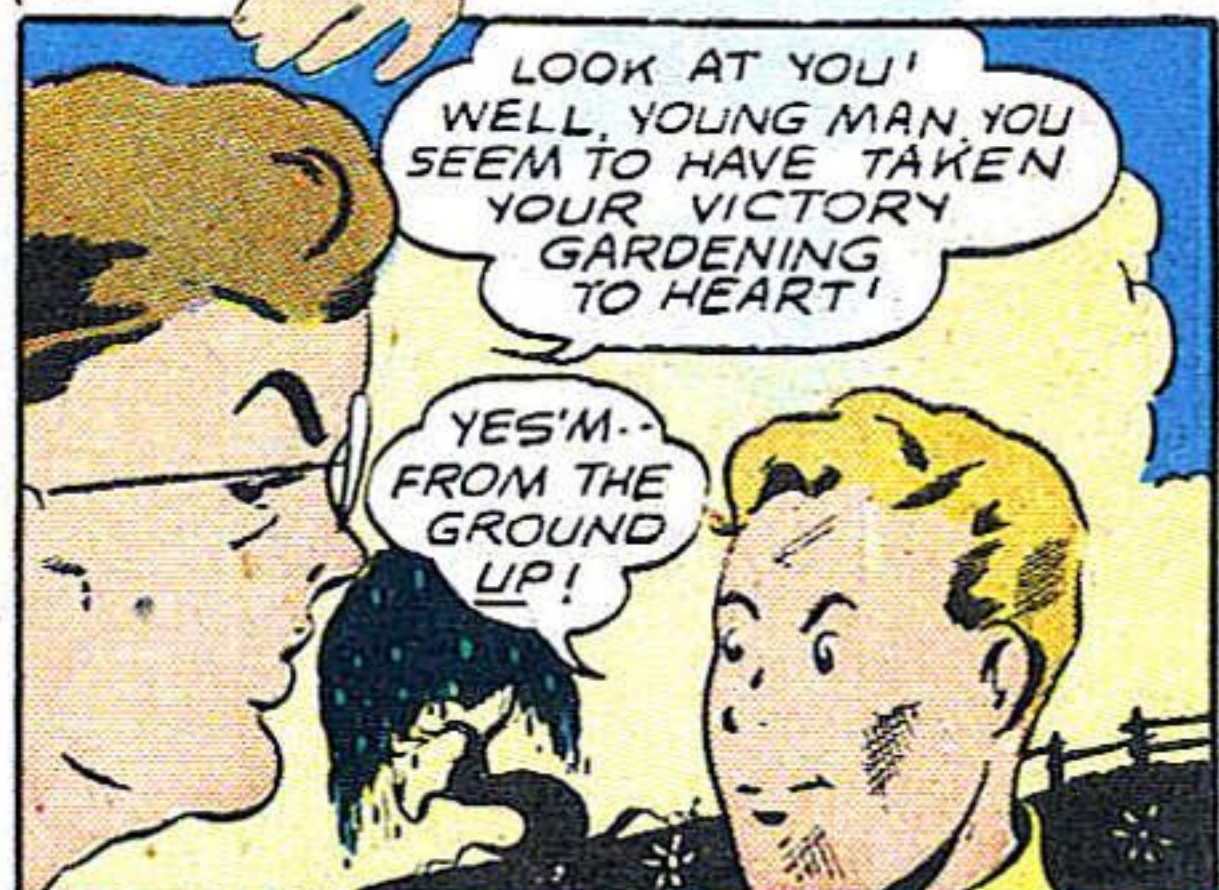
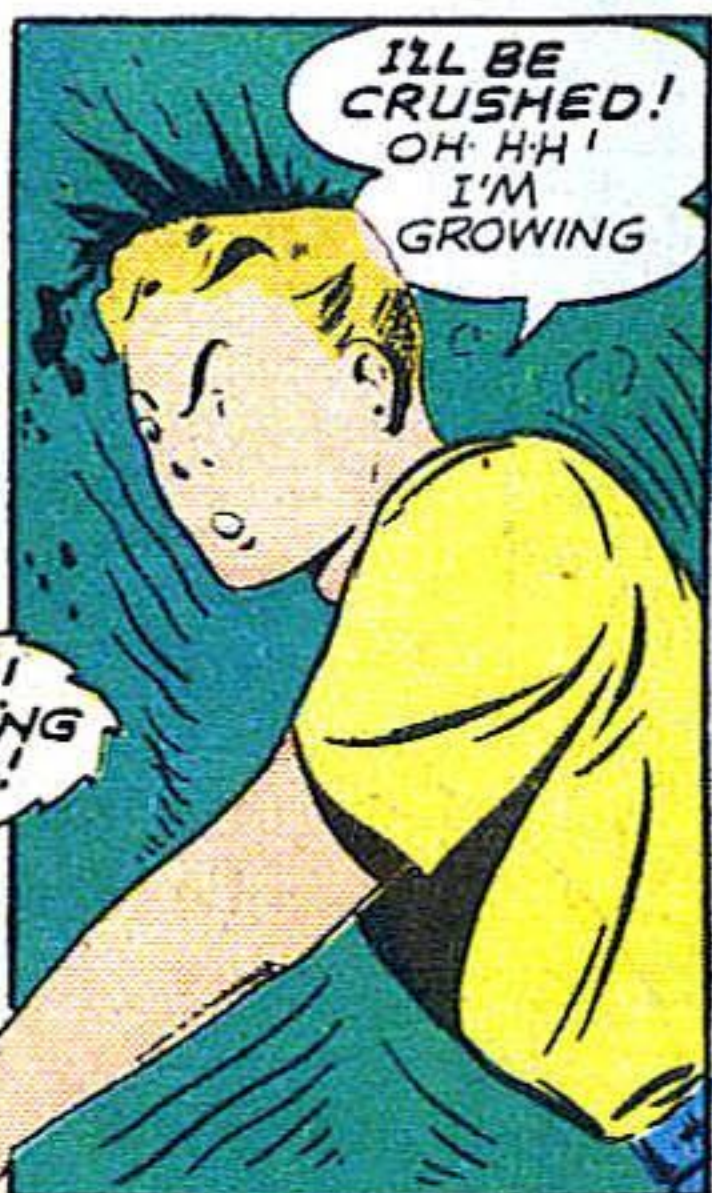
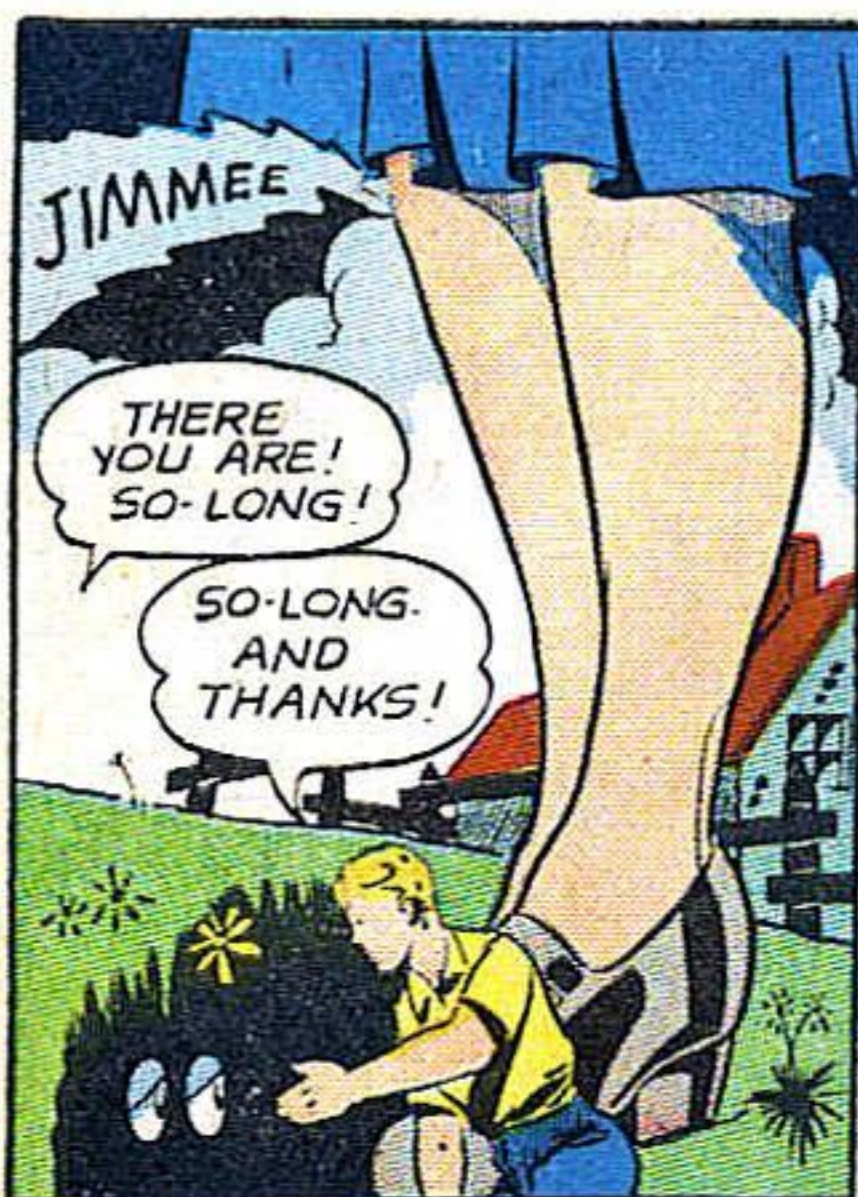
SPLASH

AT THAT MOMENT, HOWEVER...

JIMMY! JIMMY JUPITER! WHERE IS THAT BOY?

GOSH! THAT'S MOM! I PROMISED TO DO OTHER CHORES FOR HER. OR I WON'T GET THE MONEY FOR THE MOVIES TONIGHT! HURRY UP!

HOP ON... AND REMEMBER IF YOU EVER NEED ME AGAIN... JUST CALL

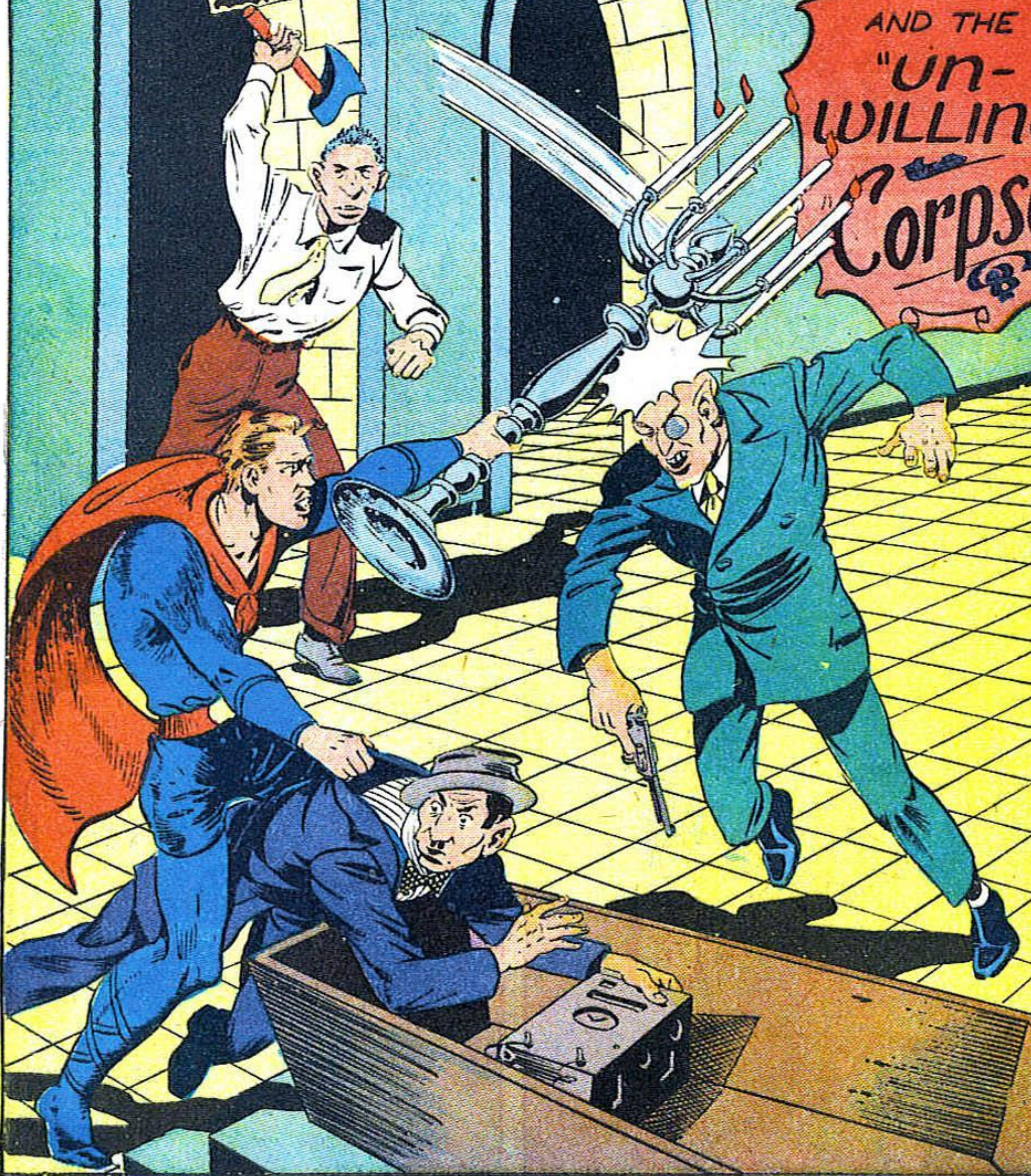


HOW'S YOUR VICTORY GARDEN COMING? REMEMBER BEETS WILL BEAT THE AXIS!

Jimmy Jupiter WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT **MARVEL!**

The ANGEL

AND THE
"un-
WILLING
Corpse"



STILL IN LONDON, THE ANGEL READS..

HMM! LORD CRAVEN M.P. DIED YESTERDAY... THEY'RE GOING TO HOLD FUNERAL SERVICES AT THE CHAPEL TOMORROW THE KING AND QUEEN WILL BE THERE!



I'LL PAY MY LAST RESPECTS TO HIS LORDSHIP.. HIS BODY RESTS FOR PUBLIC MOURNING AT THE CHAPEL!



MEANWHILE.. COUNT LUST RENOWNED NAZI TERRORIST READS OF THE NEWS TOO!

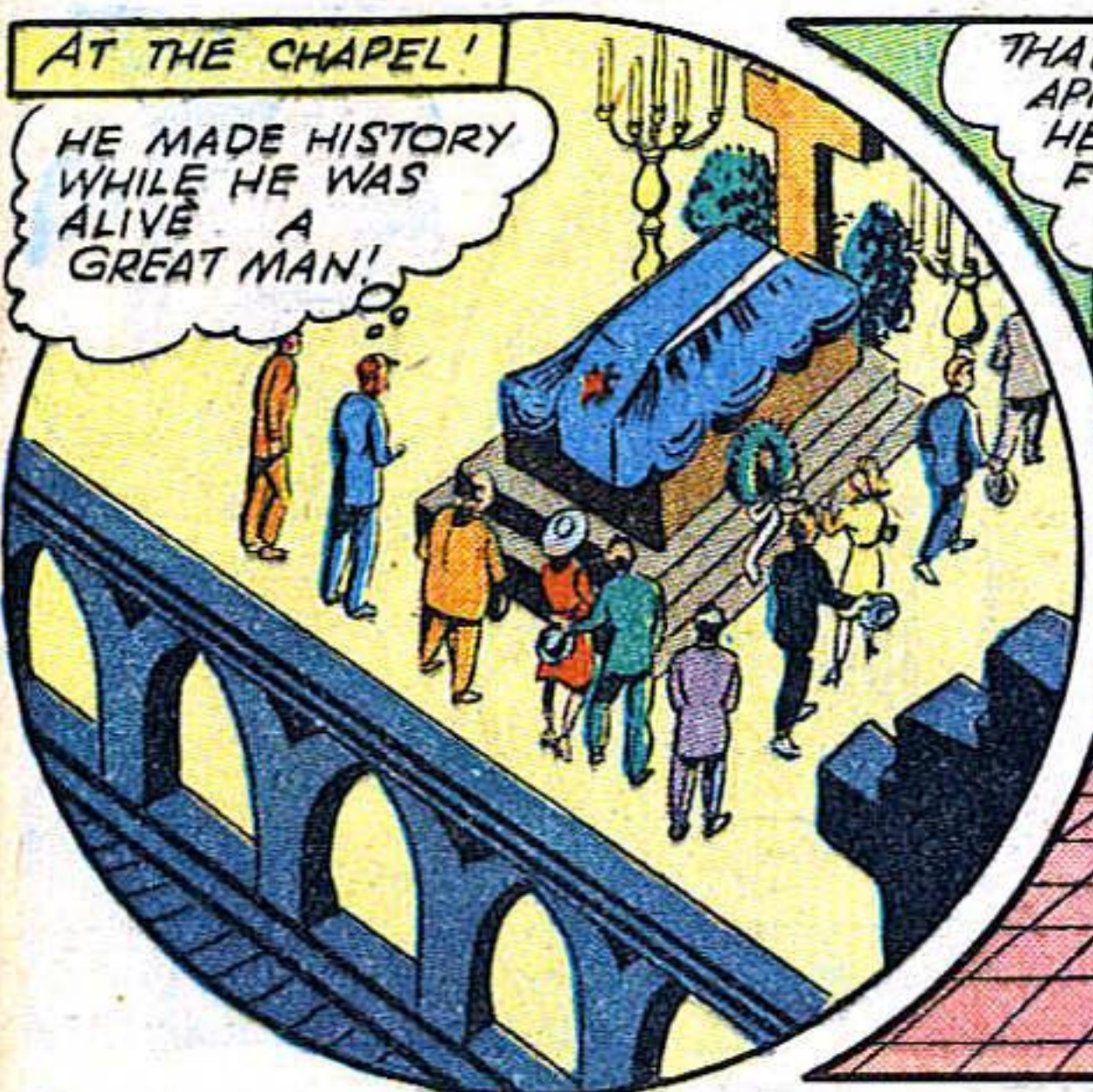
THIS DEATH OF LORD CRAVEN IS VERY INTERESTING, IT WILL SUIT OUR PLAN WELL! RUDOLPH, EXAMINE THE CHAPEL CAREFULLY!

JAWOHL, COUNT LUST!



AT THE CHAPEL!

HE MADE HISTORY WHILE HE WAS ALIVE A GREAT MAN!



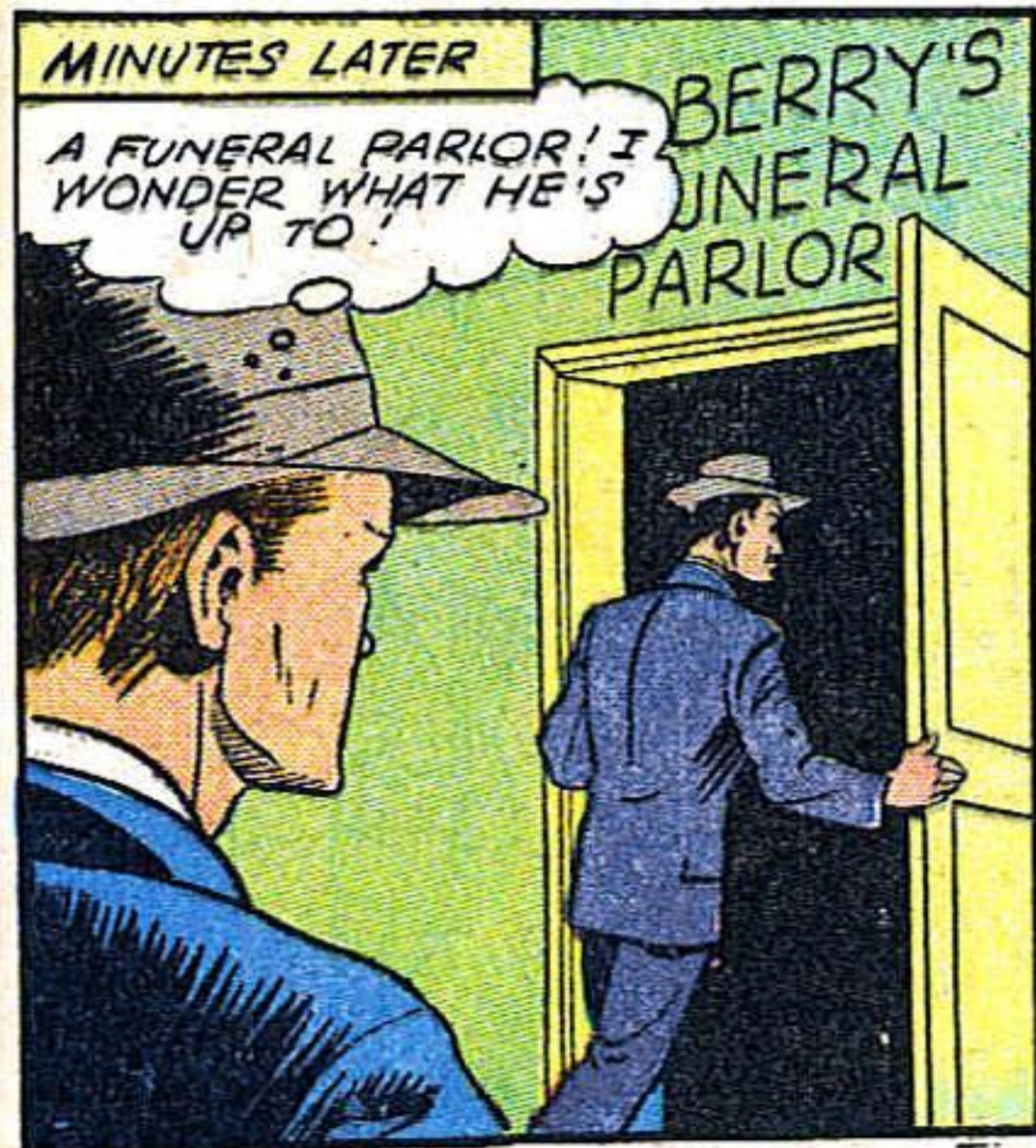
THAT FELLOW IS ACTING VERY STRANGE! HE APPEARS TO BE 'CASING' THE CHAPEL, AS IF HE'S PLANNING SOMETHING! THINK I'LL FOLLOW HIM HE DIDN'T SEEM AT ALL INTERESTED IN THE BODY!



MINUTES LATER

A FUNERAL PARLOR! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO!

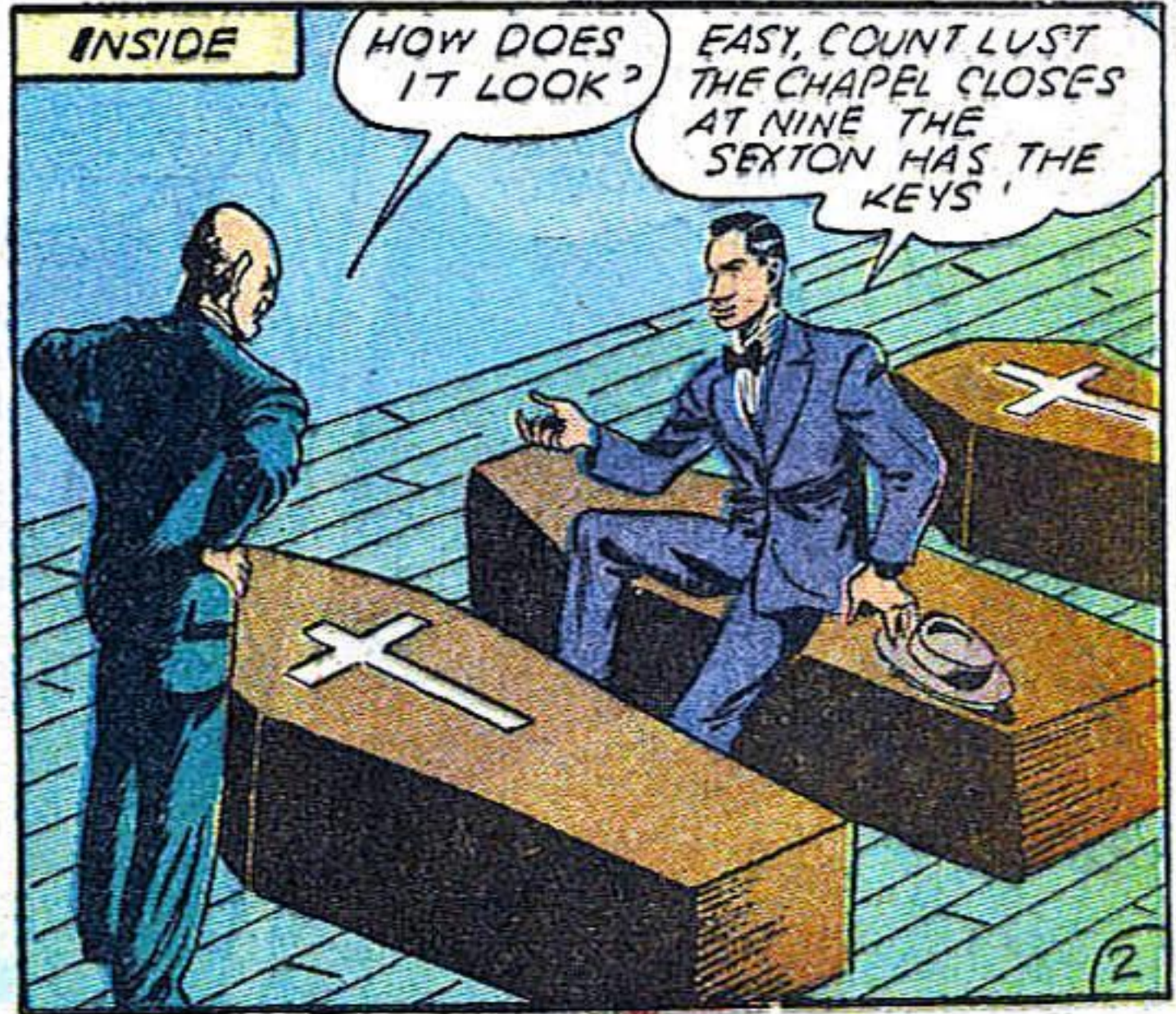
BERRY'S FUNERAL PARLOR

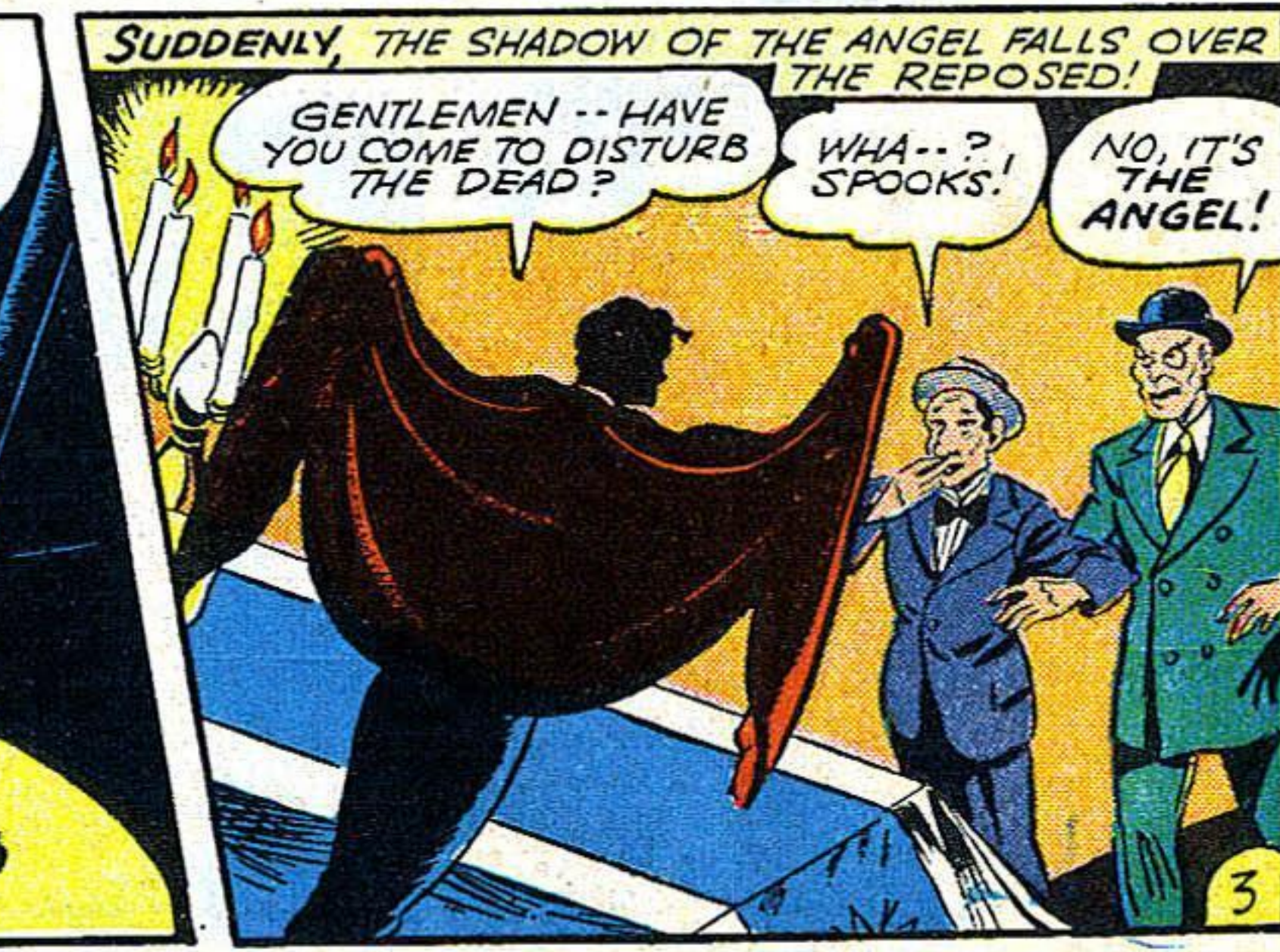
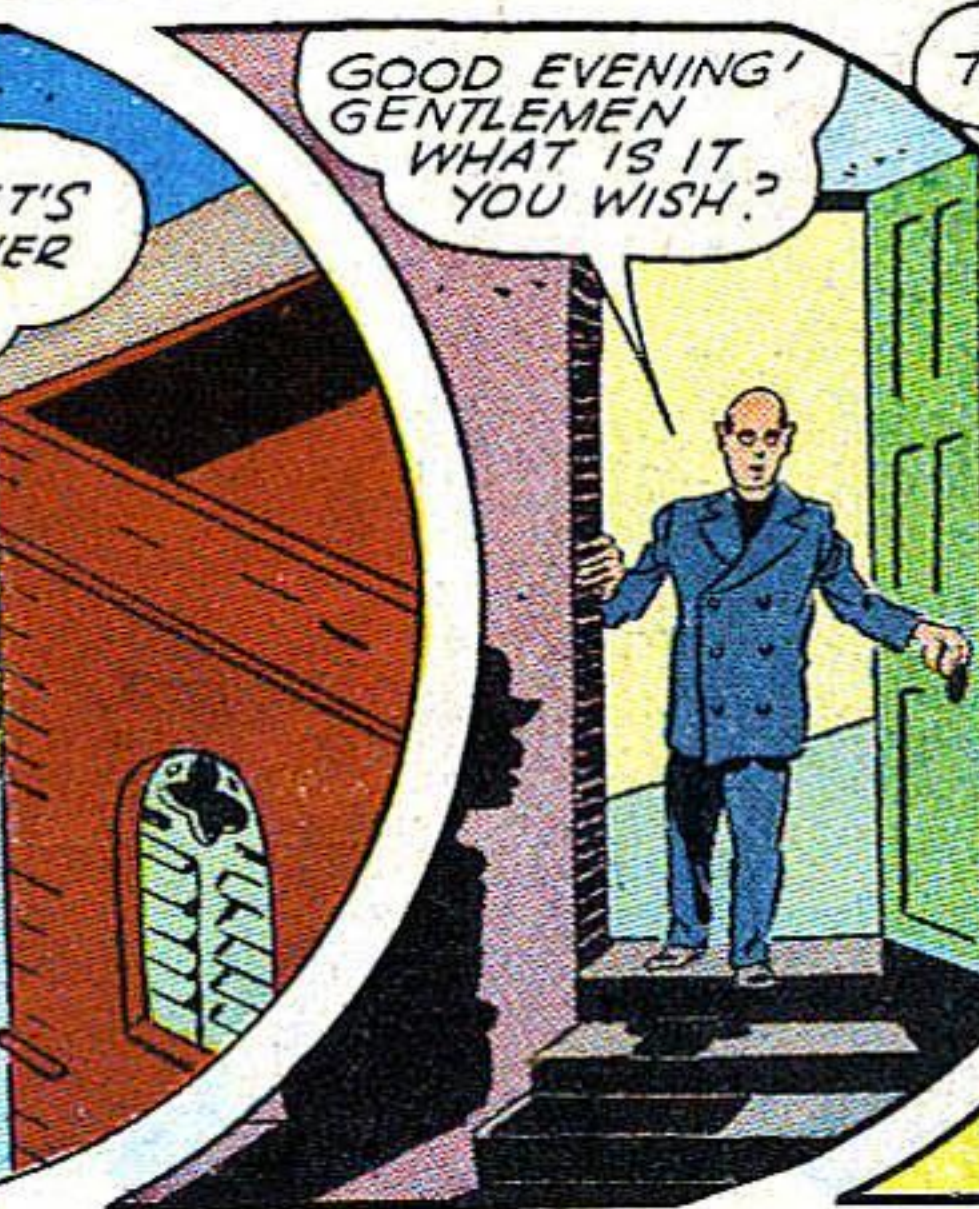
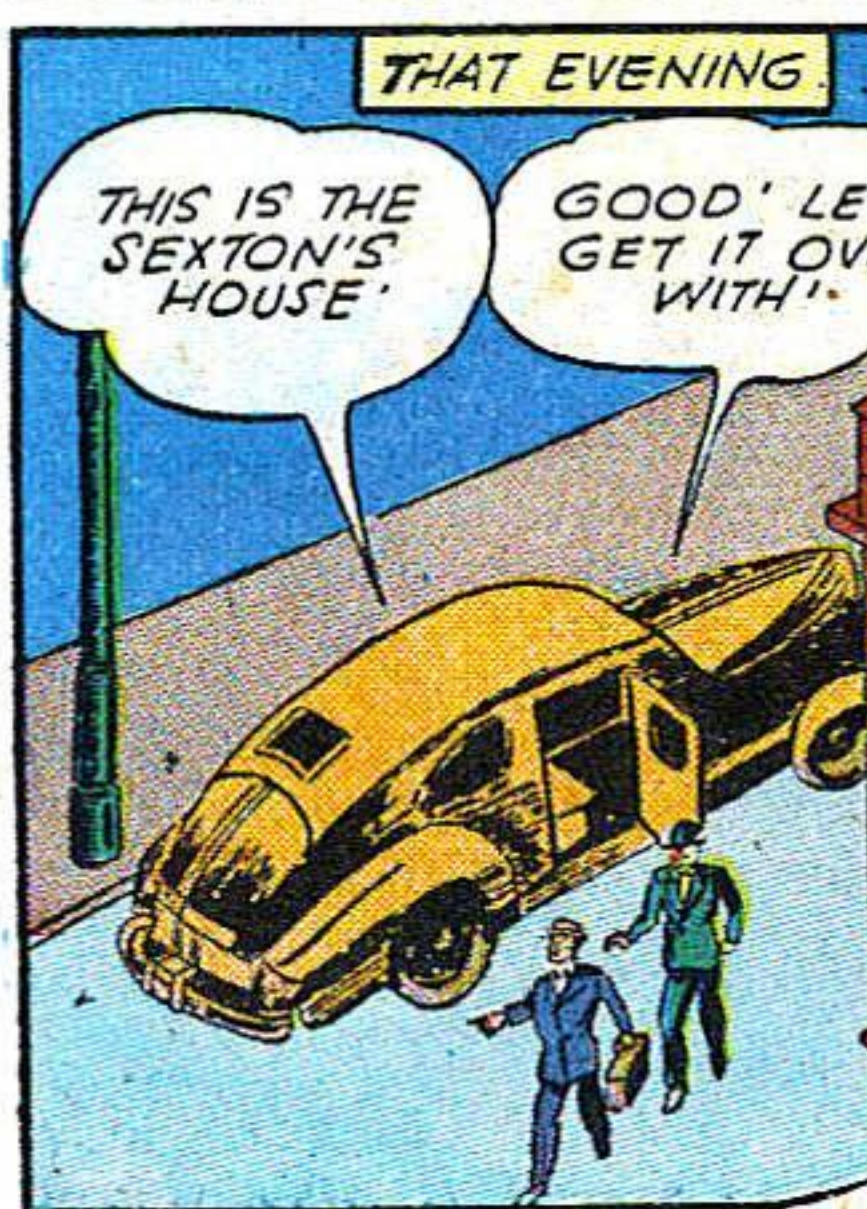


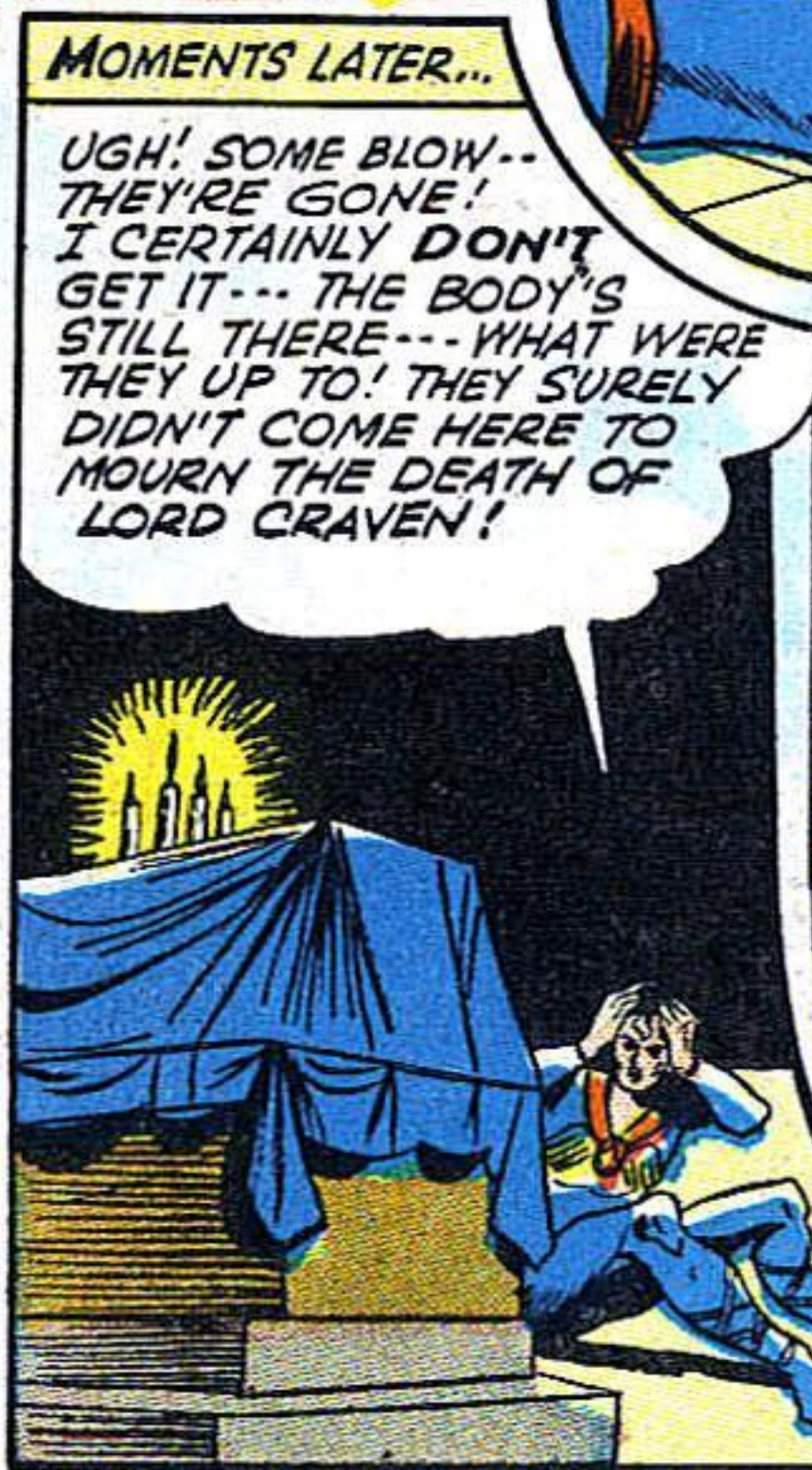
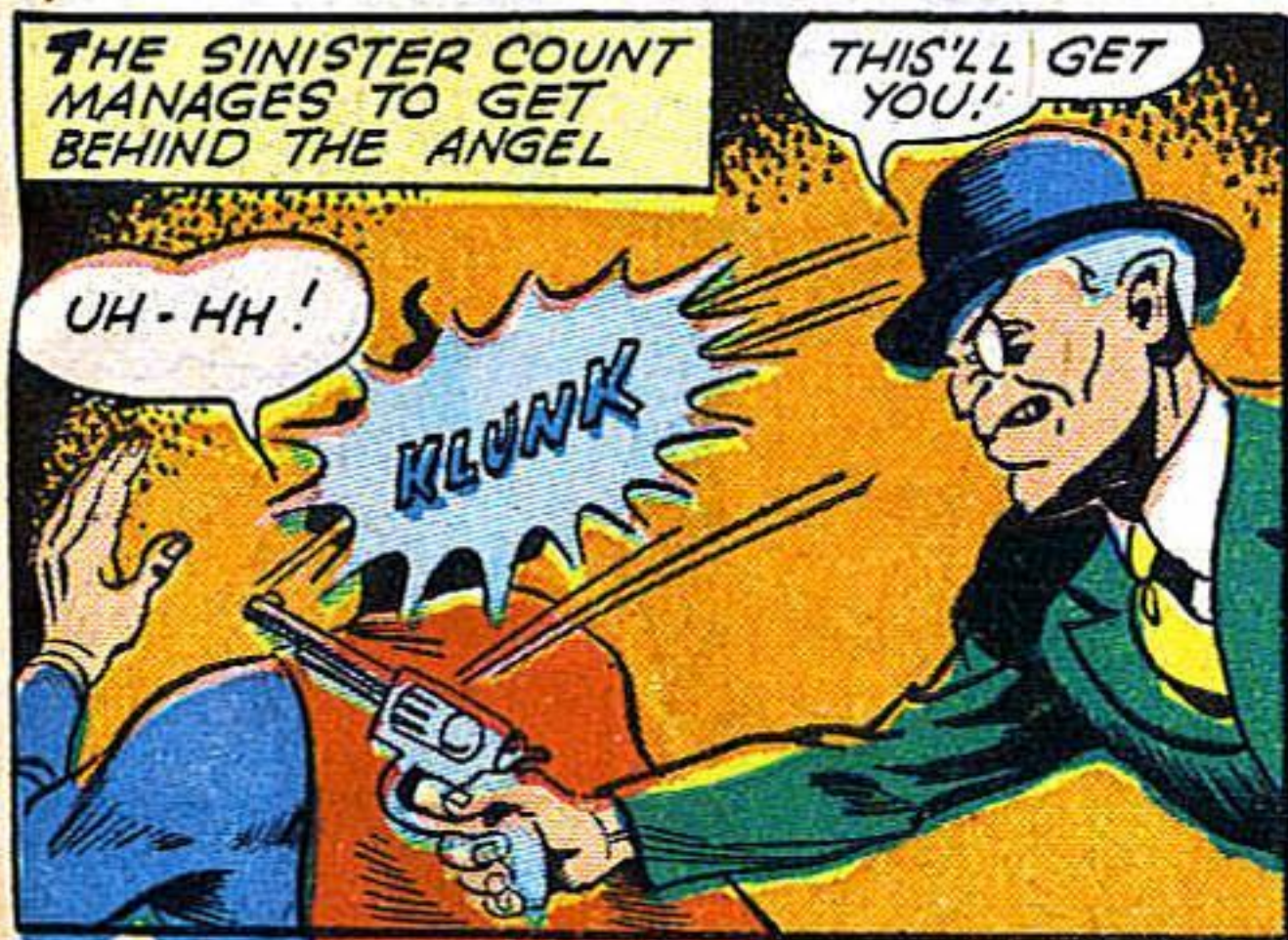
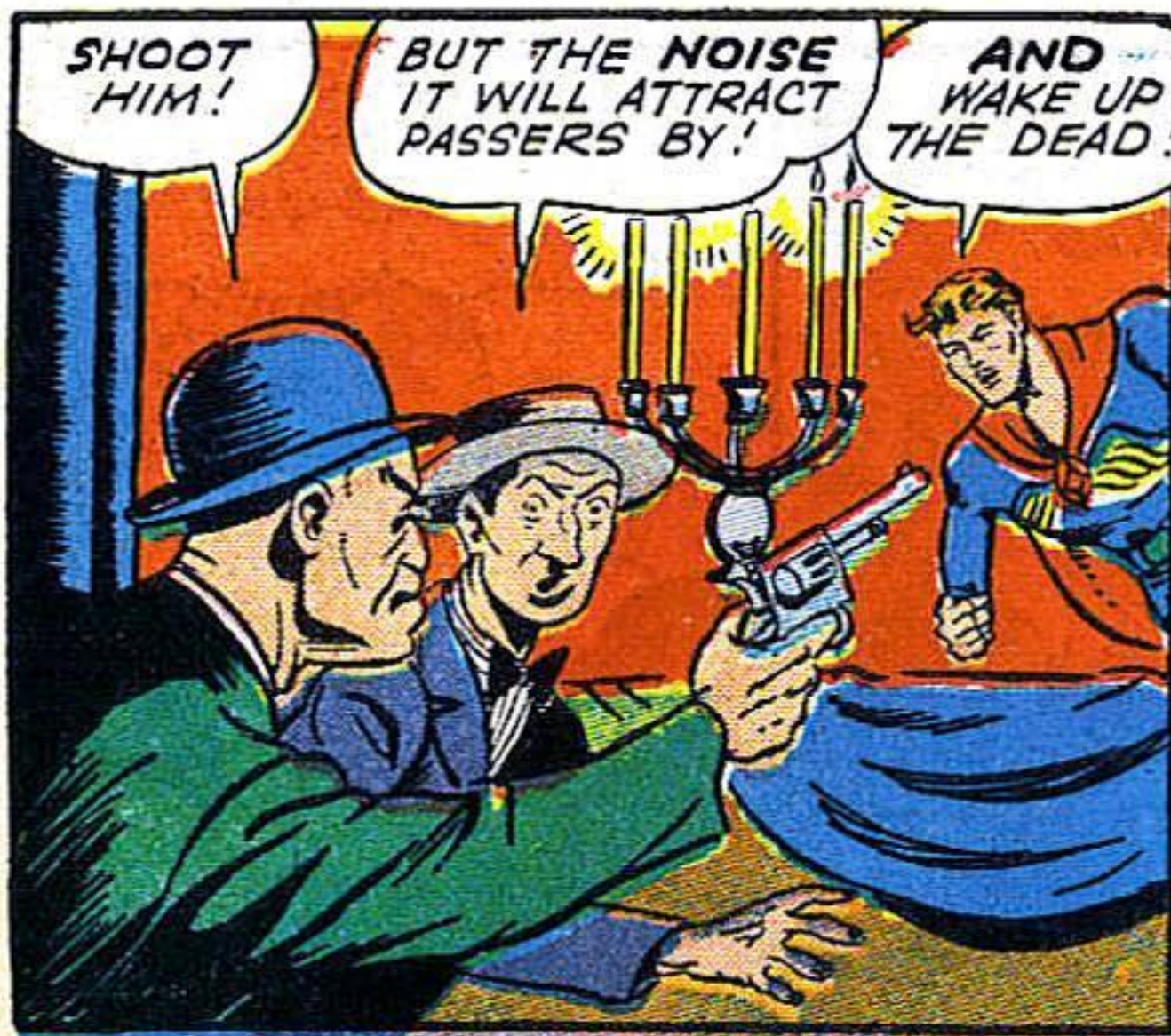
INSIDE

HOW DOES IT LOOK?

EASY, COUNT LUST THE CHAPEL CLOSES AT NINE THE SEXTON HAS THE KEYS!

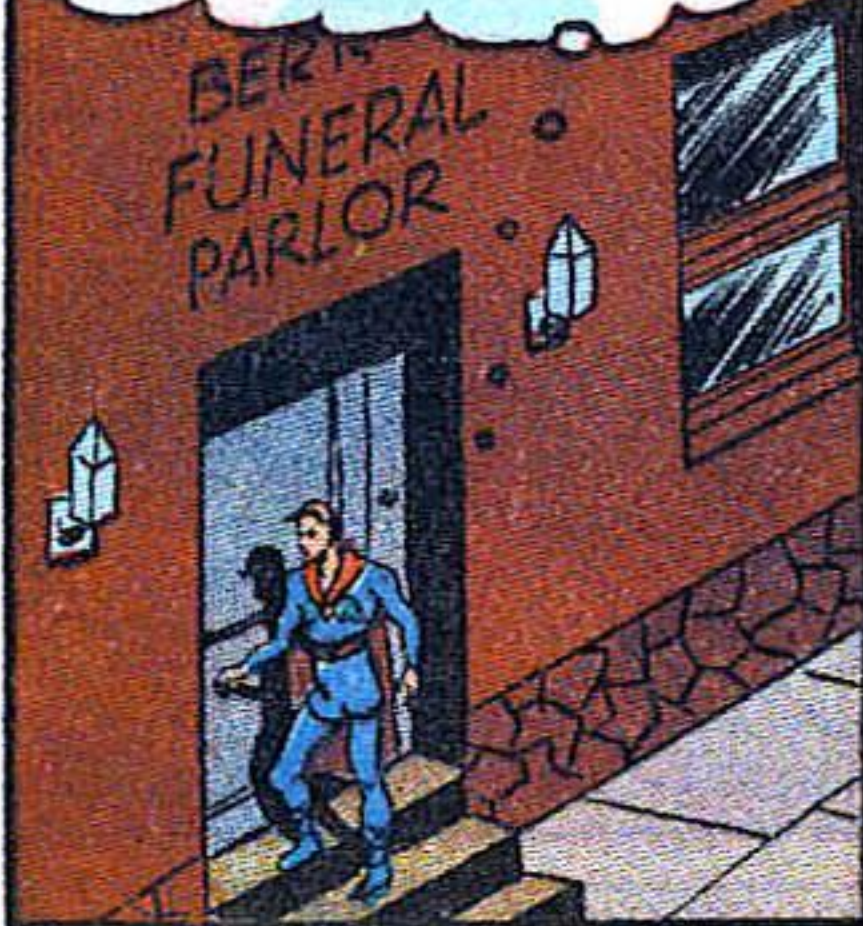






THE ANGEL ARRIVES TO FIND..

CLOSED! NO LIGHTS!
I'LL GO IN THROUGH THAT
WINDOW IN THE REAR!



HO! WHAT'S THIS?
AN ITEM ABOUT
THE FUNERAL OF
LORD CRAVEN --
--UNDERLINED!



IT STATES! ... AND THEIR
MAJESTIES WILL ARRIVE
AT THE CHAPEL AT 9 A.M!
THE KING AND QUEEN
EH?



MEANWHILE, COUNT LUST AND HIS MEN RETURN!

A LIGHT..
IN THE
BACK ROOM!

WE LEFT THIS PLACE
THOROUGHLY DARKENED..
COULDN'T BE..



THIS THING IS
UNRAVELING!
I'LL TAKE A
LOOK UP
FRONT.



AS THE ANGEL UNSUSPICIOUSLY
OPENS THE DOOR ...

WHA...!?

GET
HIM!



THIS'LL FIX
HIM FOR GOOD!

AGH!!



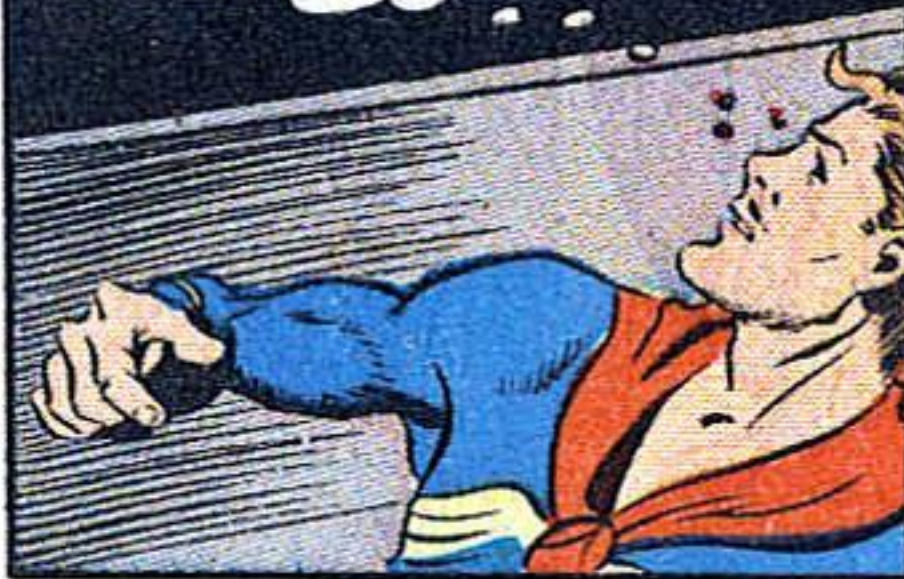


COUNT LUST MUST HAVE
A TIME BOMB PLANTED IN
LORD CRAVEN'S BIER
SET TO GO OFF THE
MINUTE THE KING AND
QUEEN ARRIVE! **GOOD
LORD... I HAVE TO GET
OUT OF HERE BUT
HOW?**



**SLOWLY AND GRADUALLY
THE ANGEL BECOMES
AWARE OF A DISTANT
SCRAPPING NOISE**

WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE
DIGGING? IT CAN'T BE --
BUT IT MUST -- OR
ENGLAND IS GOING TO
HAVE A SORRY DAY!
IT IS SOMEONE
DIGGING!



NO TIME TO EXPLAIN,
PAL... WILL YOU LEND
ME YOUR BICYCLE?

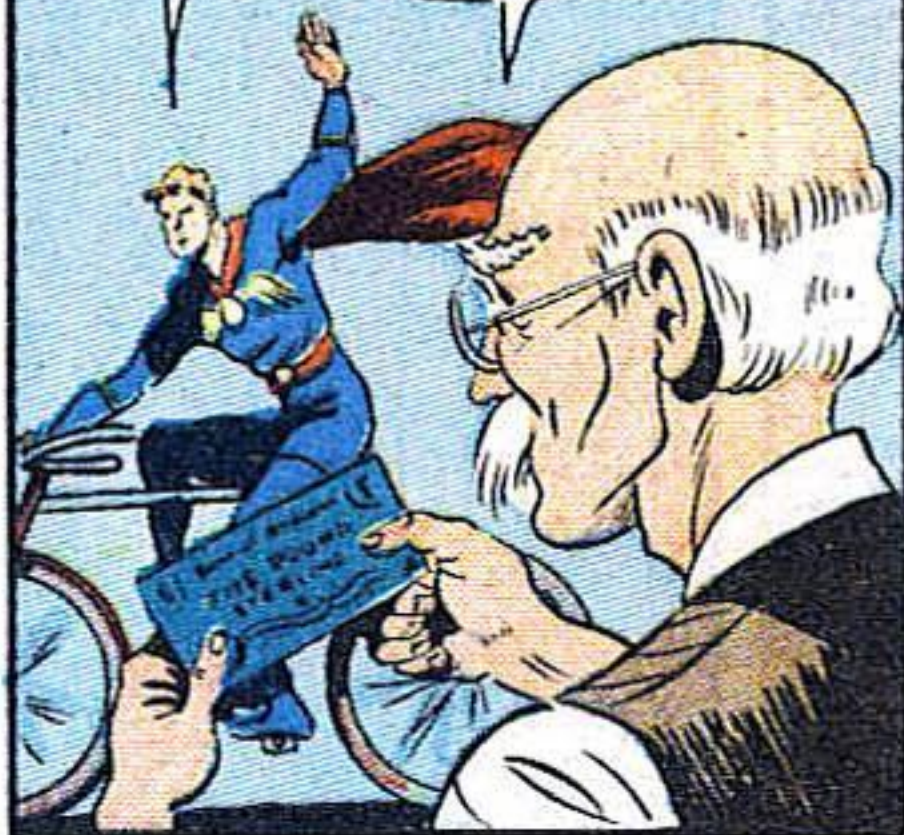
HUH?
WHAT?

OH, HE'S
DEAF!



NEVER
'MIND,
OLD
FELLOW!
SO
LONG!

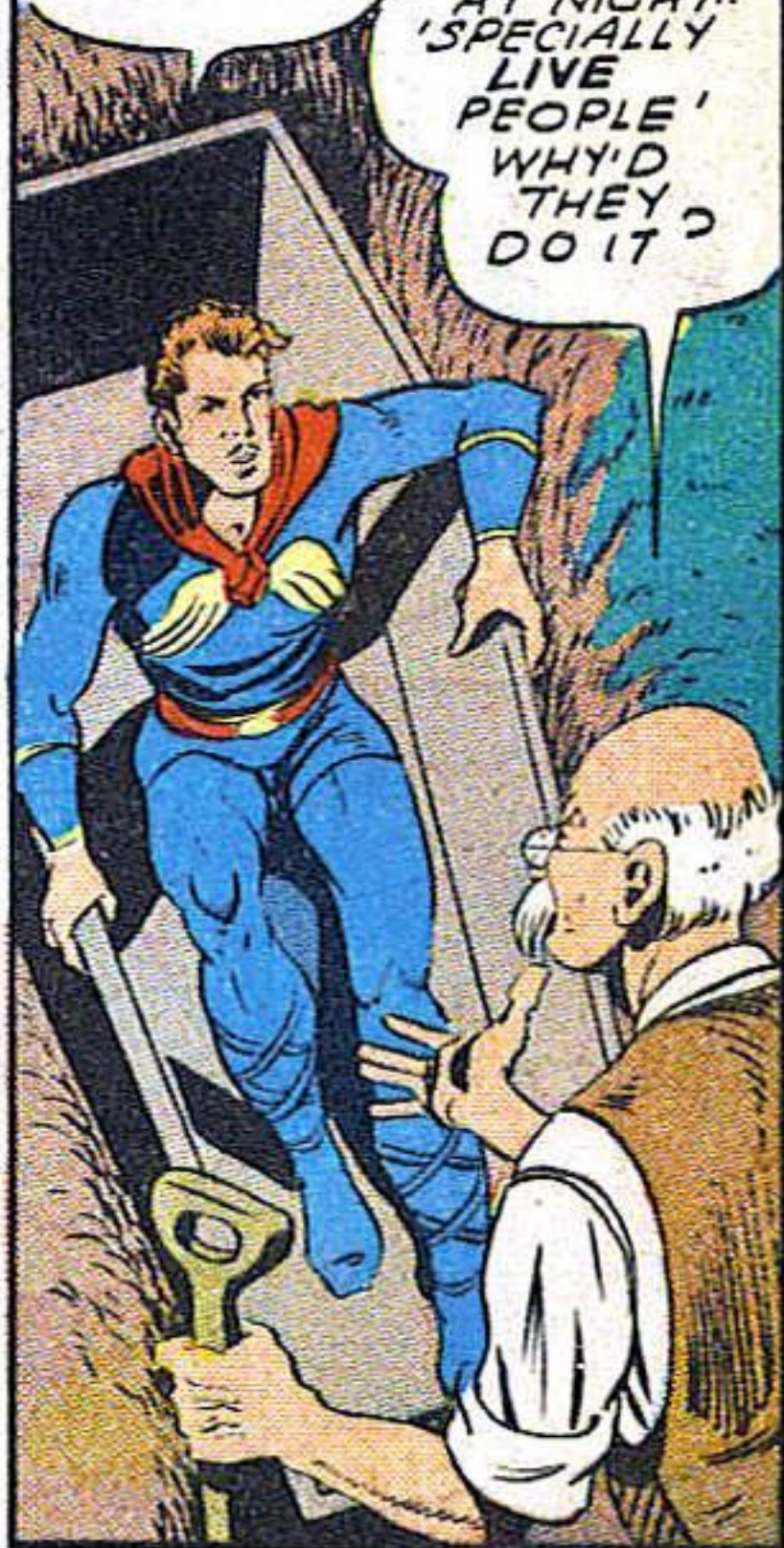
WELL I'LL BE A SPROUT
HE UP AND HANDS
ME A FIVER AND
TYKES MY BICYCLE.
OH WELL, GUESS
IT'S 'AT 'BLOOMIN'
WAR!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER

MISTER, YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT A GREAT
SERVICE
YOU'VE
DONE FOR
YOUR
COUNTRY!

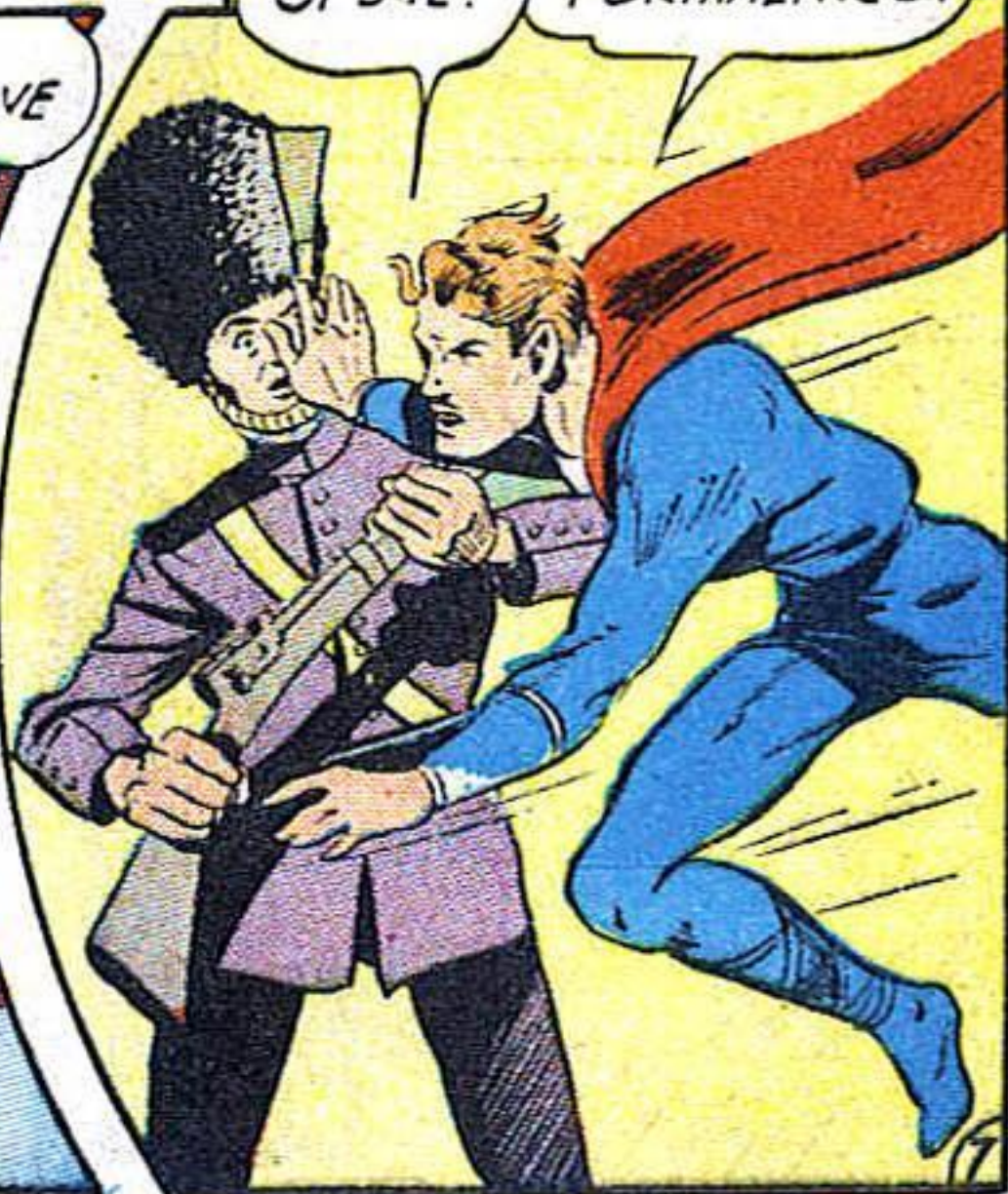
HUH? I
SAW
THEM
DRIVE
AWAY.
THEY
CAN'T
BURY
PEOPLE
AT NIGHT.
'SPECIALLY
LIVE
PEOPLE'
WHY'D
THEY
DO IT?



**THE ANGEL DASHES PAST
THE SURPRISED GUARDS.**

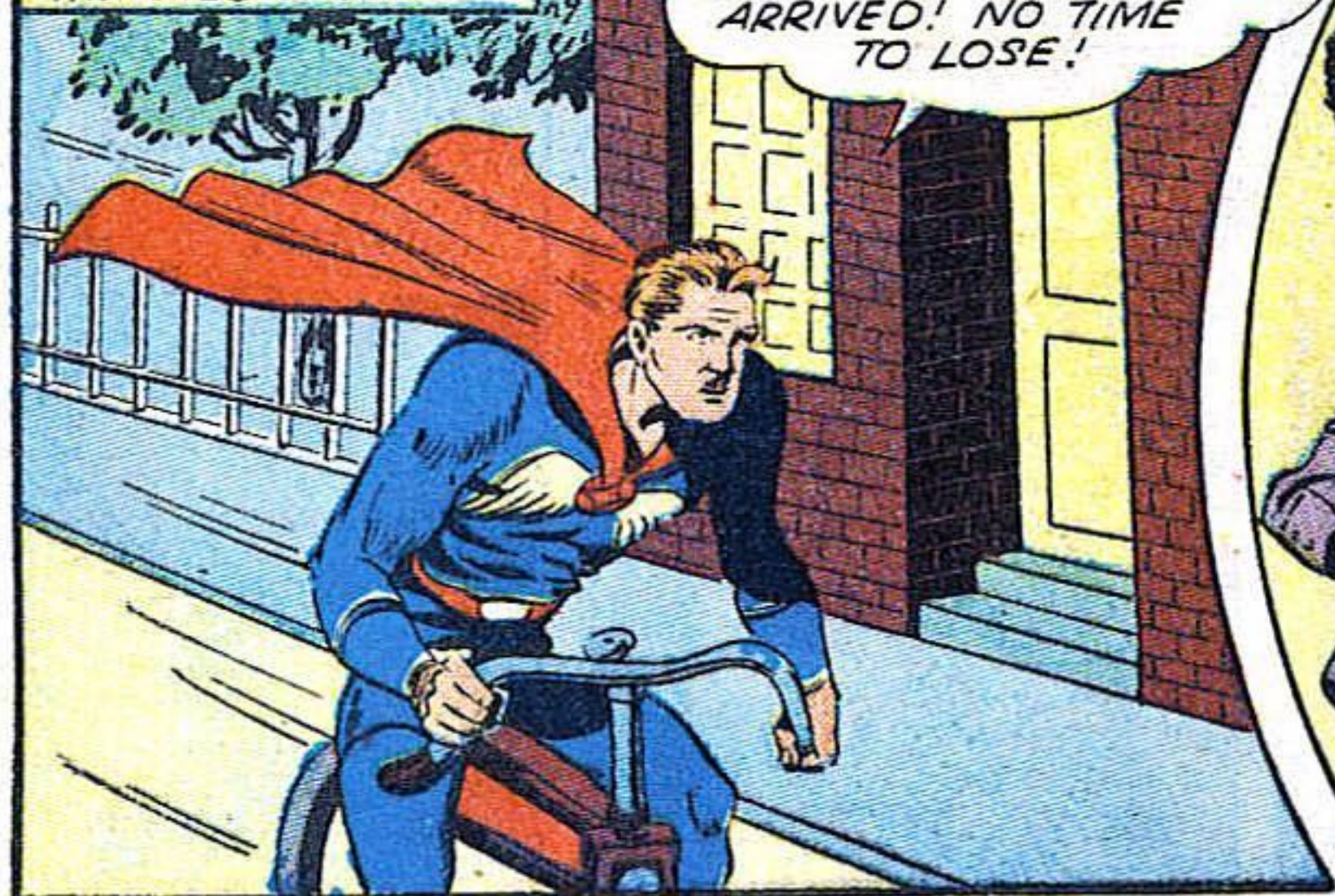
HALT,
OI SYE!

SORRY, CHUM...
NO TIME FOR
FORMALITIES.



**ONE HOUR AND FORTY
MINUTES LATER**

GOOD GOSH.. THE
KING AND QUEEN HAVE
ARRIVED! NO TIME
TO LOSE!



AT THE BIER...

I WAS RIGHT...
BRRR... BETTER
GET RID OF
THIS THING!

OUT THE
WINDOW
YOU GO!

NINE O'CLOCK!

BOOM!

AFTER THE ANGEL EXPLAINS THE
SINISTER PLOT TO THE GUARDS...

I THOUGHT THEY'D BE HERE
TO OBSERVE THE EFFECT
OF THEIR DASTARDLY WORK...
HERE THEY ARE... GET 'EM!

BUT..
THE
GUARDS
OPEN
FIRE
FIRST!

DIRTY
ASSASSINS!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

BEAT
IT
MEN!

I'LL
GET
THAT
BLASTED
INFORMER!

BUT AS THE ANGEL IS TO RECEIVE
FITTING HONORS...

WHERE
IS
HE?

LOOK!
YOUR
MAJESTIES!
THE SHADOW
OF THE
ANGEL!

MY COMPLIMENTS
ANGEL... YOU HAVE
ACCOMPLISHED A
SPLENDID SERVICE
TO GREAT BRITAIN!
THEIR MAJESTIES
WOULD LIKE TO
THANK YOU!

THE ANGEL WILL BE BACK IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL WITH
ANOTHER RIP-ROARING STORY!

GET THIS BOMBER AND SECRET BOMB-SIGHT FREE

4 BATTLESHIPS and 4 TANKS INCLUDED

Here's the most amazing offer that we have ever made! Imagine a big realistic bomber, fully colored, equipped with a secret bombsight and a large bomb bay holding several "block-buster" bombs, plus an automatic precision bomb release and 4 big enemy battleships and a large ocean battleground—also 4 fully camouflaged deadly-looking tanks and a real battlefield. You load the bomber, carefully sight the enemy through the bombsight, turn the bomb release—SOCKO, a direct hit. Read on—see how you can get yours absolutely FREE with this offer.

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Here's your machine gun and cannon sight. You see enemy planes pass before your gun sight. Spot your foe carefully in the cross hairs. Identify him correctly, pull the trigger, and if you are right, you will get him and see him burst into flames right before your very eyes.



WHEEL-CONTROL

Big 20 inch durable Wheel-Control that can be moved up and back, with wheel that can be turned to right and left just like those in real planes.

RUDDER PEDALS

Two Rudder Pedals are pushed down with right and left feet. Spring action causes them to come back up when foot pressure is released, giving you real plane action.

HOW TO ORDER

Because of the tremendous demand for these amazing thrill products, our supply is limited. ORDER NOW to be sure of getting yours. Send no money just coupon! When the postman brings your's, pay him \$1.89 plus postage and C.O.D. charge, or 2 sets for \$3.25, plus delivery charges. Only 2 to a customer. (Avoid disappointment. Have money ready when your postman arrives.)

GUARANTEE

If you are not completely satisfied that you got more than your money's worth, return in 5 days and we will refund purchase price. You take no risk.—ORDER TODAY!

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail coupon. Simply pay postman \$1.89 plus postage and C.O.D. charge on arrival. BE SURE—ORDER NOW!

RUSH COUPON FOR FIVE DAYS TRIAL!

INVENTION CO. FLIGHT 909
1265 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

- ☐ Rush my TRAINING COCKPIT and free gifts immediately. I will pay postman \$1.89 plus postage and C.O.D. charge when it arrives.
- ☐ Send me 2 TRAINING COCKPITS, complete with free gifts at the special price. I will pay postman only \$3.25 plus postage and C.O.D. charge on arrival.
- I understand that if I am not satisfied, I can return within 5 days and get purchase price back.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

INVENTION CO. FLIGHT 909
1265 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

**Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved**

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

SEND COUPON

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

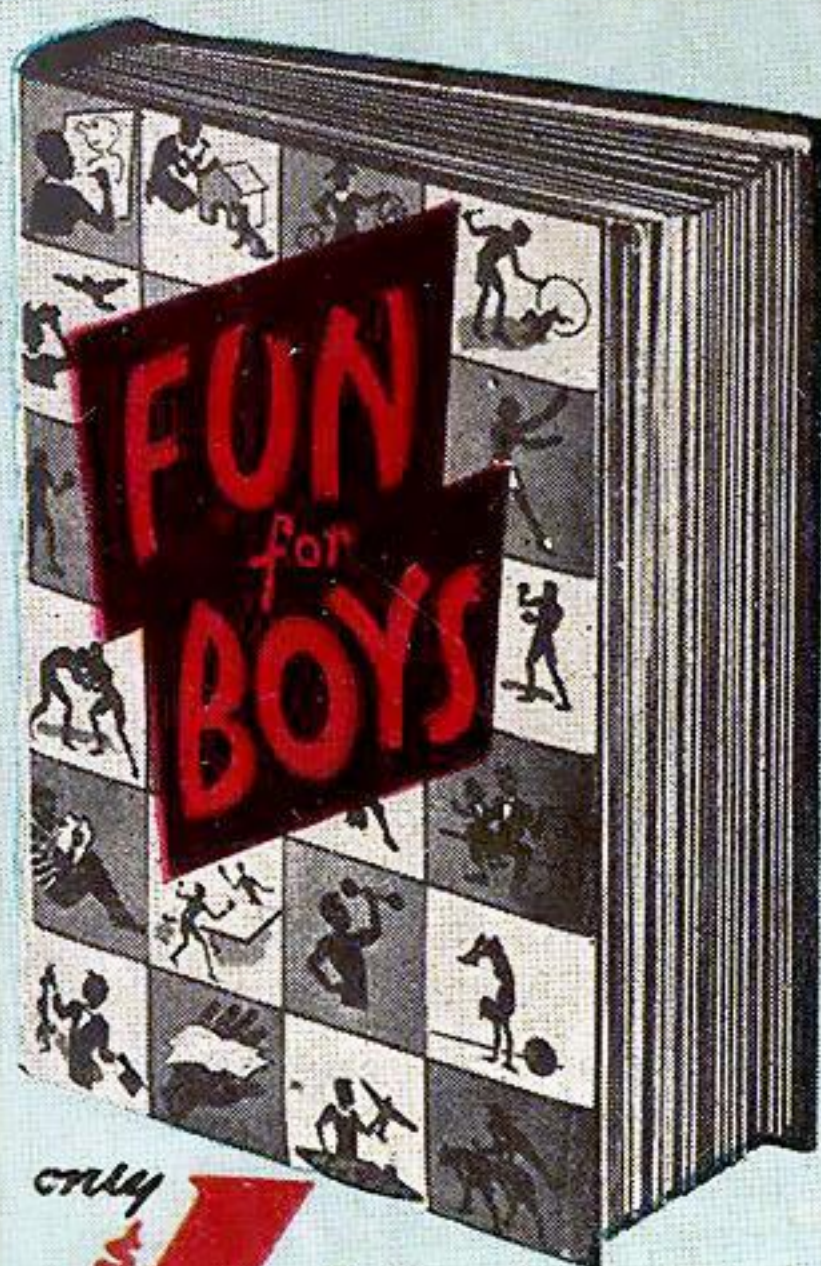
835 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



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For You To Enjoy!

Here for the first time in ONE-BIG-BOOK, are all the exciting, zestful Activities—Sports—Hobbies—Games—Magic—Art—Puzzles—Acrobatics—Stunts—Craftsmanship—Money-Making Plans, etc., which are part of every energetic, regular fellow!

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There is no end to the things to do and fun to enjoy with this tremendously interesting, entertaining and informative book! You can learn a Cowboy Roping routine; become a "whiz" at Ping-Pong; learn to draw Funny Cartoons; build your own equipment and furniture for games, your "den" or home; teach your dog tricks; learn scientific Boxing and Wrestling; defend yourself with Jiu Jitsu; develop a "Magic-Show" act; learn to "Spot" airplanes; become powerful and develop Mighty Muscles; learn to become a "Ventriloquist", etc. FUN FOR BOYS gives you a million things to do and enjoy—for indoors and outdoors—winter or summer—alone or with your crowd!

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MARVELOUS BOOK
18 COMPLETE SECTIONS

How To Handle
A ROPE
Like a Cowboy



A Champion teaches you tricks with a Lariat!

Playing Winning
PING-PONG



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